Film Quarterly

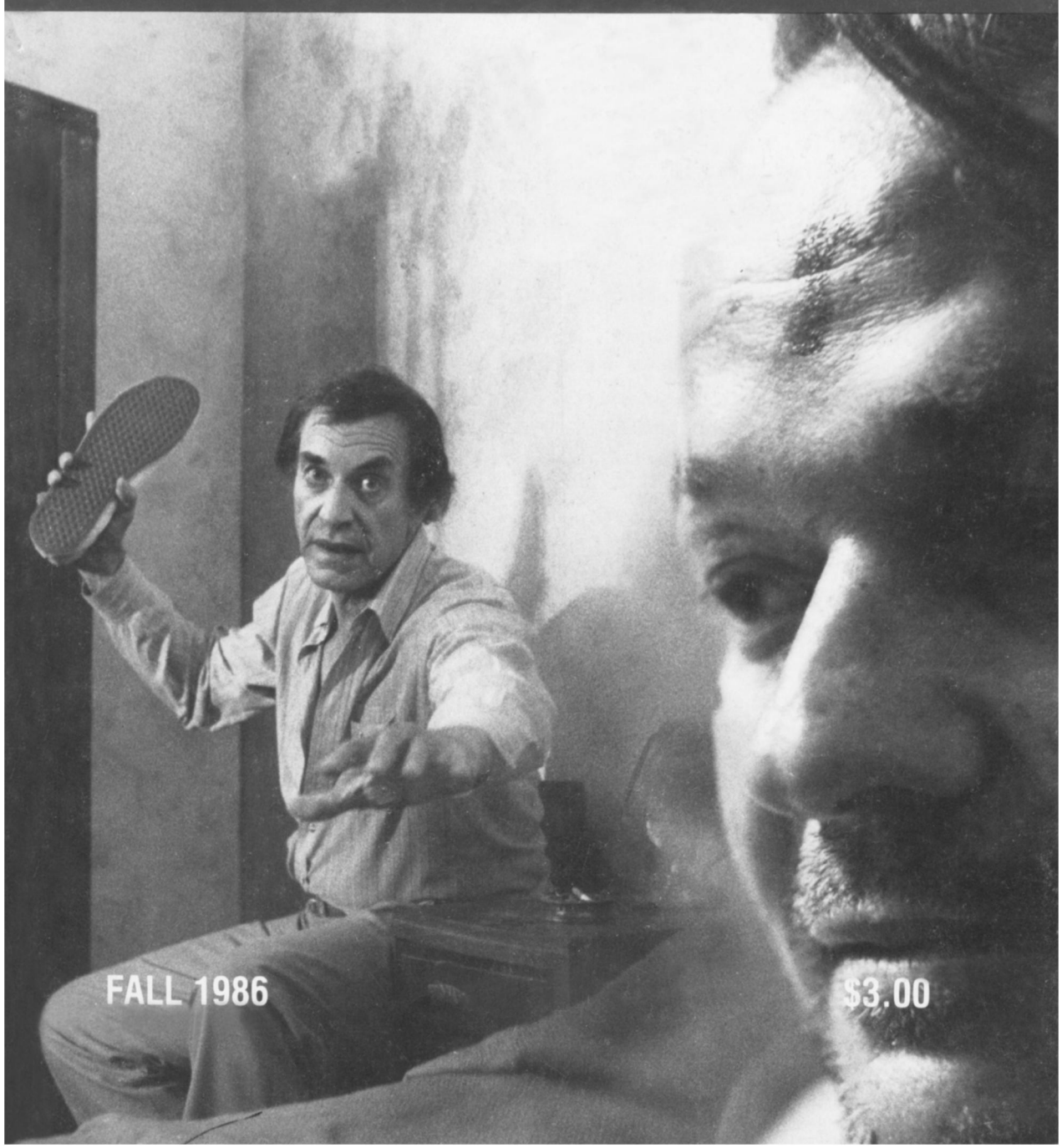
MORE FILM BOOKS

RAOUL RUIZ

1900 *THE LIGHTSHIP*

RASPUTIN

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER



FALL 1986

$3.00

OCTOBER

OCTOBER examines the central cultural issues of our time

OCTOBER, a quarterly journal edited by Rosalind Krauss, Annette Michelson, and Douglas Crimp, presents the most significant texts by and about leading artists, scholars, and critics. The next two special issues highlight OCTOBER's commitment to bringing you provocative and stimulating criticism:

OCTOBER 35: ***Moscow Diary by Walter Benjamin*** – the first English translation of the complete text. Preface by Gershom Scholem; translated by Richard Sieburth; notes and afterword by Gary Smith.

"Walter Benjamin's diary dealing with his two-month stay in Moscow. . . is, from what I know of his papers, unique in kind. Absolutely and meticulously frank, it is without a doubt by far the most personal document we possess concerning one of the turning points of his life." – Gershom Scholem

OCTOBER 36: ***Georges Bataille*** – Essays translated by Annette Michelson; critical commentaries by Rosalind Krauss, Annette Michelson, and Allen Weiss.

This collection of essays, most of which appear here for the first time in English, documents Bataille's central role in the redefinition of the terms of aesthetic and political discourses and of their conjunction. Includes his important meditations on sacrifice, unknowing, and Nietzsche.

Get OCTOBER at your bookstore, or send in the order form below.

---

1 Year (4 issues):
____ Individual $20.00
____ Institution $49.00
____ Student $18.00
(copy of ID required)

Outside U. S. & Canada add:
____ $4.00 surface mail, or
____ $18.00 air mail

Single Copies:
____ OCT 35 $6.00
____ OCT 36 $6.00
____ Outside U.S. & Canada add $1.00 postage per copy

☐ Amount enclosed $ _____
☐ Please charge my ____ VISA
____ MasterCard
Account # _____
Exp. Date _____
Signature _____

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Mail to: **OCTOBER**
MIT Press Journals, 28 Carleton St.
Cambridge, MA 02142 617-253-2889

REP

Film
QUARTERLY

VOLUME XL, NUMBER 1
FALL 1986

Raoul Ruíz at the Holiday Inn
DAVID EHRENSTEIN
12

The Somatization of History in Bertolucci's *1900*
ROBERT BURGOYNE
15

The Lightship
DAVID PAUL
17

Rasputin
LOUIS MENASHE
23

The Unknown Soldier's Patent Leather Shoes
KAREN JAEHNE
24

The Annual FQ Book Roundup (Concluded)
26

Cover
Martin Landau and Lou Castel in *Treasure Island* (see p. 2)

FILM QUARTERLY (ISSN 0015-1386) is published quarterly at the subscription prices given below by the University of California Press, Berkeley, California 94720. Second-class postage paid at Berkeley, California, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to **Film Quarterly**, University of California Press, Berkeley CA 94720. $3.00 per copy, $12.00 per year for individuals; $24.00 per year for institutions. Subscribers outside USA add $3.00 for postage. Payment may be made with UNESCO book coupons. Please allow 4 months for first issue to be received. Back issues available at $5.00. Editor: Ernest Callenbach. Assistant to the Editor: Bonnie Dehler. New York Editor: William Johnson. Los Angeles Editor: Michael Dempsey. Boston Editor: Randall Conrad. London Editor: Colin Young. Rome Editor: Gideon Bachmann. Advisory Editorial Board: Leo Braudy, Andries Deinum, John Fell, Brian Henderson, Albert Johnson, Marsha Kinder, Neal Oxenhandler. Views expressed in signed articles are those of the authors. Indexed in **Art Index, Book Review Index, Film Literature Index, Humanities Index, International Index to Film Periodicals, Monthly Cumulating Periodical Index,** and **Popular Periodical Index.** Printed in U.S.A. Type: Freedmen's Organization, Los Angeles. Printing: Malloy Lithographing. © 1986 by the Regents of the University of California. Back issues subsequent to Volume 18 (1965-1966) can be obtained from the University of California Press.

DAVID EHRENSTEIN

Raul Ruíz at the Holiday Inn

Raul Ruíz. Perhaps you've seen the name in film festival listings, or read about him in an obscure journal or two. Perhaps—if you've been very lucky—you've seen one of the more than 50 films this Chilean-born writer-director has made. No Ruíz films are currently available in the US. In Europe, however, Ruíz is the toast of countless cineast circles—many of whom rank him alongside the celebrated likes of Godard and Rivette. How to talk about this phantom of the cinema? Where to begin? "Begin," said the King in *Alice In Wonderland,* "at the beginning and go on until you come to the end: then stop." A simple matter then. Except for the fact that with Ruíz things begin in the *middle.*

The middle is 1973, the year Ruíz was forced into exile by the CIA-sponsored coup that overthrew Chile's Allende government. In Chile Ruíz had written over a hundred plays and directed some 17 films. Recognized by his homeland's avant-garde, Ruíz's fame hadn't spread much beyond Latin America. That situation changed in the late seventies when Ruíz resettled in France. There he began to turn out films of all sorts at an alarming rate of speed (often as many as six features a year) at next to no cost. How was this possible? Television.

According to Ruíz, state-sponsored European television provides an enormous work space for a film-maker—"holes to be filled." Having no compunction about making works of every kind, on any pretext whatsoever, Ruíz found his services much in demand. Television also discovered that in Ruíz it had a most unusual ally. He'd do the films they wanted, but in his own very particular way.

In 1979, for example, Ruíz was asked to make a film about the upcoming French elections. Pleading an exile's ignorance of his adopted country, he elected to make a film about the election's impact on his own Paris neighborhood. The result *Des Grands événements et des gens ordinaires* starts as a man-on-the-street interview piece, but soon proves to be a parody of the form as Ruíz begins to question both his own ability to ask questions and the entire question and answer process itself.

Petit manuel de l'histoire de France, made the same year, was commissioned as a straightforward educational documentary—the sort PBS might use as Sunday afternoon filler material. But French viewers were in for a shock when instead of the bland norm they were offered a film that stood the form on its ear. As it was designed for schoolchildren, Ruíz used children to narrate a dizzying display of slides, film clips and recreations of historical scenes. Different historical figures were often portrayed by the same actor, and in one memorable high point five different Joan of Arcs were seen on screen at the same time.

Clearly Ruíz wasn't about to be hemmed in by television norms. Consequently it was to no one's surprise when many of his TV-commissioned films began turning up in cinemas as well, and along the film festival circuit. It proved to be a welcome move. The visual richness of a work like *Les Trois couronnes du matelot* (1982) is lost on television. Moreover Ruíz's primary modus operandi is as a fabulist in the Latin American tradition of Jorge-Luis Borges, Adolfo Bioy-Casáres, and Alfonso Reyes. Ruíz films are filled with hallucinatory fantasies, labyrinthian mysteries, and unexpected shifts in character and narrative. The result is tonic to a film scene narratively moribund in both its avant-garde (hardened "structural" arteries) and commercial (shredded Spielbergism) levels.

L'Hypothèse du tableau volé (1977), for example, covers some of the same ground trod earlier by *Last Year at Marienbad* (and more recently by *The Draughtsman's Contract*), with a delightfully antic difference. Based on an obscure text by Pierre Klossowski, it begins in the guise of an art-history film in which an unnamed "collector" (Jean Rougeul, fondly remembered as Guido's ascerbic collaborator

Raoul Ruíz directing Martin Landau and Melville Poupaud in TREASURE ISLAND

in *8½*) offers the viewer a guided tour of the works of the painter "Tonnerre." What we see, however, aren't paintings but *tableaux vivants* three-dimensionally reproduced by actors standing about in the rooms of an enormous mansion. As the collector walks through scenes depicting martyred saints, Bedouins, mythical goddesses and the like—all suggestive of the high salon style—he relates the story of a "scandal" that arose over the meaning of the painter's works. An explanation of a sort is offered, then quickly withdrawn as the collector, and the viewer with him, becomes lost in a living maze of representations. What we've been looking at is a series of artistic red herrings as far as any meaning goes. The *tableaux* mean both everything and nothing. Signification in the cinema, Ruíz is plainly saying, is something of a con game.

Le Toit de la baleine (1981) offers another aspect of Ruíz's intellectual mirth-making. The target this time is cultural imperialism as represented by Werner Herzog's heavy-breathing exercise in cross-cultural empathy. The form is that of an anthropological horror thriller as a group of scientists set out to study a tribe of Indians—now consisting only of two members—who speak a strange language. It only consists of a few phrases, but different inflections produce different meanings. Not that the scientists don't have language troubles of their own in a film in which characters are heard speaking English, Spanish, French, Dutch, and German.

Ruíz isn't all deadpan jokiness however. *Les Trois couronnes du matelot* begins as a shaggy-dog story mixing seafaring sagas out of Conrad, Stevenson, Poe, and Isak Dinesen into a surreal stew. But as this brightly colored tale of a sailor's adventures comes to its conclusion, darker elements loom. An initially humorous atmosphere evaporates in the film's finale—an incredibly violent confrontation between the sailor hero and the youth to whom he's been telling his tales. Echoes of Latin American police torture reverberate with unsettling forcefulness. Serious-minded too is Ruíz's adaptation of Racine's *Bérénice,* shot in a week's time at the request of the

Avignon theater festival. "All of Racine's plays should be made into films," Ruíz has said. But few film-makers would think of making an adaptation in which only the play's heroine appears and its other characters are portrayed only as shadows on the walls behind her, "like a Mexican melodrama."

Ruíz is very much the iconoclast, but from a unique film-making perspective. Rather than high art his inspiration has been B films. Not surprising as he's operated on a B—and sometimes even less than B—budget. But would Edgar G. Ulmer have made a film in which a shoe's POV was featured? Ruiz delights in bizarre camera angles. But how could "normal" angles be used for stories of obsession, paranoia, physical illness, dismemberment and death that are all by and large nonetheless comedies? Perhaps the ultimate Ruíz line (in *La Présence réelle*) is: "On my next visit to him I was disturbed to discover there my worst enemy's ex-wife."

The last few years have seen Hollywood obsessed with youth as never before. Curiously, so is Ruíz—in his own way. He has embarked on a series of children's films: *La Ville des pirates, Manoel et l'île des merveilles,* and most recently *Treasure Island.* Ruíz being Ruíz, his children's films feature Poe-like doubling, sexual transmogrification, and other selected horrors—all detailed with a child's matter-of-factness. The films star the 12-year-old Melville Poupaud—a "fetish" with Ruíz according to *Cahiers du Cinéma,* appearing as he does in the non-youth-oriented *L'Eveille du Pont de L'Alma* as well.

Treasure Island has been a frequent point of Ruízian reference. "All the stories you've been telling are in this book," Poupaud declares (in a cameo performance) to the hero of *Les Trois couronnes du matelot.* A modern-dress adaptation (the pirates wear battle fatigues) Ruíz's *Island* is his first film entirely in English. It boasts an extraordinary cast: Anna Karina, Martin Landau, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Lou Castel, Jean-François Stevenin, and as Long John Silver, Vic Tayback (Poupaud is of course young Jim). Produced by action schlock purveyors Cannon Films, *Treasure Island* is designed to swell the company's "art" branch—which includes the likes of Andrei Konchalovsky, Robert Altman, John Cassavetes, and presently (with his proposed version of *King Lear*) Jean-Luc Godard. With most of their work geared to foreign sales, there's no guarantee that Ruiz's *Island* will be seen in the US. But there's always hope.

The interview that follows took place last July in Hollywood just prior to *Treasure Island*'s shooting. Ruíz and his wife, film-maker Valeria Sarmiento (*Notre Mariage*), had been called to town by Cannon to scout American actors for the film's cast. Ensconced at the Holiday Inn (where the next day a spy suspect was arrested by US authorities—a Ruíz plot-in-the-making if there ever was one) the film-maker was totally at ease. A large, round, friendly man, given to speaking on any number of subjects other than the cinema, Ruíz proved to be the delight of the hotel's help—unaccustomed to being spoken to in their native Spanish by a guest, least of all with respect. Taking lunch at a nearby Japanese restaurant Ruíz sang the praises of sushi ("the ideal food if you're shooting a film—especially sea urchins"), Bret Harte, and Shakespeare's *Hamlet.* "I'd like to do a Russian version with Hamlet as Stalin and the ghost as Trotsky," he declared. Since the interview Ruíz, in addition to *Treasure Island,* has shot a number of other films in association with the Maison de la Culture in Grenoble where he was guest director: the aforementioned *L'Eveille du Pont de l'Alma,* a science fiction rock musical *Régime sans pain,* an adaptation of Louis-René des Fórêts's *Dans Un Miroir,* and a version of *Richard III* starring Melville Poupaud in the title role. He is at this writing guest director at the Maison de la Culture at Havre where he has by now probably shot his long-planned version of Dostoyevsky's *The Eternal Husband,* and the *Hamlet* mentioned above.

It would appear that with your new series of children's films your interests and Hollywood's interests are coinciding.

It's completely accidental. But most of my films come from accidents. My coming to Hollywood is an accident. That's because of Cannon and the deal I've made with them. The film is going to be made in English and we need to find some American actors. As for the connection with children's films, I'd

say that I haven't so much made films *for* children as *with* children and *about* children. Ordinary childhood doesn't interest me. And as for any relationship between my films and Hollywood the only connection would be Truman Capote whose work I like a lot. He sometimes worked in Hollywood.

His screenplay for Beat the Devil*?*

No, more for his stories, especially the early ones like "The Grass Harp" and "Children on Their Birthdays." The films I'm making have something to do—not completely, just a little bit—with the world of those stories. My other relation to Hollywood is to the myth of Hollywood—not Hollywood right now, but the one that's dead, the old Hollywood of B films.

How do you see your evolution as a film-maker?

When I started to make films in Chile in the sixties it was very difficult. I was just trying to show something about my town, the way people lived, things like that. It was something that really no one was interested in seeing. I made eight films there. Normally there'd be one Chilean film every hundred years. I had to invent forms of production. When the coup came I had to go into exile. So I developed other forms of production through television. I became an "institutional" experimental film-maker! The trick was to forget about money. You can discover a lot of things that way. An American director I like very much came to Europe and said "I just need a little bit of money—a million dollars." Now a million dollars is really a lot, even for someone like Bergman. But this director was concerned with specific elements—like say for example a scene with a hundred horses. You shouldn't think like that. For example I wrote a scene for a helicopter and we got a car instead. So we changed it to a car. If you're making films my way, like a novel, you can use everything.

But with American film-making everything has to be planned.

It wasn't like that with B films. I've learned everything from them. Latin American and French television is very open to that kind of work. What I'm trying to do is make those sorts of films for poetical purposes.

America has largely abandoned that sort of film. Corman's company was really the last gasp.

Jean-Pierre Léaud in TREASURE ISLAND

I worked with him a bit for *The Territory* which he co-produced. I think they were afraid of my not spending money. They weren't open to improvisation, taking the same actor and using him in different films.

You mean the way The Territory *and* The State of Things *shared casts?*

Yes. There's a real possibility of dialogue between film-makers that way, like the dialogue between painters at the beginning of this century—Van Gogh and Gaugin. I didn't talk about this with Wim Wenders, we're not the same kind of film-makers. But it can happen when film-makers share the same elements.

What sort of audience do you feel you're addressing with your films?

We don't have an audience at all. *La Ville des pirates* for example was rejected by all the European TV networks. At the same time it was accepted as the official representative of France at the Venice Film Festival. After that it got distribution. Another film we made in four days, *Pointe de fuite,* was just a joke. But it was sold to German television and the Netherlands and ended up paying for *La Ville des pirates.* In each case it's something like that.

But sometimes your films are made for regular theaters like Les Trois couronnes du Matelot.

But that was supposed to be a TV film too. What happened was that the producer liked it and wanted it shown in theaters. He made the arrangements and had it blown up to 35mm.

TV is making your film-making possible.

Not simply TV—ten different TVs. There's one in every country. You can never be sure where your film will be shown when you make it. If you make only one film it can take five years to get it shown. But my producer Paulo Branco makes 15 films a year. Ten of them fail, but the five that succeed end up financing the whole operation.

Like Fassbinder.

Yes but Fassbinder had a real market. I don't have any.

But you continue to make films.

Yes.

For whom?

I can't tell yet. There are so many. You know even Valeria hasn't seen all of my films.

It seems as if you've set them up as some sort of game—a scavenger hunt.

I must say that one of the oddest, nicest things in my life are the people who like my films enough to help me make another. But you see sometimes my films work for one or two people but not a whole audience.

Where does your interest lie?

I began to be interested, in a perverse oblique way, in the so-called *qualité française* tradition—films by Marcel Carné and other French directors, the whole *cinéma du papa* that the *Nouvelle Vague* reacted against. I was interested in it in relation to the political context of the French academic painters of the nineteenth century whose style those films copied. So I started working like that with *La Vocation suspendue.* I learned that many aspects of that way of filmmaking were virtually forgotten in France after the *Nouvelle Vague.* I'm interested in the idea of images generated by other images and the logic that's involved. I'm not a surrealist in the sense that I don't believe in the objective existence of the world of dreams. But I am interested in surrealism on the level at which its techniques can be used to examine different levels of consciousness. When you look at an ordinary film you follow a story—even if it isn't told particularly well. You recognize who the actors are because you've seen them in other films. All these levels of recognition are mixed together. My dream is to create a kind of centrifugal force in the midst of these different levels. For example you're watching *Cleopatra,* and you're aware that Richard Burton is in love with Elizabeth Taylor. They're not in Egypt, they're in Rome. At the same time the story is set in the ancient past and he's Mark Anthony in love with Cleopatra. There's a wonderful moment in the film when you can see in the background of one of the shots an *airplane.* True surrealism! For me to combine that sense of awareness with the visual elements of the *qualité française* would be wonderful.

Anne Alvaro in LA VILLE DES PIRATES

And Treasure Island?

When I reread *Treasure Island* recently I discovered that the structure was stronger than the material. The way Stevenson tells the story is so remarkable that it could be about anything—pirates, kidnappers, whatever. We are surrounded by stories that are like houses that we can enter. We play amidst these stories, sometimes being involved in two or three of them at once. In one you're the hero, in another you're a secondary character. These scripts are the society in which we live—if you want to be a sociologist. It's a notion I feel more and more. This has been expressed in many ways—by Stevenson, by Orson Welles, Borges, and many others—this notion that certain stories have the structure of dreams. For those stories it's as if the cinema had *already* been invented. For *Treasure Island* then my first idea was to make a very abstract film without any pirates at all, but keeping the same structure. Then I decided to make a real adventure film with action that would also be a theoretical film.

Theoretical in what way?

Two years ago a producer asked me to make a film about psychoanalysis, so I started reading about it. I haven't made the film yet, but I haven't stopped reading. I've examined case histories and in about 90% of them the subject was concerned with whether his father

was really his or not. Now in *Treasure Island* there's always this suggestion that Silver is Jim's real father. So I've put in the idea of all the other pirates having affairs with Jim's mother. So every ten minutes one of them comes to the boy and tells him "Listen, I've got something to tell you—I'm your father!" I hope to put more ideas along that line into the film.

You have no use for what's ordinarily called "realism" in film.

Well, for instance, in my country there are many people who don't believe in the existence of whales.

Because they haven't seen them.

Yes, and seeing them in films is to these people proof that whales *don't* exist. You see to me the "suspension of disbelief" is itself an element of the fantastic. Things can happen between takes. Welles's *Othello* is an example of that. A movement begins being filmed in Venice and it ends up in Morocco! Between these two takes *many* things happened. Just think, an actor could go away and kill someone and then come back and do another take.

So for you each shot is a new film.

Yes. You can have many films inside of one. It's one of my dreams to make a film that begins in the time of *Ivanhoe* and would end as a western. The story would not change, the actors would not change. Only the film would change. That would be fantastic.

ROBERT BURGOYNE

The Somatization of History in Bertolucci's 1900

History in Bertolucci's *1900* is fashioned much like a gestalt drawing, with two highly antagonistic versions of time and events unfolding within the same narrative space. From one perspective, the film purports to analyze the "poetic awakening" of the Italian peasant class to their own historical significance; from another, it appears to concentrate on what psychoanalysis calls the destiny of the individual subject. As Bertolucci says, "everything that happens in this film on a personal level is thus relegated to have a larger, historical meaning." (13) But in spite of this attempt to reconstruct the formation of individual subjectivity as an allegory of a broader history, these two narrative schemas—the imaginary history of the subject and the history of the construction of a revolutionary class—are largely contradictory. With the psychoanalytic subject installed at the center of the historical process, history acquires a predetermined outcome, conforming to a fixed pattern of positions and roles. Moreover, this type of narrative apparatus is capable of registering public events only where they impinge upon the individual character. Subordinating political history to the narrative *telos* of subjectivity, the film seems to willfully evade the material contingencies of historical transformations.

1900 thus appears to flout the Althusserian dictum that "History is a process without a *telos* or a subject." (91) Somewhat scandalously, its mode of representation rests squarely on principles of narrative closure and human agency, with the individual subject explicitly foregrounded as historical agent. The novelty and potency of the peasants' claim upon history seems to be deflected into a standard, nineteenth-century plot design. The view of history it presents collapses the particularity of the peasant experience—a class which had arrived at the twentieth century, in Bertolucci's view, devoid of historical consciousness—to a metaphoric identity with the universalism of the Oedipal pattern. This is expressed in a concrete fashion in the film's climactic scene, which links the birth of historical consciousness in the peasant class to

was really his or not. Now in *Treasure Island* there's always this suggestion that Silver is Jim's real father. So I've put in the idea of all the other pirates having affairs with Jim's mother. So every ten minutes one of them comes to the boy and tells him "Listen, I've got something to tell you—I'm your father!" I hope to put more ideas along that line into the film.

You have no use for what's ordinarily called "realism" in film.

Well, for instance, in my country there are many people who don't believe in the existence of whales.

Because they haven't seen them.

Yes, and seeing them in films is to these people proof that whales *don't* exist. You see to me the "suspension of disbelief" is itself an element of the fantastic. Things can happen between takes. Welles's *Othello* is an example of that. A movement begins being filmed in Venice and it ends up in Morocco! Between these two takes *many* things happened. Just think, an actor could go away and kill someone and then come back and do another take.

So for you each shot is a new film.

Yes. You can have many films inside of one. It's one of my dreams to make a film that begins in the time of *Ivanhoe* and would end as a western. The story would not change, the actors would not change. Only the film would change. That would be fantastic.

ROBERT BURGOYNE

The Somatization of History in Bertolucci's 1900

History in Bertolucci's *1900* is fashioned much like a gestalt drawing, with two highly antagonistic versions of time and events unfolding within the same narrative space. From one perspective, the film purports to analyze the "poetic awakening" of the Italian peasant class to their own historical significance; from another, it appears to concentrate on what psychoanalysis calls the destiny of the individual subject. As Bertolucci says, "everything that happens in this film on a personal level is thus relegated to have a larger, historical meaning." (13) But in spite of this attempt to reconstruct the formation of individual subjectivity as an allegory of a broader history, these two narrative schemas—the imaginary history of the subject and the history of the construction of a revolutionary class—are largely contradictory. With the psychoanalytic subject installed at the center of the historical process, history acquires a predetermined outcome, conforming to a fixed pattern of positions and roles. Moreover, this type of narrative apparatus is capable of registering public events only where they impinge upon the individual character. Subordinating political history to the narrative *telos* of subjectivity, the film seems to willfully evade the material contingencies of historical transformations.

1900 thus appears to flout the Althusserian dictum that "History is a process without a *telos* or a subject." (91) Somewhat scandalously, its mode of representation rests squarely on principles of narrative closure and human agency, with the individual subject explicitly foregrounded as historical agent. The novelty and potency of the peasants' claim upon history seems to be deflected into a standard, nineteenth-century plot design. The view of history it presents collapses the particularity of the peasant experience—a class which had arrived at the twentieth century, in Bertolucci's view, devoid of historical consciousness—to a metaphoric identity with the universalism of the Oedipal pattern. This is expressed in a concrete fashion in the film's climactic scene, which links the birth of historical consciousness in the peasant class to

the symbolic execution of the Padrone—a moment which belongs equally to a political and a psychoanalytic scenario.

But a contrary and equally compelling argument is that it is precisely the narrative structuration of history in *1900* and its foregrounding of teleology that expresses its political message most fully. If we ignore, for the moment, the psychoanalytic content of the text, and concentrate simply on its overall narrative configuration, we find that its formal structure places it squarely within the Marxian tradition. Narrative form, and the teleological orientation intrinsic to it, may be seen as central elements, indispensable to a Marxian reading of history. As Hayden White observes: "Narrativity . . . represents a dream of how ideal community might be achieved . . . (It is) the narrativity of its structure that gives Marxian historiography its imaginative power." (2) The ideal of totalization that White refers to inheres particularly in the *telos* of narrative form, for it is through this feature that the identity of the singular moment with the scattered time of history is established. Without a teleological destination, as White comments, "Marxism loses its power to inspire a visionary politics. Take the vision out of Marxism, and all you will have left is a timid historicism of the kind favored by liberals." (5)

Now the specific target of Althusser's influential repudiation of narrative form in historiography is the traditional Marxist explanation of history as a sequence of modes of production, understood as a linear series extending from the primitive clan, through feudalism, and leading up to a final stage of world communism. In a more general sense, Althusser's statement is emblematic of the turn away from diachronic forms of analysis in current Marxian theory, which are seen as flawed by their reductive, "periodizing" hypotheses. But with the abandonment of the "stages" theory of history, the very theme which provides Marxian historiography with its momentum is lost. That theme is its utopian orientation. Marxist historiography is organized like a perspective drawing around a temporal vanishing point, with the lines of force thrown off by the historical event in the past reorganized in the field of the future. By denying this aspect of its doctrine, it sacrifices its most compelling dimension, the source of its imag-

inative power. What Fredric Jameson calls the fear of utopian thinking in current Marxism makes it impossible to imagine a radically different social formation of the future.

It has therefore fallen to the arts, according to White, to rediscover and cultivate this theme. *1900* is a striking case in point: it restores this repressed, "forgotten" theme of Marxism to the forefront, staging an openly wish-fulfilling, utopian resolution to the historical tribulation of the peasantry. Furthermore, its "dream of ideal community" flows directly from the narrative form of the work, which links past, present and future in a patterned unity. In a surprising reversal of expectation, however, the very "romance of the subject" which at first appeared to contradict the wider designs of an authentic class history, now appears to convey the utopian message. Far from deviating from the Marxian topic of the film, the destiny of the individual subject proves to be essential to its articulation, for it is through the Oedipal patterning of the text that history in *1900* becomes invested with desire—a precondition for the emergence of the theme of the utopian. This admixture of history and desire goes well beyond the simple fashioning of maternal and paternal correspondences to the historical process: the utopian register in the film emerges through the kind of somatic drama generally encountered under the rubric of the history of the subject, but here applied to the collective body of the peasantry. Moreso, I will argue that the articulation of a collective synthesis is dependent upon the kind of fictional patterning which produces and organizes the subject's individual desire. The "dream of totalization" desire affords on a personal level—"the identity of the one with the many"—is here translated into a model of the historical process. We might say, echoing Jameson, that an older, Oedipal structure in *1900* is emptied of its original content and subverted to the transmission of an entirely different, utopian message.

Desire in this expanded sense thus comprises the principal vector of historical events in *1900,* determining their course. It constitutes what narratology would call a core semantic structure, unifying different narrative actions. Consequently, it not only operates in the service of the utopian theme, but also conveys the destructive, annihilatory forces of history. Both are generated from the same dynamic of plot. Counterposed to the clairvoyant history of the peasants, with its invisible yet structuring domain of the utopian, is the type of history associated with the Fascists, which is manifested in *1900* as sadistic spectacle. The persecutory figure of Attila, for example, the leader of the Fascists, whom Bertolucci calls the "summary concentrate of all the aggressive forces in the film," (18) clearly represents the inversion of utopian values: yet his very destructiveness shares the features of the erotic which we have associated with the utopian aspect of the text. What emerges is a pairing familiar from psychoanalysis—a history turned by erotic and destructive forces. The film thus seems to demonstrate that the patterning of history obeys a deeper logic, a deeper classification system, that it is mediated by what Jameson calls the "codes and motifs . . . the *pensée sauvage* of the historical imagination." ("Marxism and Historicism," 45) The history of class antagonism and the imaginary history of the subject here interpenetrate, unfolding within the unity of a shared code an unconscious "master plot" of struggle, domination, and rebellion.

The initiatory events of the plot can be read in terms of this dual significance. Bertolucci describes the scene which opens (and closes) the film in the following fashion: "It's a day, the 25th of April, the Italian Day of Liberation, and it includes the whole century. We took it as a sort of symbolic day on which is unleashed, on which flowers this peasants' utopia. . . . This day of utopia contains the century . . . the premise of this day lies in the past, but the day also contains the future . . ." (16) What Bertolucci calls the "stratification of time elements," the simultaneous projection of different temporal frames, is thus one of the signifiers of the utopian. Most importantly, this simultaneity condenses the historical and the psychoanalytic dimensions of the text. In the opening moments of the film, a partisan youth is shown breaking into the villa of the landowner and surprising the Padrone in his rooms, holding him captive with a rifle. When the Padrone asks him his name, the boy replies "Olmo," adopting the mantle of the absent revolutionary hero. When asked if he knew who Olmo was, the boy

partisan says simply, "He was the bravest." The aging Padrone responds in a wry fashion, for he is here made to confront a kind of youthful incarnation of his boyhood friend, who was born the same day as he in 1900. The opening images of the film thus immediately intersect two moments in time, skewering the past to the present. The revolution, the text implies, has become young again, while the old regime of the landowners has faded. The corrosive effects of temporal processes seem to register only on the body of the Padrone, while the peasant class is seen as perpetually young, perpetually engaged in struggle. The confrontation of the Padrone and the youthful rebel, however, also carries a strong psychoanalytic connotation. Two messages are superimposed in this scene: it represents both the culmination of the historical process—the end of history—with all moments compressed into one, and a rehearsal of the psychoanalytic pattern of Oedipal repetition, the inevitable recycling of generational conflict.

It is through this double narrative *telos* of subjectivity and history, which crystallizes around the image of the body and its subjugation or renewal, that the text projects an alternative history, in which the course of empirical events is transformed into the "possible world" of the utopian. History is in effect "somatized" in *1900,* embodied and represented in a way that recalls Marx's observation that even the senses have become theoreticians. (352) At the film's dénouement, for example, Olmo's daughter Anita stands atop a haywagon and proclaims that she can see, off in the distance, the routing of all oppression and the restoration of a harmonious world. The libidinal and erotic aspect of the utopian is explicitly rendered here, as the character puts her hands between her widespread legs as she looks off into the distance and joyfully describes the advent of a new age, conspicuously associating desire with a transfigured world. The erotic connotations of the utopian are rendered in an equally explicit fashion in an earlier scene. As Olmo and his pregnant wife make love, the camera focuses on a primitive drawing on the wall behind them featuring a red banner being carried aloft to a rising yellow sun. This lamination of images associates revolution with the natural processes of conception and birth, a notion which is reinforced by the fact that the child here in the womb will grow into the adolescent girl who stands atop the haywagon at the end of the film, legs wide in a gesture of fecund pleasure.

The erotic overtone is not restricted, however, to the lyrical moments in the film. It also surfaces during scenes of political and sexual persecution. In a sequence that parallels the carnal encounter described above, the aristocratic couple, Ada and Alfredo (the future Padrone) are shown making love in the rough, "jocular" style of the peasants as it has been traditionally imaged: tumbling in the hay, with his aggression answered by her laughter. Meanwhile, through a series of intercuts, we witness the burning of the peasant meeting hall. Over the shots of the fire, Bertolucci superimposes the faces of the three peasant elders who have just perished in the conflagration. The conventional association of passion with flames is here given a diabolical twist, as the sense of agency communicated by this intercutting is unmistakable. While the Fascists may have lit the blaze, it is the self-absorption of the aristocracy that permits it. Underscoring this point is the sound of a fiddle being idly played by a child in the background.

The historical compact of the Fascists and the aristocracy is rendered in sexual terms as well. As the new Padrone, Alfredo's first act is to empower Attila to be his "watchdog." It is a contract which is immediately acted upon. At the wedding of Alfredo and Ada, soon after their session in the hay, the two arch-villains, Regina and Attila, stage their own, parallel wedding, consummating it with the sex murder of a young boy. They emphasize the mimetic aspect of this ritual by calling the young victim, a child of the aristocracy, their "best man." The crime is then blamed on Olmo, the communist leader of the peasants, who is promptly set upon by the Blackshirts. Alfredo is witness to this brutal beating, and although he is now in a position of power, he allows his friend to be used as a scapegoat. A kind of blood bond is here established between Attila, Regina and Alfredo. In a sense, the "marriage" that has taken place has occurred between the aristocracy and the Fascist party, a union which is literal-

ized in the bestial coupling of Regina, the aristocratic cousin of the Padrone, and Attila, leader of the Fascists. Throughout the film, the historical role of the Fascists will be associated with criminal acts of sexual aggression.

Desire in these scenes is thus immediately translated into a kind of historical force. These three moments of erotic exchange, between three different couples, all communicate a message about history, providing a carnal enactment of historical causes. The utopian and the malignant undercurrents of the historical process are made visible through this motif; moreso, libido here appears as the driving and motivating basis of historical events, the mainspring of collective change and class oppression.

The body itself thus becomes the principal site of the historical conflicts focused by the work, the junction of the utopian and the repressive tendencies implicit in its unfolding. The somatization of history in the film is concretely expressed not only in scenes of erotic interaction, but also in the foregrounding of the body as a figure of collectivity. This takes the form of the psychoanalytic drama of the whole body versus the body in bits and pieces. On the one hand, a sort of phantasmatic circulation of lost objects, part objects, runs through the film: a missing ear, an absent father, a runaway wife, a stolen pistol. . . . On the other, a sense of a collective body, infinitely extensible, emerges from the utopian message of the text. The conflation of the individual body and the collective body in the domain of the peasantry provides a positive reworking of the somatic crises typically enacted within an Oedipal framework. It's a history, like *Finnegan's Wake,* in which the individual body becomes the projective ground for the unfolding of a national history.

One passage illustrates this opposition quite clearly, commingling the images of the continuous body and the body disaggregate. It begins with Olmo and Alfredo as boys, waiting out a storm in a loft where they cultivate silkworms (a scene reminiscent in setting and imagery of the "silken kimono" sequence in *The Conformist*). Olmo takes off his wet clothes, and the two boys compare penises—Alfredo is circumcized, while Olmo is not, and they remark upon a penis's similarity to the silkworms. When the storm breaks, a radiant city is suddenly made visible on the horizon. As Olmo describes the unfamiliar steeples and smokestacks in terms of ships'

masts and tall trees, with Alfredo correcting him, a strong sense of wonder and possibility arises. The scene as a whole suggests a kind of prelapsarian existence, with the individual body, the natural world, and a kind of utopian landscape woven into the same configuration.

This mood is dramatically altered, however, in the ensuing scene. As the two boys run into the fields to tell of their vision of the city, they encounter the Padrone, berating the peasants for the damage the storm has caused. Estimating that half the crop has been destroyed, the Padrone decides to cut the peasants' share in half. In a gesture of defiance, one of the peasants—a minstrel—takes his knife and cuts off one of his own ears, handing it to the Padrone. The Padrone strides away with the ear firmly clenched in his hand.

This gesture of self-mutilation inscribes the body directly into political discourse. The oppression of an entire class is signified by the maiming of a single body. It is the definitive reversal of the sense of somatic unity established earlier. Olmo's point-of-view is again emphasized, as his grandfather expressly tries to keep him from witnessing the act, to no avail. Again, the figure of the Padrone explicitly condenses the notions of the punitive father and the class tyrant.

The severed ear in the possession of the Padrone may be said to signify the captivity of an entire class. The somatic level at which this class discord is expressed, however, is described by Bertolucci as a prepolitical moment: "It's a very individualistic protest gesture, still, which synthesizes, however, the desperation, the misery of a whole group of peasants, and which in the next scene is immediately carried further as I show how the idea of the strike is born." (16) The body thus inaugurates a trajectory which leads to the peasants' full embracing of the historical process. The body in pieces becomes an analogue for the enslaved social body, while the aggregate body of the strikers becomes a figure a figure for an ever widening kind of unity.

Directly after this pre-political moment of self-mutilation, however, the film invokes the utopian theme which, we have found, subtends and precedes the overtly political actions of the peasantry. It is signified here by the production of music, which will prove to be the emblematic expression of the utopian throughout the film. After returning to his family, minus an ear and nearly bereft of food for the day, the peasant begins to play a tune on his ocarina. The soothing music seems to be addressed to the missing ear, and beyond that, to the peasants' condition of servitude and loss in general. The association of music with the recovery of a lost plenitude is indicated here, and made explicit at the end of the film, when various peasants demand that the Padrone make restitution for their missing fingers, husbands and teeth. These demands are all followed by musical interludes, as if the peasants were invoking a domain in which injury and deprivation did not exist.

Music is associated throughout the film with moments of political significance. Its function in *1900* can be compared to Jacques Attali's idea of music as a herald of social change, presaging a new social formation in a "prophetic and annunciatory way." In Attali's view, change manifests itself in music before it is reflected in social institutions. Music may thus be interpreted as a prefiguration of future social formations. This is borne out in *1900.* The convulsive transformations of the social order in the twentieth century are literally announced by the death of Verdi, an announcement which introduces the body of the film beginning in 1900. The music of Verdi rises ominously on the sound track, together with the lament of the jester Rigoletto that "Verdi is dead!" as a bridge between the overture and the main part of the work, coupling the ringing statement of the boy partisan in 1945, "There are no more masters!" with the first cries of the newborn Olmo in the year 1900.

An even more powerful sense of music as a herald of social transformation emerges in the domain of the peasants. Peasant music in *1900* represents not only the collective channeling of misery into a form of festival, it also signifies the imminence of political change. The two peasants' strikes, for example, are strongly marked by music. In the strike of 1908, there is a lone accordionist who follows the departing train which carries Olmo and the other peasant boys off to school, a train which is decked out in the red banners of the striking peasants. The martial component of the music is escalated in the second strike of 1918, as a full-scale chorus

issues from the massed strikers. Music is played at the climax of the film as well, especially during the trial of Attila and the Padrone, which takes place in a graveyard (as Attila intones: "I am that cruel time . . .") and which is literally organized around its musical interludes. And in the film's final sequence, an epilogue featuring Olmo and Alfredo on the day of their deaths, a lone musician is again heard as the film shifts into a new temporal mode of simultaneity, in which past, present and future are compressed into one. In this visualization of the unity of separate instants of time, music comes to replace speech, as if the utopian offered a different mode of communication as well as a different order of time.

One could analyze the "sedimentation" of musical styles in the film—the peasant sonorities, the Verdi passages, the minimalist abstractions of Ennio Morricone—as representative of specific social formations co-present in the film. But the only significant *diegetic* music originates with the peasantry. Music in this context is directly related to the theme we have been elaborating here—the individual body as an image of the social body. It serves as an agent of transformation in the film, fulfilling the promise of a social utopia. It thus recodes the agony of the body, which is so prominent a feature of peasant life, into an instrument of political expression.

Functioning almost as a musical extension of the film itself—like the closing ballet of Renaissance comedy—the ending of the film represents an explicit staging of the utopian dimension. Here the two antagonists, the now elderly Olmo and Alfredo, are transformed into youthful versions of themselves, as the film cuts between their past and present manifestations. Here too, the characters have aged so as to become virtual doubles of the grandfathers. Many of the features we have associated with the utopian—the multiplication of temporal frames, the renewal of the body, the presence of music—are manifested in this lyrical coda. The cancelling of the negative effects of temporal processes, a theme which had been encoded in the music, emerges here directly.

But there is an inconsistency here as well, which I believe can be resolved only by returning to our original problematic of desire and history. The utopian theme has been associated throughout the film with the peasants. The division between the peasant world, with its structuring domain of the utopian, and the quotidian world of the aristocracy has been so pronounced—distinguished expressly by the absence of temporal and physical decay in the peasant world—that we may speak of the narrative universe of *1900* as a split narrative world, with very different "systems of regularities" governing each world.* Nevertheless, Alfredo, the Padrone who presides over the persecution of the peasantry, is part of the utopian resolution of the text. Bertolucci, indeed, speaks of the two principal characters of *1900* as if they were equivalent: "In the end, I find that these people are the reverse faces of the same personality, that each represents one part of a complex character. Thus they are not only representatives of a dialectic of a social nature, but they can sort of help

*Briefly, the idea of the *narrative domain* proceeds from the observation that the narrative world projected by typical texts is not singular or unified, but that it contains different and contradictory semantic features, which partition the text into separate "domains." These semantic domains operate under totally different "systems of regularities." As Thomas Pavel writes: "plot-based texts do not necessarily describe homogeneous (imaginary) worlds. It rather appears as if each narrative structure is divided into several *domains* centered around one or several main characters. These domains may display a great variety of properties. Notably, the domains of a single literary work need not be governed by the same regularities." (Pavel 105)

Taking the idea of narrative domains one step further, Lubomir Dolezel posits the category of the invisible narrative world. Using Kafka's *The Trial* as his principal example, Dolezel argues that an invisible narrative domain structures the universe of Kafka's fiction, a domain which operates according to a rather strict partition from the world of quotidian narrative reality. The world of Josef K, for example, is strictly partitioned from the invisible bureaucratic machinery of the courts in *The Trial*. This difference can be described in terms of four propositions. Epistemologically, very little can be known about the courts, with even the lawyers who litigate cases ignorant of its workings. The courts remain shrouded in mystery. Ontologically, the invisible domain of the courts operates under a very different set of presuppositions, in which even the dimensions of space and time (the infinite spaces and temporal randomness of the courts) appear to be markedly differentiated from the world inhabited by Josef K. Axiologically, too, the world of the courts is a world of topsy-turvydom, with the values of good and bad, better and worse, seemingly capriciously and whimsically assigned. Finally, the action propositions which obtain between the two worlds in Kafka are strikingly asymmetrical—the invisible world can effect changes and advance actions in the visible world, but not vice versa: the visible world has no access to and no possible impact on the invisible domain.

In a narratological reading of *1900,* we could extend the concept of the invisible world to the notion of the utopian—seen as a kind of invisible force-field, a structuring yet inaccessible domain. Like the invisible world in Kafka, it can be signified only indirectly. It is inaccessible to direct vision, yet there are characters who seem to have partial access to it.

us to peep into the inner structures of the century." (15)

The language of voyeurism which Bertolucci here employs suggests that history, focalized through these two class representatives, has something in common with erotic display. The music which accompanies the utopian reunification of the two antagonists at the close of the film reinforces this interpretation. As Attali writes: "Music, directly transacted by desire and drives, has always had but one subject—the body, which it offers a complete journey through pleasure, with a beginning and an end. A great musical work is always a model of amorous relations, a model of relations with the other, of eternally recommencable exaltation and appeasement, an exceptional figure of represented or repeated sexual relations. . . . Any noise, when two people decide to invest their imaginary and their desire in it, becomes a potential relationship, future order." (143) The "codes and motifs" of the historical imaginary are thus placed on open display in *1900.* The history of the twentieth century is seen to result from a kind of traumatic splitting, as in psychoanalysis, of an original unity. Thus the somatic expression of history in the film receives its final figuration in an image reminiscent of Plato's androgyne: an emblem of sexual unity and division translated into class terms.

REFERENCES

Althusser, Louis. "Reply to John Lewis." *Essays on Ideology.* London: Verso, 1984.

Attali, Jacques. *Noise.* Tr. by Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1985.

Bertolucci, Bernardo, "Films Are Animal Events." Interview with Gideon Bachmann. *Film Quarterly,* Autumn 1975: 11-19.

Dolezel, Lubomir. "Intensional Function, Invisible Worlds, and Franz Kafka." *Style* 17, 2 (Spring 1983): 120-141.

Jameson, Fredric. "Marxism and Historicism." *New Literary History* 11 (Autumn 1979): 41-73.

_____. "Interview." *Diacritics* 12, 3 (Fall 1982) 72-91.

Marx, Karl. *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts,* Second Manuscript, "Private Property and Communism," Section 4, in *Early Writings,* tr. Rodney Livingstone and Gregor Benton. London: Penguin/NLB, 1975: 352. Cited in Fredric Jameson, *The Political Unconscious.* Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981: 62.

Pavel, Thomas. "Narrative Domains." *Poetics Today* 1, 4 (Summer 1980): 105-114.

White, Hayden. "Getting Out of History." *Diacritics* 12, 3 (Fall 1982): 2-13.

Reviews

THE LIGHTSHIP

Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. Producer: Bill Benenson. Screenplay: William Mai and David Taylor, from the novel by Siegfried Lenz. Photography: Charly Steinberger. Editing: Barry Vince. Music: Stanley Myers. CBS Productions. US distribution: Castle Hill.

Two decades ago, the career of Polish filmmaker Jerzy Skolimowski seemed to hold as much promise as that of his compatriot, Roman Polanski. The two coauthored the screenplay for *Knife in the Water* (*Nóż w wodzie,* 1962), Polanski's highly successful debut as a feature-film director. Skolimowski himself went on to direct four artful films in Poland (*Rysopis/Identification Marks: None* in 1964; *Walkover* in 1965; *Barrier* in 1966; and the officially disapproved *Ręce do góry/ Hands Up* in 1967), but his subsequent career in the West proved spotty and frustrating. Critics and festival juries liked his British-made films *Deep End* (1970) and *The Shout* (1978), as well as *Le Départ,* made in Belgium (1967), but *The Adventures of Gerard* (1969) and *King, Queen, Knave* (1971) were not well received. *Moonlighting* (1982) was recognized critically as a crafty personal story, an allegory made in exile about his native Poland under martial law, but its box-office appeal was limited. Skolimowski's career in the West has continued to be plagued by his image as a director of the *avant-garde* who appeals to critics but remains weak at the box office.

For his first American-made feature, Skolimowski signed on with CBS Productions to direct *The Lightship.* Problems arose almost immediately. The only active lightship available for filming was found off the German island of Sylt, in the North Sea—a remote

us to peep into the inner structures of the century." (15)

The language of voyeurism which Bertolucci here employs suggests that history, focalized through these two class representatives, has something in common with erotic display. The music which accompanies the utopian reunification of the two antagonists at the close of the film reinforces this interpretation. As Attali writes: "Music, directly transacted by desire and drives, has always had but one subject—the body, which it offers a complete journey through pleasure, with a beginning and an end. A great musical work is always a model of amorous relations, a model of relations with the other, of eternally recommencable exaltation and appeasement, an exceptional figure of represented or repeated sexual relations. . . . Any noise, when two people decide to invest their imaginary and their desire in it, becomes a potential relationship, future order." (143) The "codes and motifs" of the historical imaginary are thus placed on open display in *1900.* The history of the twentieth century is seen to result from a kind of traumatic splitting, as in psychoanalysis, of an original unity. Thus the somatic expression of history in the film receives its final figuration in an image reminiscent of Plato's androgyne: an emblem of sexual unity and division translated into class terms.

REFERENCES

Althusser, Louis. "Reply to John Lewis." *Essays on Ideology.* London: Verso, 1984.

Attali, Jacques. *Noise.* Tr. by Brian Massumi. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1985.

Bertolucci, Bernardo, "Films Are Animal Events." Interview with Gideon Bachmann. *Film Quarterly,* Autumn 1975: 11-19.

Dolezel, Lubomir. "Intensional Function, Invisible Worlds, and Franz Kafka." *Style* 17, 2 (Spring 1983): 120-141.

Jameson, Fredric. "Marxism and Historicism." *New Literary History* 11 (Autumn 1979): 41-73.

_____. "Interview." *Diacritics* 12, 3 (Fall 1982) 72-91.

Marx, Karl. *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts,* Second Manuscript, "Private Property and Communism," Section 4, in *Early Writings,* tr. Rodney Livingstone and Gregor Benton. London: Penguin/NLB, 1975: 352. Cited in Fredric Jameson, *The Political Unconscious.* Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1981: 62.

Pavel, Thomas. "Narrative Domains." *Poetics Today* 1, 4 (Summer 1980): 105-114.

White, Hayden. "Getting Out of History." *Diacritics* 12, 3 (Fall 1982): 2-13.

Reviews

THE LIGHTSHIP

Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. Producer: Bill Benenson. Screenplay: William Mai and David Taylor, from the novel by Siegfried Lenz. Photography: Charly Steinberger. Editing: Barry Vince. Music: Stanley Myers. CBS Productions. US distribution: Castle Hill.

Two decades ago, the career of Polish filmmaker Jerzy Skolimowski seemed to hold as much promise as that of his compatriot, Roman Polanski. The two coauthored the screenplay for *Knife in the Water* (*Nóż w wodzie,* 1962), Polanski's highly successful debut as a feature-film director. Skolimowski himself went on to direct four artful films in Poland (*Rysopis/Identification Marks: None* in 1964; *Walkover* in 1965; *Barrier* in 1966; and the officially disapproved *Ręce do góry/ Hands Up* in 1967), but his subsequent career in the West proved spotty and frustrating. Critics and festival juries liked his British-made films *Deep End* (1970) and *The Shout* (1978), as well as *Le Départ,* made in Belgium (1967), but *The Adventures of Gerard* (1969) and *King, Queen, Knave* (1971) were not well received. *Moonlighting* (1982) was recognized critically as a crafty personal story, an allegory made in exile about his native Poland under martial law, but its box-office appeal was limited. Skolimowski's career in the West has continued to be plagued by his image as a director of the *avant-garde* who appeals to critics but remains weak at the box office.

For his first American-made feature, Skolimowski signed on with CBS Productions to direct *The Lightship.* Problems arose almost immediately. The only active lightship available for filming was found off the German island of Sylt, in the North Sea—a remote

place with an inhospitable climate. Most of the shooting took place on location, over a course of eight weeks in November–December 1984, interrupted several times because the ship's real captain judged the wind and waves too severe for safety. The script called for inclement weather, and inclement weather was present in superabundance. Cast and crew had doubts about the seaworthiness of the old vessel, and the cramped on-board conditions brought tempers to the surface. When *The Lightship* was screened in competition at the 1985 Venice Film Festival, rumors circulated that Skolimowski had vowed never again to work with Klaus-Maria Brandauer, the film's costar. At a press conference, Skolimowski diplomatically sidestepped questions about Brandauer but did speak more generally about the trials of shooting the story: "It was a nightmare, really. For the first time, I had an experience in which making a film was not a pleasure. It was like working in the mines."

More problems lay ahead. Sound mixing proved difficult because of the storm winds and creaking boat noises in the background, and some prints contain muffled dialogue segments. Distribution got fouled up; *The Lightship* was originally billed as a Warner Brothers release, but an advance screening persuaded Warner Brothers that the film was too "arty" for their audiences, and they pulled out. *The Lightship* went into European distribution in September of last year, but when CBS disbanded its theater film production activities a few months later, the film went into limbo. Except for festivals it remained unavailable to American audiences until the late spring of 1986, when Castle Hill Films picked it up and decided to give it limited distribution. It has been tentatively scheduled for a New York run this September, with others to follow.

And it is too bad, for *The Lightship* is a well-crafted film with enough dramatic tension to hold large audiences in their seats and sufficient complexity to tease the thinking filmgoer. With the right promotion, it could be a box-office hit as well as a critical success.

A lightship, for the uninitiated, is a boat moored in treacherous waters offshore where it is impossible to build a lighthouse; its function is to signal danger to other ships, and for this reason it must not move from its position.

Nate (Badja Djola) and Captain Miller (Klaus-Maria Brandauer) in Skolimowski's THE LIGHTSHIP

Once common along the American coastlines, lightships have been replaced in recent years by large buoys, sophisticated radar, and other modern equipment.

The story of *The Lightship* is set in 1955 aboard one of these vessels, the S.S. Hatteras, operating off the coast of Virginia under the command of a testy German-American, Captain Miller (Brandauer). The crew rescues three men adrift in a small motorboat. Caspary (Robert Duvall) and his two henchmen, Gene (William Forsythe) and Eddie (Arliss Howard), are fleeing from a serious crime, and when they realize that their getaway boat cannot be repaired, their desperation grows to a murderous paranoia. Seizing the ship's meager arms, the criminals demand that Captain Miller order the crew to weigh anchor and move out. The captain knows that if he does so, he not only disobeys his official orders but jeopardizes other ships. He deals with the criminals coolly, trying to save the lives of his crew from the thugs' violence while still refusing to move the lightship.

At the center of the conflict is a tight duel of nerves between Miller and Caspary. Watching them closely is Miller's rebellious teenaged son Alex (played by Skolimowski's own son, Michael Lyndon), whom Captain Miller has taken off the hands of the police back on shore. Alex sees his father's soft approach toward the thugs as an indication of the captain's true personality, for Alex is aware that his father had once been accused of cowardice when he piloted a World War II destroyer.

As his father stubbornly resists Caspary's increasingly insistent demands, Alex shares the restlessness that spreads through the crew.

One of them, Stump, breaks rank and attempts to overcome the hijackers but, in the act of playing hero, Stump is killed. Alex witnesses the killing and learns a sickening lesson from it. Later, when he himself has a chance to bump off the maniacal, taunting Eddie, Alex finds himself incapable of heroism.

The drama in this tense plot receives skilled development at the hands of Skolimowski and his cast. If this were a run-of-the-mill Hollywood movie, the action itself would be enough to keep crowds on the edges of their seats. But Skolimowski has produced a memorable piece of cinematic art—something the big-money distributors apparently find frightening.

Except for the opening scene, in which Miller assumes custody of Alex, the entire story takes place on board the Hatteras. The close quarters resemble a staget set, with the camera's focus shifting from one part of the ship to another. Most of the action occurs at night and during a storm, and as the nastiness escalates, Charly Steinberger's able cinematography succeeds in capturing a sense of claustrophobic terror. A tone of portent haunts the film from the very beginning, when Alex, narrating in voice-over, ironically tells us that his father, whom he rarely saw while growing up, did manage to attend his "graduation" (that is, took him from police custody).

Subtle touches help build the tension. As Miller and Caspary talk in the captain's quarters, a pencil atop the table between them rolls back and forth, in time to the rocking of the ship. The blackness of "Frederick Douglass Bird," a pet raven belonging to the ship's cook Nate (Badja Djola), reflects the color of Nate himself, and the bird's grisly death at the hands of Gene forewarns of the human violence to come. After the killing of Stump, we witness his shipboard funeral photographed through a swinging, creaking door. Camera angles—overhead, profile, over-the-shoulder, through a grating—give us sometimes startling views of the characters, reminding us that their natures are not simple.

Alone with Captain Miller, Caspary holds forth on the ambiguity of human character. Caspary, a former New Orleans attorney, boasts that he can find guilt enough in any man for a one- or two-year prison sentence. For the most part, Miller lets Caspary talk without attempting to contradict, until Caspary, commenting on their tense standoff, says, "We hold each other in the palms of our hands. We are as intimate as . . . as lovers." To this Miller retorts, "You are a pig."

The casting of Robert Duvall in the role of Caspary was a stroke of genius, akin to the casting of Henry Fonda as a bad guy in *Once Upon a Time in the West*. Duvall plays Caspary as mannered and sinister, a southern aristocrat who was brought up to say grace before eating. He is a father figure to the dim-witted Gene and the psychopathic Eddie. He understands the imperfection of the human soul and has made a career of manipulating it, just as he now controls the brutishness of his two henchmen.

But in Captain Miller, Caspary meets his match. Miller knows his own frailty, but he also knows his own strength. He emerges as a tough character with the courage of restraint. The presence of his son gives him an added reason to demonstrate this courage; he does and, in the end, dies a martyr for his ship. Alex learns another hard lesson, and Caspary, in tears, realizes that having killed his enemy does not make him the victor.

Actually, the casting turns out to have been the result of a fortuitous switch. Originally, Skolimowski had asked Duvall to play the role of Captain Miller, intending to cast Brandauer as Caspary. Duvall didn't find the part interesting and was prepared to refuse it when the secretary to his agent suggested that the roles be reversed. Duvall liked the idea and persuaded Skolimowski to make the change.

As for Klaus-Maria Brandauer, the role of Captain Miller required him to contain his customary volatility. What we see on the screen is a man who seethes with passion, yet must go about his duties as calmly as a heart surgeon. It works, and whatever peccadilloes the director and the other members of the cast had to put up with from Brandauer between takes, the result is worth their effort.

The Lightship is propelled throughout by Skolimowski's vision of the story. The Polish-born director and his screenwriters have been taken to task by German critics for losing the political tones of Siegfried Lenz's postwar novel; Lenz's story stood as a metaphor of the recent Nazi experience, and for that it is much admired by contemporary Germans. Skolimowski has admitted that the screenplay

omits political references; he chose to emphasize the characterological study, focusing, in his words, on "that ambiguous border between bravery and cowardice which we all experience."

Skolimowski has set this tension within the now familiar context of small-scale terrorism, where the problem of heroism becomes perverse. Like that other great Polish director, Andrzej Wajda, Skolimowski has sliced into the familiar but superficial images of heroism and villainy, taking apart his characters to reveal their complexities. He speaks of the cinema as a drama theorist might: real characters, he says, are a mixture of traits both admirable and reprehensible. Captain Miller, bearer of a tormented and unpleasant personality, becomes in the end a hero; Caspary, in contrast, is a charming man whose surface disguises the evil underneath.

The film, like the men it portrays, is not devoid of flaws. Alex's voice-over narrative sometimes intrudes upon the action. No doubt the screenwriters wanted to give this James Dean-like character an air of youthful pathos, but the effect can be ponderous when Alex gives vent to his exaggerated judgmentalism. An additional problem arises in one of the plot complications. It suddenly comes to the crew's attention that somewhere in the water near the ship lurks a mine. The danger passes rather quickly; the dramatic reason for this complication remains unclear, and the story could well do without it.

Still, *The Lightship* is one of the best American films of 1985 and does not deserve the obscurity it suffers at the moment. In Venice, the film was popular among Italian and French critics, and the multinational jury awarded it a special prize. (*Variety*'s critic, however, sided with Warner Brothers in judging the film suitable only for art-house distribution.)

As for Jerzy Skolimowski, one of the most talented of international directors, his future will no doubt be affected by what happens to *The Lightship,* a costly film in need of a large market. Skolimowski has said that he would next like to make a film about soccer, his current athletic passion—replacing the favorite sport of his younger days, boxing, which he featured in *Walkover*—and Duvall has expressed an interest in playing the role of a coach. Let's hope it comes to pass, for with or without Klaus-Maria Brandauer, the team of Duvall and Skolimowski looks like a World Cup contender. —DAVID PAUL

RASPUTIN

Directed by Elem Klimov. Screenplay by Semyon Lungin and Ilya Nusimov. Photography: Leonid Kalashnikov. Music: Alfred Shnitke. Produced by Mosfilm Studios, Moscow. Distributed by International Film Exchange.

In Renoir's *The Grand Illusion,* there is a wonderful scene where Russian prisoners of war welcome a gift from the tsarina Alexandra. With great gusto, looking for food and spirits, they pry open a large wooden crate only to discover a random assortment of very ordinary books. Enraged by this insulting frustration of their expectations, they proceed to set fire to the crate, contents and all. Has there ever been better symbolic expression, in film or other medium, of the historical cliché about "the alienation of the Romanovs from the mood and needs of the people"? Or the mass anger that engulfed the royal house and plunged the entire nation into the flames of revolution and civil war?

The cliché is true enough, but behind it remains a certain human drama, a puzzle even, that has fascinated historians and filmmakers alike. There is the tsar himself, a man who could enter the following in his diary, just after his abdication from the 300-year-old Romanov throne: "I had a long and sound sleep. Woke up beyond Dvinsk. Sunshine and frost. . . . I read much of Julius Caesar." (As a Russian officer of the time put it, he had "abdicated from the throne of Russia as if he were handing over a squadron.") Or take the tsarina, the beautiful Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, reared by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, as an English lady at Windsor. She embraced wholeheartedly the triple creed of Autocracy, Russian Orthodoxy, and the Russian Nation associated with her consort's crown—and also developed a ruinous attachment to a Siberian peasant-holy man. (Contrary to the whispers and rumors of the time, it was never a sexual attachment.) And this Rasputin—what was he up to? Lechery? Political power? Delusions of mystic grandeur? Pawn of others? This strange troika of tsar, tsarina, and Slavic *fakir* governed, during the Great War, the world's largest

omits political references; he chose to emphasize the characterological study, focusing, in his words, on "that ambiguous border between bravery and cowardice which we all experience."

Skolimowski has set this tension within the now familiar context of small-scale terrorism, where the problem of heroism becomes perverse. Like that other great Polish director, Andrzej Wajda, Skolimowski has sliced into the familiar but superficial images of heroism and villainy, taking apart his characters to reveal their complexities. He speaks of the cinema as a drama theorist might: real characters, he says, are a mixture of traits both admirable and reprehensible. Captain Miller, bearer of a tormented and unpleasant personality, becomes in the end a hero; Caspary, in contrast, is a charming man whose surface disguises the evil underneath.

The film, like the men it portrays, is not devoid of flaws. Alex's voice-over narrative sometimes intrudes upon the action. No doubt the screenwriters wanted to give this James Dean-like character an air of youthful pathos, but the effect can be ponderous when Alex gives vent to his exaggerated judgmentalism. An additional problem arises in one of the plot complications. It suddenly comes to the crew's attention that somewhere in the water near the ship lurks a mine. The danger passes rather quickly; the dramatic reason for this complication remains unclear, and the story could well do without it.

Still, *The Lightship* is one of the best American films of 1985 and does not deserve the obscurity it suffers at the moment. In Venice, the film was popular among Italian and French critics, and the multinational jury awarded it a special prize. (*Variety*'s critic, however, sided with Warner Brothers in judging the film suitable only for art-house distribution.)

As for Jerzy Skolimowski, one of the most talented of international directors, his future will no doubt be affected by what happens to *The Lightship,* a costly film in need of a large market. Skolimowski has said that he would next like to make a film about soccer, his current athletic passion—replacing the favorite sport of his younger days, boxing, which he featured in *Walkover*—and Duvall has expressed an interest in playing the role of a coach. Let's hope it comes to pass, for with or without Klaus-Maria Brandauer, the team of Duvall and Skolimowski looks like a World Cup contender. —DAVID PAUL

RASPUTIN

Directed by Elem Klimov. Screenplay by Semyon Lungin and Ilya Nusimov. Photography: Leonid Kalashnikov. Music: Alfred Shnitke. Produced by Mosfilm Studios, Moscow. Distributed by International Film Exchange.

In Renoir's *The Grand Illusion,* there is a wonderful scene where Russian prisoners of war welcome a gift from the tsarina Alexandra. With great gusto, looking for food and spirits, they pry open a large wooden crate only to discover a random assortment of very ordinary books. Enraged by this insulting frustration of their expectations, they proceed to set fire to the crate, contents and all. Has there ever been better symbolic expression, in film or other medium, of the historical cliché about "the alienation of the Romanovs from the mood and needs of the people"? Or the mass anger that engulfed the royal house and plunged the entire nation into the flames of revolution and civil war?

The cliché is true enough, but behind it remains a certain human drama, a puzzle even, that has fascinated historians and filmmakers alike. There is the tsar himself, a man who could enter the following in his diary, just after his abdication from the 300-year-old Romanov throne: "I had a long and sound sleep. Woke up beyond Dvinsk. Sunshine and frost. . . . I read much of Julius Caesar." (As a Russian officer of the time put it, he had "abdicated from the throne of Russia as if he were handing over a squadron.") Or take the tsarina, the beautiful Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt, reared by her grandmother, Queen Victoria, as an English lady at Windsor. She embraced wholeheartedly the triple creed of Autocracy, Russian Orthodoxy, and the Russian Nation associated with her consort's crown—and also developed a ruinous attachment to a Siberian peasant-holy man. (Contrary to the whispers and rumors of the time, it was never a sexual attachment.) And this Rasputin—what was he up to? Lechery? Political power? Delusions of mystic grandeur? Pawn of others? This strange troika of tsar, tsarina, and Slavic *fakir* governed, during the Great War, the world's largest

empire on the eve of its collapse. What a subject for a movie.

And so it has been, ever since the Russians themselves after the first (pre-Bolshevik) revolution of 1917 started turning out indictments of the lurid doings *chez* Romanov with such titles as *Dark Forces, People of Sin and Blood,* and *The Holy Devil.* The new Soviet regime's politicized aesthetics for the cinema eventually throttled such preoccupations. In the West, beginning with Lewis Selznick's grand production, *The Fall of the Romanoffs* (1917), the subject has endured to our own time. The list of Rasputins includes everyone from Conrad Veidt and Lionel Barrymore to Gert Frobe and Christopher Lee.

These versions of Romanovs and Rasputin often hinge on a common theme of traditional historical writing, that the fate of the Russian empire was determined by a bizarre *starets* (religious elder) who enjoyed the fullest confidence of the emperor and empress. Sir Bernard Pares, a founder of Russian studies in the West, expressed the opinion that "the cause of the ruin came not at all from below, but from above" where "we are faced with the strangest of human tangles, the complicated and abnormal relations of three persons —Rasputin, the Empress and the Emperor: set in an ascending order of authority and a descending order of influence." Kerensky, in power for a few months before he was swept away by the Bolshevik revolution, later wrote, "If there had been no Rasputin, there would have been no Lenin."

From the official Soviet point of view, this is all bourgeois nonsense, reflections of a shallow, individualist understanding. The struggle of classes, the political action of masses make revolutions and topple empires. Before the inevitable tide of events, the behavior of the last Romanovs was of secondary significance. "There is no denying that Nicholas II . . . was ungifted and dense," observes a text by Soviet historians, and the tsarina "malicious and hysterical," yet "it was not against the physically degenerate Romanov dynasty, but against the whole obsolete autocratic system that the wave of popular wrath had risen."

Early into the Soviet period, directors themselves became exponents of what a recent Russian study defined as "the basic principle of the Soviet historical film. . . . The people [are] the major force in the historical process." Such a credo foreclosed any extended, not to mention nuanced treatment of the last Romanovs. There is no room for Nicholas and Alexandra in Eisenstein's mass epics (*Potemkin,* 1925; *October,* 1927), or in Pudovkin's ode to individual peasant and plebeian heroes (*The End of St. Petersburg,* 1927), to mention three classics that would outline the parameters for the Soviet cinema of the revolution for decades to come. As for Rasputin, perhaps the chaste traditions of Soviet film, and art in general, barred a frank treatment of his most remarkable characteristic, his powerful sexuality; better no treatment at all.

Among the several striking features of this intriguing film by Elem Klimov is, therefore, the subject itself. In a film set in Petrograd in 1916, with revolution in the air, we get no positive heroes, no Lenin, no Bolsheviks, no sturdy proletarians, no aroused peasants. We have, instead, the royal family, Rasputin himself as central figure, many vividly sketched hangers-on, and lots of (by Soviet standards) sex and violence. For a film produced in 1975 as a Mosfilm contribution to the commemoration of the 60th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, *Rasputin* (*Agoniya*—"Agony" or "Death Throes"—in the original), challenges some of the hoariest canons in Soviet cinema treatments of the Revolution. In Soviet society, the film-maker, like the poet or novelist, is often a counter-historian as well, someone who offers the public themes and interpretations not sanctioned by official ideology or historiography.

As with many other directors of his generation (he was born in 1935), Klimov's talent spills him into controversy, and his career has been checkered by official wrath and official acceptance. His *Welcome (Dobro pozhalovat,* 1964) was criticized for its excessively satirical treatment of Soviet youth camps. Before its general release in 1985, *Rasputin* was allowed only an appearance or two at film festivals. In 1982 Klimov completed a film begun by his wife, Larisa Shepitko (killed in an auto accident during production), *Farewell,* based on a celebrated novella by Valentin Rasputin (no relation) about the deliberate flooding of an island-village in Siberia in the name of progress. The film was attacked for

its "motif of gloom" and has not been circulated abroad. By contrast, we may soon expect Klimov's most recent film, *Go and See (Idi i smotri)*, about the massacres of Byelorussian villagers by the Germans during World War II. The film captured the Golden Prize at the 1985 Moscow Film Festival.

For US distribution *Rasputin* has been cut by 45 minutes from its original 150. In addition, oddly enough, there is a voiceover introduction and coda in the US version that conveys the standard Western judgment on Rasputin's responsibility for the revolution: "Never before had one man unwittingly unleashed such a cataclysmic chain of events." Now *that* would have amounted to a startlingly revisionist gloss had it appeared in the original. In fact, the Soviet voice, following a scrolled quotation from Lenin about the "corruption and foulness . . . of the tsarist gang with the monstrous Rasputin in the lead," observes simply that Russia and the world had reached a turning point, and that a new history began on October 25, 1917. The original narration in Russian, incidentally, is soft and insinuating, as if letting the viewer onto some unpleasant secrets; it is just the right voice, for it segues perfectly into the atmosphere of strange and unearthly events that hangs over the film. The narrator in the American version, with his thick, almost comically Russian-accented English, belongs instead to some Movietone documentary on the Russian Revolution.

Klimov's film is a sort of documentary or docudrama in its mixture of fact and fiction, with its narrator sketching in historical backgrounds, and—a favorite device of contemporary Soviet film-makers—its intercut black-and-white newsreel footage. There are also monochrome montages of old stills. In the original, all major characters are identified in an elegant, *fin-de-siècle* script at the bottom of the frame. (Klimov's *Sports, Sports, Sports,* released in 1971 to widespread acclaim in the USSR, is similarly constructed. Contemporary interviews are interspersed with old films of sporting events and with acted sequences that recreate famous games or matches.)

The whole effect is that of a loosely jointed series of colorful tableaux punctuated by visual references to the historical record. In one sequence, Tsar Nicholas (Anatoly Romashin) is working alone in a darkroom bathed in a haunting (hemophiliac?) scarlet. In the developing tray is a black-and-white portrait of the royal family, a real one familiar to us from numerous textbooks on old Russia. As the camera shows him looking at the photo, we recognize him as an exact likeness of the tsar in the original. The scene is eerie, suggestive. We know what fate awaits him and the family; perhaps he knows too. (Klimov could just as effectively put Nicholas in a screening room; we know the tsar loved to watch films.)

A noblewoman gives herself to Rasputin to save her husband's career

Klimov portrays the last Romanov as an introspective and distant man occasionally escaping his terrible responsibilities as sovereign of a troubled land and father of a hemophiliac son. In his first appearance in the film, Nicholas is at an easel painting a richly colored bouquet of flowers. The scene is beautifully set up with long shots of ice skaters and a snow-covered royal playground. (How gorgeously and with what sweetness Soviet directors sometimes reconstruct old Russia.) Reluctantly and disbelievingly, Nicholas hears a lecture from the chairman of the State Duma (parliament) about the perilous state of things. Nicholas dismisses him with the announcement, "My people love me!" Cut to black and white: throngs are being fired upon by the tsar's armed men in uniform.

So Klimov's tsar is not himself an evil or cruel man in the usual sense, not Nicholas the Bloody, as he became known in his own time, or as he is known in Soviet schools today. Klimov's portrait is reminiscent of the old myth of the Good Tsar surrounded by evildoers. Nicholas seems exasperated by Raspu-

tin's influence but also in awe of him, and incapable of challenging the empress, who remains Rasputin's unswerving champion. Nicholas is troubled and needs a shot of vodka from time to time to keep him going. This relatively benign interpretation of the tsar reportedly accounts for the trouble the film ran into in the USSR. Actually, there is an exoticism and a sort of abandon to much of the film that Soviet culture guardians might consider off-color. The decadence of the old order, particularly of its elites—the tipsy merchant, the hedonistic aristocrat, the cruel officer—is a commonplace scenario. But here Klimov has uncorked such a gallery of oddballs in an environment of such licentiousness, corruption, greed and religious hysteria that even Western audiences might squirm. The last line in the film belongs to the empress (Velta Linne), who snarls, after Rasputin's burial, "I hate this country!" One can imagine a Soviet official being upset by this unflattering, disrespectful picture of Russia, even if it is pre-Soviet Russia.

From his first appearance in Petersburg early in the century, Grigory Efimovich Rasputin ("the dissolute one," is one translation for his acquired surname) gained a reputation, especially in high society, as a man of God gifted with prophetic as well as healing powers. Rasputin's hold over the royal family came from his uncanny ability to soothe the tsarevich and arrest his bleeding during the frequent crises brought on by the dread disease inherited through his mother, the empress. Inclined to religious mysticism to begin with, Alexandra came to see Rasputin as a blessing sent by God to heal her child. Reports of his sexual ramblings and alcoholic binges she dismissed as spiteful gossip-mongering. She saw in him as well a mystical link between tsar and people overriding the threats to the throne organized by malicious politicians. Klimov compresses the whole drama of this abnormal situation in a brilliantly realized section early in the film. Once again, Nicholas listens, reluctantly, as his officers and ministers expatiate on the menacing state of things at the front and at home. Chain-smoking, abstracted, his mind is somewere else. Quietly, without warning, he slips away through a curtain of military maps leaving his chief of staff in mid-sentence. The camera glides us with him along a dark corridor. We are transferred in time and place: from the realm of the state to the center of the family, the nursery; from modern Russia at war to primordial Russia of icon, folk song, and mysticism. In the dim light the family witnesses a strange scene. Rasputin cradles the tsarevich, singing softly some peasant ditty. Soon the bleeding stops; the crisis has passed. The empress, relieved, indulges a fit of hysterical praying to Rasputin's image. The emperor stands alone at the end of the scene, isolated, uncomprehending, uneasy.

If Klimov has risked an almost Chekhovian reading of Nicholas, he has taken an even greater risk with Rasputin (Aleksei Petrenko). In scenes that alternate between *opéra bouffe* and *Grand Guignol,* Rasputin fills the screen with his wild vitality and coarseness. Petrenko plays him broadly, eccentrically, as a clown and put-on artist. When he meets some bigwigs, he enters the room crawling on all fours. When he spots a beautiful woman, he jumps out of his boots with desire. When he drinks the madeira laced with cyanide by his assassins, he burps loudly. In his apartment—a mad, disorganized interior crammed with servants, hordes of petitioners, and doting ladies, one of whom wears a beard like her master—Rasputin roams about, stuffing rubles into a pot, wringing the neck of a chicken (mercifully done), and almost ravishing a beautiful aristocrat who has come to offer herself to get her husband out of prison. (Another risk: she is shown nude from the waist up, and then in full nude in a flashcut.)

This is certainly an original portrait, powerful and frenzied. A comic, loutish peasant-Rasputin keeps the air of sustained mystery in the film from cloying, though some may find the portrait jarring. Perhaps there is a logic to it as historical explanation.

There is another healer in the film, a Buryat-Mongol named Badmayev who, in some of the weirder scenes, runs a curative spa and herbal center for the upper classes. The victim of a savage physical attack by churchmen, Rasputin turns to Badmayev: "They all want a miracle. They're tearing me to pieces. Some call me Christ, others—anti-Christ. For what? Why? Who am I, Badmayev?" To which the strange healer replies: "A son of a bitch and you'll croak like a lecherous cur." After that, the meticulously re-created set-piece assassination scene comes as an anti-climax. (Bad-

Rasputin addresses his ladies in waiting

mayev was a historical figure whose grandson was, until his recent death, an influential Kremlin doctor. Some Moscow rumors suggest the real reason the film was originally shelved was its satiric portrait of grandfather Badmayev.)

It is good to have a Russian *Rasputin* in the West, albeit in somewhat altered form. Apart from the historical insights, the film reminds us of the creativity of a whole group of Soviet directors—Klimov himself, Tarkovsky, Mikhalkov, Konchalovsky, among others—who developed a new language for the cinema of their country in the 1960s and 70s. They like big, often historical themes, they eschew conventional narrative and plot in favor of mood and atmosphere, they offer ensembles of vivid characters, their sound tracks use silence and the synthesizer. Seeing *Rasputin* now, some of the original novelty has worn off. It may be time to enrich the vocabulary. If it is true that the new Gorbachev regime is responsible for *Rasputin's* release as part of a general campaign against orthodoxy in the arts, then Soviet film may be marked by a new cycle of innovation in the years ahead. Klimov's recent appointment as head of the Union of Soviet Cinematographers is certainly a promising sign.

—LOUIS MENASHE

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES

Director: Rangel Vulchanov. Script: Vulchanov. Cinematography: Radoslav Spassov. Music: Kiril Donchev. Distribution: Al Milgram, University Film Society, Minneapolis.

Bulgaria may not seem a likely source for one of the best films ever to emerge from the complex political and cultural situation of Eastern Europe. If Americans think of Bulgaria at all, it's probably in connection with a plot against the Pope, and the name Rangel Vulchanov remains unknown outside the smug circuit of film-festival regulars. Nonetheless: Vulchanov, who is the most prominent Bulgarian director yet, happens to have produced an extremely good film which deserves to be seen by anybody interested in either surrealism or Eastern European film—not to mention combinations of the two.

Ostensibly a coming-of-age drama, *The Unknown Soldier* opens up a world of naive peasant eccentricity in a Bulgarian village where young Mone, the hero, grows up in an atmosphere reminiscent of Jerzy Kosinzki's *The Painted Bird*. Combining family flashbacks, observations of contemporary civilization, and recordings of ceremonies among the peasantry that would captivate ethnographers and folklorists, Vulchanov searches for his film-making roots among the fantasies and illusions of a childhood dominated by a family more tyrannical and arbitrary than any regime in his subsequent life. Mone's very survival of his family, not to mention his own perilous curiosity, is achieved

The young Mone, in THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES

Rasputin addresses his ladies in waiting

mayev was a historical figure whose grandson was, until his recent death, an influential Kremlin doctor. Some Moscow rumors suggest the real reason the film was originally shelved was its satiric portrait of grandfather Badmayev.)

It is good to have a Russian *Rasputin* in the West, albeit in somewhat altered form. Apart from the historical insights, the film reminds us of the creativity of a whole group of Soviet directors—Klimov himself, Tarkovsky, Mikhalkov, Konchalovsky, among others—who developed a new language for the cinema of their country in the 1960s and 70s. They like big, often historical themes, they eschew conventional narrative and plot in favor of mood and atmosphere, they offer ensembles of vivid characters, their sound tracks use silence and the synthesizer. Seeing *Rasputin* now, some of the original novelty has worn off. It may be time to enrich the vocabulary. If it is true that the new Gorbachev regime is responsible for *Rasputin's* release as part of a general campaign against orthodoxy in the arts, then Soviet film may be marked by a new cycle of innovation in the years ahead. Klimov's recent appointment as head of the Union of Soviet Cinematographers is certainly a promising sign.

—LOUIS MENASHE

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES

Director: Rangel Vulchanov. Script: Vulchanov. Cinematography: Radoslav Spassov. Music: Kiril Donchev. Distribution: Al Milgram, University Film Society, Minneapolis.

Bulgaria may not seem a likely source for one of the best films ever to emerge from the complex political and cultural situation of Eastern Europe. If Americans think of Bulgaria at all, it's probably in connection with a plot against the Pope, and the name Rangel Vulchanov remains unknown outside the smug circuit of film-festival regulars. Nonetheless: Vulchanov, who is the most prominent Bulgarian director yet, happens to have produced an extremely good film which deserves to be seen by anybody interested in either surrealism or Eastern European film—not to mention combinations of the two.

Ostensibly a coming-of-age drama, *The Unknown Soldier* opens up a world of naive peasant eccentricity in a Bulgarian village where young Mone, the hero, grows up in an atmosphere reminiscent of Jerzy Kosinzki's *The Painted Bird*. Combining family flashbacks, observations of contemporary civilization, and recordings of ceremonies among the peasantry that would captivate ethnographers and folklorists, Vulchanov searches for his film-making roots among the fantasies and illusions of a childhood dominated by a family more tyrannical and arbitrary than any regime in his subsequent life. Mone's very survival of his family, not to mention his own perilous curiosity, is achieved

The young Mone, in THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES

through a quirky assertion of his own little personality.

Mone stands in for film-maker Vulchanov himself, an identity flagged in the opening sequence, where Vulchanov plays Mone as a grown man, observing and tape-recording the changing of the guard before Buckingham Palace. That anachronistic ritual, whose pomp still impresses long after its circumstances have been forgotten, triggers Mone's memory to the circumstances of his own childhood in a Bulgarian village in the thirties. (Vulchanov was born in 1928.) Linked by the synapses of memory, Mone's life is shown as a chain of events that drive him away from the countryside and into cities of increasing sophistication—Sophia, then London. To understand Mone's attraction back to his peasant roots also helps us to appreciate Bulgaria's own stubborn isolation and dependence on its own traditions for the somewhat antiquated style it does boast: fin de siècle architecture, well-preserved "classic" cars, buxom women, genuine folk crafts of embroidery and woodcarving, Italian-style café buildings and graceful, glittering Orthodox icons—a relatively younger development than the recent celebration of 1300 years of Bulgarian history since the foundation of the country by a fur-trimmed nomad Khan in 681 AD.

Perhaps it is the persistence of pre-Christian tribal traditions that infuses Vulchanov's portrait of the artist as a young peasant with the insouciance and revelry (even amidst death) most commonly associated with the medievalism of Hieronymous Bosch. Perhaps our own disenchantment with symbols of empire in a post-Christian era gives a new kind of sense to Mone's 180° turn from Buckingham Palace back to the land of more authentic rituals, if not rights, than are available to him in the metropolitan anonymity of London. What is certain is that the bewilderment of the adult Mone surveying the ornately uniformed guardians of civilization before the palace is directly proportionate to the bewilderment of an underdeveloped country such as Bulgaria confronting a computerized and no longer "balkanized" world.

Mone's search for inner-directedness, an escape into privacy from what sociologist David Riesman termed "the lonely crowd" in his study of the American character, should also be seen from the perspective of socialist youth's response to Western influences and trends. Vulchanov's film represents an unexpected departure from a phenomenon of aping the West, first ascribed to young people in socialist countries in the fifties who became known as "stiliagi" (style hunters—originally a Russian concept). Vulchanov pointedly resists the bait of Western stylishness as consumed by *stiliagi* sporting snappy clothes in defiance of the baggy suits of their fathers, and listening to the latest popular music in defiance of "uplifting" Party patter. When in the opening sequence the hero is seen touring London, the film automatically entertains a set of expectations of a young communist on the loose in a trendy town—and that is exactly what Vulchanov's home audience would expect. *Not* the transition back to a country caught in a time warp, not Vulchanov's treasured memories of belonging to an extended family, but escape! In short, Vulchanov's picture is a kind of rehabilitation of Peasant Pride.

On the other hand, Vulchanov's failure to purvey parasitism is matched only by his prodigious plundering of that great decadent Federico Fellini, whose stylistic departures from neorealism represent even more dangerous departures from the lingering dictates of Soviet culture boss Andrei Zhdanov's socialist realism. The measures taken to correct the indolence of Bulgarian youth in November, 1985, recall an earlier denunciation of music and poetry featuring "the dissonance and disharmonies which are alleged to be signs of 'progress' and 'innovation'" during the waning Stalinist era. Thus, while fending off Western clichés with one hand, Vulchanov plays the dissonant chords of Fellini's magical realism with the other.

The surrealistic editing that lends the magic to this gritty realism begins on the sound track in the opening sequence, anticipating the special effects to be used later and acknowledging their inspiration. The splendor of Buckingham acquires a satirical edge as it is contrasted with the rituals of peasant life through which one recognizes traces of even more ancient agrarian "magic." The music from *Mary Poppins,* "Feed the birds," that laces through the sequence in London foreshadows the world of childhood imagination

in which all rules—those of physics, behavior, religion, family—can be suspended in the interest of a more ideal, childishly utopian kingdom ruled only by the imagination. The sound track then intertwines "Feed the birds" with the traditional harvest song in a timeless village, where feeding people takes a higher priority than feeding birds. In that sense, Vulchanov addresses both the physical and emotional needs of a child, grounding the wishful magic of a Disney childhood in the surrealism of a Fellini.

The salient difference between England and the Balkans is seen from Mone's own point of view as urban escapism vs. illusions inherent in a life regulated by seasons, crops, and regular babies and wars. It all begins with the maternal figure of an off-balance grandmother, who tries to burn down the house at regular intervals only to be stopped by Mone's grandfather Dobrin (Ivan Stoichkov), a moustachioed and colorfully decorated hero from the Great War—all the greater, from the point of view of our six-year-old, for having been fought in such extravagant uniforms. Grandmother Slava (Slava Ankova) seems to have earned her madness, enduring a homecoming hero of a husband, who is shown to ride in from battle on his horse, take her in the barn for a quickie atop something that resembles the culturally ubiquitous "hope chest," and then depart with a flourish, while she emerges from the barn with yet another swaddled infant.

The war is seen as a dashing exercise in machismo reminiscent of the saying, "Speaking of war, there will be trouble in the Balkans this spring." Full of banners, uniforms, and heroism, war is a circus and Mone perceives its theatrical nature; in this theater his grandfather is yet another hapless officer who must be rescued: Grandma is shown driving back the enemy, taking her husband captive (because civilization must go on), and admonishing a group of soldiers, "Go home and take care of your families"—as effective a means of inducing peace as has been discovered thus far. The war as spectacle (also accomplished in *Black and White in Color*) is reinforced not only by using the point of view of a child viewing great historical events in isolation, but also by a scene in which a cavalcade of society folk from the city take up their position as if in a reviewing stand to watch a battle.

In *Patent Leather Shoes,* vignettes of village life—the communal oven where the women bake bread together, the indulgence of Grandma Slava's kleptomania, the fishmarket on a day when it's discovered that the fish are poison, battle "outings"—are strung together as if by the random flashes of memory, creating a kaleidoscope of an imperilled agrarian life that celebrates it, and thus remains unique if not downright counter-revolutionary in the Bulgarian context. Rural life has provided the setting for countless ideologically reliable Bulgarian films, in which the need for progress overwhelms a romanticized view of the past, resulting in the protagonists achieving the "correct" attitude toward the superiority of the collective over the clan, of rational management over the lyricism (here Vulchanov's "magic") of nature taking its course.

Vulchanov presents an extremely personal vision, all the more unusual in a country that eschews "auteurism." And compared to his early films, *The Horseman* (or *The Herdsman,* 1964), *Eternal Times* (1974) and *Peasant with a Bicycle* (1974), in which villagers learn to adapt willingly to modernization and abandon their old ways, *Patent Leather Shoes* almost defies the agenda of Bulgarian film-making and ignores the pattern set by its predecessors, in which the regime's policy was set forth in the best possible light in order to instruct and win the hearts and minds—not to mention the farms—of the native viewers. Vulchanov inverts the logic by making the charm of village life so compelling that its disappearance, when the house burns and the young boy is

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S PATENT LEATHER SHOES

orphaned, is a tragedy. The boy's subsequent venture into the city totally alienates him, and he returns to the farm with only his patent leather shoes to remind him of the bustling metropolitan world in which he does not fit.

At the core of the picture is a hearty and lengthy Bulgarian wedding with all the Orthodox religious traditions of the Balkans. Mone, "a member of the wedding," here experiences the anxiety children feel at being excluded from the unity implied by a marriage. Mone watches his "little Auntie" Strina (Emilia Marinska) marry and mate with the character he calls "the black uncle" (Nikolai Velichkov), a lugubrious figure who is clearly undeserving of the idealized madonna/aunt. Sequences of the presentation of the bride, the approval of the clan elders, the preparation of the food for the wedding feast, and then the celebration itself in song and circle dances recall the basic rituals of so-called primitive societies as narrated in epics as far back as Homer's *Odyssey*. Vulchanov records in detail the gestures and procedure of the union, but because it is through the child's eyes, he allows the bride to be transformed from an ethereal, angelic creature veiled in white muslin trimmed with gold coins (traditional Orthodox bridal attire) into a fearful human sacrifice on the altar of marraige. The child experiences her as the most beautiful female ever to enter his world and watches her stripped of that beauty as the black uncle claims her for his own. The camera records her features with increasing realism as the boy's sexuality is awakened by witnessing the nuptials. Vulchanov maneuvers his surrealism to place Mone in the middle of everything, intruding between the couple during their vows and sneaking into the bridal chamber to see the bride step beatifically out of her white dress, letting it dramatically fall, while the groom undresses with care and lays down his folded uniform with unromantic precision. As he climbs into bed with her—and that only after Mone has projected himself into her arms—a gunshot is heard, perhaps suggesting the death of the bride and the loss of innocence, which is shared by Mone, as Vulchanov portrays this moment.

There is a disconcerting amount of killing in the film, of a perverse sort when a man is shot amidst the wedding feast which simply continues as if it never occurred. It is also present as part of the wear and tear of village life, as both animals and men are slaughtered. At one rebellious moment, Mone tells his mother, who has chased him away from the newly baked bread, "I'll grow up and kill you like a leech." Indeed, it is Mone's family that slowly strangles the utopian fantasies of youth and presents Mone with life's black ironies. A very tender scene toward the end has the boy witnessing his grandfather's death, as the old man gives up the ghost and retreats to expire on his grandmother's hope chest, which has been the site of several of Mone's realizations about adult life.

An almost apologetic narration rises out of the sound track, which is otherwise occupied by delightful dialogue of non-sequiturs and traditional music punctuated by utterances of exasperatingly nonsensical folk wisdom, particularly from Mone's grandmother, who has escaped from a Grimms fairy tale. From time to time, however, Mone confesses to being unsure of such things as the order of events, which are only roughly chronological anyway and would drive a continuity-obsessed critic crazy; or at another point, of the murder at the wedding ("Maybe," he muses, "the murder took place another time, at another wedding"), in what is not an indulgence in arbitrary narrative so much as an observation on man's memory as scavenger of important events. The intensity of Mone's realization of what his childhood meant is undercut by the wonderful caprice of such cinematic devices as the off-hand voice-over patching in the perspective of an adult; or after a long sequence of virtual anthropological perspective on the dancing and celebrations of rural Balkan weddings, Vulchanov cuts back to the dancers, only showing them performing their fancy footwork some five feet in the air, making them every bit as fantastic as the English nanny Mary Poppins. And after admiring the zany rhythms and reactions of these peasants. Vulchanov plunges us into despair with an abrupt jump-cut to the family farm burned to the ground, as the narrator explains that the relatives, whom we too have come to know and love through Mone's emotional memory, perished in the fire. The visual impact of a silent long-shot of the house ruins shocks us out of our amusement. Thus, Vulchanov

drives home the sense of loss of traditional values and the tragedy of the vanishing rural culture. There is no dramatic conflagration; the family is there, as teeming and confusing as any shred of life under a microscope, and then it's gone.

A white bird remains, fluttering around the yard, tempting us to interpret it as symbolic, although its symbolism is as elusive as the bird itself is to Mone as he tries to approach it. The boy only assures himself that it is the soul of little Auntie, the most innocent vision ever filtered through innocent eyes. Do not imagine, however, that the boy is a *naif* or some Kasper Hauserian village idiot spouting Rousseau. Nothing is quite so simple or obvious in Vulchanov's countryside. Even at the end, the boy's veracity is challenged by a scene of the grandfather puttering around the barnyard. A ghost? And as Mone puts his head down to collapse in sleep on the wall where the white bird had been, the possibility arises that this was all a midsummer night's dream. However oneiric the structure may be, I doubt that a director of Vulchanov's canny balance between ethnography and fantasy would break the first rule of film-making. He does not reduce it all to a mere dream. It is well-managed surrealism, of the sort that spawns one of Mone's mischievous observations. A possibly fatal injury has made him the center of attention: "I only wish I could be dead for the rest of my life," he says as he watches his family weep over his unconscious body.

The glorious humanity of the film is reinforced by the insistence on close-ups of peasant faces and the details of their relationships as they simply get on with the business of living/dying. Vulchanov cast the film from the inhabitants of the villages around Sofia, and his struggle is registered in a critique written by Bulgarian critic Vladimir Ignatovski for the magazine *Bulgarian Films,* commenting on its location shooting after being ten years in the making:

> I am trying to understand the stubbornness with which Ranghel Vulchanov upholds his right to shoot this film, whose screenplay he wrote back in 1963, while I watch some roughly assembled sequences from the film in the darkened cutting room. The film's "heroes" are passing before my eyes . . . I don't think it was easy for him to discover them and then to persuade them to leave their field work for the sake of the filming. . . . You must sense the passion with which he works, the ease with which he finds a common idiom with his performers. He is one of them, his native village being only a few miles away from the place where the film is being shot; his "artists" know his mother and father.

It was with great difficulty that Vulchanov gained permission to make *Patent Leather Shoes.* A reference in the opening Buckingham Palace sequence to "17 years ago" actually refers to the time when Vulchanov had first written the script, although this is not emphasized in the subtitles. The village is portrayed as he remembers it from the thirties. The official reluctance to make this film remains evident in his countrymen's bad translations and awkward praise, once the film gained a certain following abroad.

Vulchanov had already established his credentials as a director with his debut film in 1958, *On the Little Island,* considered by German critic Ulrich Gregor the best Balkan film of the fifties. It was followed by *First Lesson,* (1960) a love story between two young people of different social standing during WWII, and the esteemed *Sun and Shadow* (1962), constructed as a visual poem revolving around the impact of the fear of atomic war on a love affair. In 1967, he edited a documentary out of some extensive footage he had shot during a voyage with the Bulgarian merchant marine. Entitled *Between Two Coasts,* it highlights the paradoxes of contemporary civilization that he had found worth recording. In the spring of 1968, Czechoslovakia invited Vulchanov, who had seven films under his belt, to work there, and perhaps in hopes of making *Patent Leather Shoes* abroad and in a more liberal climate, he accepted. We need not be reminded what happened soon after his arrival, but he stayed on and by early 1969, he was completing *Aesop,* a sort of biography of the legendary author of fables, in which Aesop becomes the victim of power, threatened by his own impulses, and ultimately betrayed by the woman he loves. In 1970 he made *Chance,* which was widely seen on the festival circuit as a Czech film, typical of central European psychological dramas. In Bulgaria, a new manager was then appointed to head up the Bulgarian film industry and this lured Vulchanov home, where he was named

"Honored Artist of the Bulgarian People's Republic" and allowed to proceed on *Patent Leather Shoes*. First, however, he limbered up with a musical, *Escape to Ropotamo* (1973), *The Investigating Magistrate and the Forest* (1975), a compelling story of a judge's inquiry into the motives of a young murderess, and *With Love and Tenderness* (1977). Not before 1979 did he see his dream project projected.

In answer to the question why he had wanted to make *Patent Leather Shoes* for so long, Vulchanov replied, "Because I have the feeling that this is the one door through which I must pass, if I am to go on . . ."

Perhaps what endears Vulchanov's film to many audiences—and its popularity among those who have seen it has called forth comparisons with Federico Fellini's *Amarcord*—is his ability to open up a realistic but alien, communist but Freudian world upon which the past seems to have an even stronger pull than on our nostalgia-ridden West. Vulchanov is careful to avoid the "carnivalization" characteristic of Fellini's work, permitting us to be amused by his characters but still lend them credibility. Finally, he restores a vision of the clan's ability to make a supposedly simpler, more earthy era quite complex by introducing entanglements and emotions not merely as neuroses but as reasons upon which people actually act! (It's not for nothing that the Mafia is called the Family.) The sadness of its passing does not prompt Vulchanov to idealize its existence.

He himself concluded his interview thus: "Man cannot escape his essence. The village concept of the world and of men has remained somewhere deep within me. . . . Even when I was in Africa I rediscovered the fact that peasants are the same all over the world: kind, hospitable, communal, close to customs and beliefs. Perhaps this is due to the primitiveness of their labor and life? The townsman is an individualist, scattered and lonely after his flight. . . . This difference between town and village continues to exist in me as an inner social tension—in me, a man who had to leave the village. But wherever I may be, I remain its ambassador and defender."

—KAREN JAEHNE

The Annual FQ Book Roundup (Concluded)

The reviews below conclude the yearly survey of film books begun in the Summer 1986 issue.

ORSON WELLES: A BIOGRAPHY

By Barbara Leaming. New York: Viking, 1985. $19.95

ORSON WELLES
The Rise and Fall of an American Genius

By Charles Higham. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1985. $19.95

TOUCH OF EVIL

Ed. by Terry Camito. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1985. $10.00 paper.

If Orson Welles had been chiefly known as a composer, poet, playwright, novelist, painter or sculptor, it is an open question, at least, whether any notion of artistic or moral decline would ever have attached itself to his name. Over the forty-six years that comprised his career as a film-maker, it appears that there was hardly ever a time when he was not actively pursuing or working on a film project of his own; the very week that he died, he was working directly on at least four of his own features, and he even died while typing stage directions for one of them. Yet such is the nature of our product-happy media—which define reality almost exclusively on the basis of what is "finished" and out on the market—that most of Welles's later career as an artist was invisible to the public, at the same time that he remained almost constantly visible as a show-biz personality. Given this split, it is hardly surprising that the contrast between public and private selves should be a major theme in his work, or that the responses to his

"Honored Artist of the Bulgarian People's Republic" and allowed to proceed on *Patent Leather Shoes*. First, however, he limbered up with a musical, *Escape to Ropotamo* (1973), *The Investigating Magistrate and the Forest* (1975), a compelling story of a judge's inquiry into the motives of a young murderess, and *With Love and Tenderness* (1977). Not before 1979 did he see his dream project projected.

In answer to the question why he had wanted to make *Patent Leather Shoes* for so long, Vulchanov replied, "Because I have the feeling that this is the one door through which I must pass, if I am to go on . . ."

Perhaps what endears Vulchanov's film to many audiences—and its popularity among those who have seen it has called forth comparisons with Federico Fellini's *Amarcord*—is his ability to open up a realistic but alien, communist but Freudian world upon which the past seems to have an even stronger pull than on our nostalgia-ridden West. Vulchanov is careful to avoid the "carnivalization" characteristic of Fellini's work, permitting us to be amused by his characters but still lend them credibility. Finally, he restores a vision of the clan's ability to make a supposedly simpler, more earthy era quite complex by introducing entanglements and emotions not merely as neuroses but as reasons upon which people actually act! (It's not for nothing that the Mafia is called the Family.) The sadness of its passing does not prompt Vulchanov to idealize its existence.

He himself concluded his interview thus: "Man cannot escape his essence. The village concept of the world and of men has remained somewhere deep within me. . . . Even when I was in Africa I rediscovered the fact that peasants are the same all over the world: kind, hospitable, communal, close to customs and beliefs. Perhaps this is due to the primitiveness of their labor and life? The townsman is an individualist, scattered and lonely after his flight. . . . This difference between town and village continues to exist in me as an inner social tension—in me, a man who had to leave the village. But wherever I may be, I remain its ambassador and defender."

—KAREN JAEHNE

The Annual FQ Book Roundup (Concluded)

The reviews below conclude the yearly survey of film books begun in the Summer 1986 issue.

ORSON WELLES: A BIOGRAPHY

By Barbara Leaming. New York: Viking, 1985. $19.95

ORSON WELLES
The Rise and Fall of an American Genius

By Charles Higham. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1985. $19.95

TOUCH OF EVIL

Ed. by Terry Camito. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1985. $10.00 paper.

If Orson Welles had been chiefly known as a composer, poet, playwright, novelist, painter or sculptor, it is an open question, at least, whether any notion of artistic or moral decline would ever have attached itself to his name. Over the forty-six years that comprised his career as a film-maker, it appears that there was hardly ever a time when he was not actively pursuing or working on a film project of his own; the very week that he died, he was working directly on at least four of his own features, and he even died while typing stage directions for one of them. Yet such is the nature of our product-happy media—which define reality almost exclusively on the basis of what is "finished" and out on the market—that most of Welles's later career as an artist was invisible to the public, at the same time that he remained almost constantly visible as a show-biz personality. Given this split, it is hardly surprising that the contrast between public and private selves should be a major theme in his work, or that the responses to his

death in this country should so often only add insult to injury.

As David Ehrenstein (among others) has pointed out, from the point in the early fifties when Welles began to finance many of his own films, he became an independent, "underground" film-maker—a move which helped to deprive him of a mainstream success in this country with either critics or the public, although it often regained him some of the freedom and autonomy that he had (uncharacteristically) found in a Hollywood studio on *Citizen Kane*. But because he remained at least peripherally in the public eye (through acting jobs which supported the movies) and continued to hanker, perhaps unrealistically, after mainstream success, he was labelled a failure in terms of the marketplace—a judgment with which many of his highbrow critics concurred. It is a label, unhappily, that followed him to his grave and continues to haunt his memory, and with that label comes a very American form of moral censure that conveniently attaches itself to obesity—as if to compensate for the sheer lack of information we had and continue to have about the last thirty-five years of his career as a film-maker. It is as though we fixed on the image of Welles as immoderate consumer in order to assuage our consciences and paper over the gaps in all that we didn't know about Welles as producer and creator.

In different ways, this incomplete, troubled image crucially informs all three of the books under review. It figures in the ways that we regard such late Wellesian figures as Hank Quinlan, Falstaff, Mr. Clay and Welles himself in *F for Fake*. It helps to account for the understandably defensive tone of Leaming's biography, the unfortunately loaded subtitle of Higham's, and the shocking naïvety of the following sentence from the last paragraph of Terry Comito's Introduction to his generally helpful *Touch of Evil* reader: "In the [1958] interview with Bazin, [Welles] says he is thinking about giving up film and theater altogether, though he was not to do so for another decade, at least." The chilling ease with which this sweeps into oblivion *The Making of Othello, The Merchant of Venice, The Deep, Don Quixote, The Other Side of the Wind, The Dreamers, King Lear, The Honorary Consul, The Cradle Will Rock* and *The Big Brass Ring* (to cite only some of the films and film projects that engaged Welles since 1968—apart from *F for Fake,* which Camito mentions, the first half of which actually got made) is certainly matched in many of the more recent Welles obituaries; but it is doubly depressing to find the same blinkered assumptions in an academic textbook.

A handicap suffered by all three of these books is the fact that they were published when Welles was still alive, and are now being reviewed after his death—meaning that one now has to speak in the past tense about a life and career that were still in the present when these texts were written. Yet it should be stressed at the outset that we are still years away from any capacity to *grasp* Welles, much less assess him. At best, these books can only expose the enormous obstacles—ideological as well as practical—that continue to stand in our way. For starters, to begin with

CONTRIBUTORS

PETER BATES is a Boston freelance writer. ROBERT BURGOYNE teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit. SEYMOUR CHATMAN wrote *Story and Discourse* and *Antonioni, or the Surface of the World;* he teaches at Berkeley. COREY K. CREEKMUIR is a graduate student at the University of Illinois, Urbana. DAVID EHRENSTEIN wrote the second volume in the series *Film: The Front Line.* JOHN FELL, a member of our editorial board, wrote *Film and the Narrative Tradition,* now a UC Press paperback. DAN GREENBERG wrote "The Reference Shelf Shuffle" in *FQ* and teaches in Michigan. BRIAN HENDERSON is the editor of *Five Screenplays by Preston Sturges* and a member of our editorial board. KAREN JAEHNE lives in Washington, DC, writes for *Variety,* and spends some of her time in Eastern Europe. MARSHA KINDER, who teaches at USC, has received a Fulbright for postdoctoral research in Spain. SARAH KOZLOFF is the author of the forthcoming study, *The Voice Unseen: Voice-Over Narration in American Feature Films* (UC Press). LOUIS MENASHE teaches Russian history at Polytechnic University, NYC, and writes frequently on Russian films. PAUL R. MICHAUD lives in Paris, where he was the producer of Bresson's *L'Argent.* HARVEY NOSOWITZ is a film-maker and writer, currently living in Massachusetts. DAVID PAUL, who lives in Seattle, is the editor of *Politics, Art and Commitment in East European Cinema.* JAMES MARK PURCELL lives in Peoria, a fine vantage point for watching Hollywood. JONATHAN ROSENBAUM teaches at UC Santa Barbara, and writes for many film journals. ALAN ROSENTHAL is the editor of a forthcoming anthology, *New Challenges for Documentary* (UC Press) and a film-maker active in Israel and the US. PAUL THOMAS teaches at Berkeley. DON WILLIS is the author of many reference works on horror and sci-fi films.

either the premise that "Hollywood destroyed Welles" or that "Welles destroyed himself" is already to embark on a process of glib oversimplification that serves ideological needs more than it allows us to understand the issues involved in all their complexity. And until we are able to see at least the unreleased *Don Quixote, The Merchant of Venice, The Deep* and *The Other Side of the Wind* in their complete or incomplete states, any critical summations will have to be held in abeyance. The fact that some things were never finished hardly justifies dismissal; would we ever think to rule out Kafka for that reason?

Partially because of this problem, both biographies are unsatisfying as total statements. Yet each is indispensable in providing information not readily obtainable elsewhere; and together they offer important clues about why Welles's career is so notoriously difficult to research. Leaming's, the longer and more readable of the two, was written with Welles's full cooperation, and is inflected throughout by the author's budding friendship with her subject, which began two years after she started her research. Although Welles helped Leaming promote the book by appearing on TV talk shows with her, he reportedly never read it, and stressed that it was not an authorized biography. Leaming admirably contextualizes her own strategies and biases by chronicling her efforts to track Welles down and her eventual success. Including lengthy conversations with Welles, she even reveals that the book's basic form—chronological chapters occasionally interspersed with passages in italics describing her own progress—was directly prompted by Welles himself. And while her book passionately and often persuasively counters the less sympathetic earlier accounts of Welles given by Higham, Houseman and Kael, her evidence (and, by extension, Welles's) is still too various not to concede some occasional points to the opposition, even though they're seldom acknowledged as such.

Higham's book, unfortunately, contains no account of how its own biases were formed, and readers who wish to contextualize his positions are advised to read his introduction to the last chapter in his *Celebrity Circus* (Delacorte Press, 1979)—describing his ongoing feud with Welles (whom he never met) since the publication of his *The Films of Orson Welles* (University of California Press, 1970)—before even starting the present work. Many of the factual errors in Higham's previous Welles book are silently corrected in the new one, but the overriding thesis remains the same—that Welles was "the brilliant architect of his own downfall." A considerable portion of the new book is devoted to exploring Welles's family history, which Higham traces all the way back to the Mayflower, meanwhile exposing a good many of Welles's autobiographical statements as falsehoods. To his credit, Higham also interviewed a good many more people than Leaming did, especially regarding the later periods, including composer Francisco Lavignino (yielding some fascinating material about the shooting and scoring of *Othello*) and cinematographers Edmond Richard, Willy Kurant and Gary Graver; and a particularly welcome Welles discography is included as an appendix.

A significant paradox about these biographies is that while Higham's is almost certainly more factually accurate than Leaming's, it is on the whole less useful. Because Welles is usually a good deal more intelligent, insightful and interesting than either his associates or his commentators, there are times when a lie told by him is more valuable than a truth reported by a drudge. The fact that Welles's father *wasn't* a friend of Booth Tarkington's certainly has some importance—but less, one could argue, than the fact that Welles preferred to believe otherwise. Furthermore, Welles's late self-portraits—from Falstaff to his versions of himself in *F for Fake* and his remarkable script for *The Cradle Will Rock*—are all depictions of *transparent* liars, suggesting that his mythomania may have been a bit less sinister than Higham tries to make it seem. And sometimes Higham's tattling adds up to little more than petty malice. Thirty-four pages after he proudly reports that, contrary to Welles, there never was a horse named Dick Welles which won the Kentucky Derby, one discovers in a footnote that there was indeed a horse of that name which won races at Harlem, Washington Park, Chicago, Morris Park, Hawthorne Park and Latonia. Needless to say, this information is not offered as any vindication of Welles for merely getting his horserace wrong, but figures instead as an independent piece of trivia offered for its own

sake—a bit along the lines of other little eurekas such as "William Alland was Thompson (shades of Virgil Thomson)" in *Citizen Kane;* and naturally we hear about a horse named Rosebud too.

For a figure with the theatricality and imagination of Welles, exaggeration, hyperbole and flights of invention often took the place of solid facts (though not always—see below), and it is certainly understandable that Higham should want to cut through all the camouflage and search out the truth. Regrettably, however, facts never speak for themselves. If Welles often told lies as a *raconteur* in order to entertain, Higham often cites facts in order to demonstrate that Welles was a liar (as opposed to, say, an entertainer). If Leaming, on the other hand, tends to give Welles the benefit of almost every doubt, not always with happy results, there is a somewhat more defensible rationale for her doing so: (1) she too is trying to entertain (and her gestures towards best-sellerdom perhaps account for the irritating fact that there is probably more here about Welles's sex life than about his films, much of it improbable), and (2) unless or until Peter Bogdanovich's *This is Orson Welles* is ever published, her biography offers the *only* book-length account of Welles's career given mainly from his own viewpoint—making it a valuable resource for this reason alone.

Having once interviewed Welles myself, at his own invitation (in response to a letter), in 1972, and having subsequently discovered (from Robert L. Carringer's recent *The Making of Citizen Kane,* among many other sources) that apparently *everything* he told me about his career was accurate, I can certainly sympathize with Leaming's own position, even if I regret some of its consequences. Because her book is not quite coauthored by Welles yet not quite independently researched in many areas either, it is difficult to know in some cases whom to blame for the misinformation. At one point in my own interview with Welles, he volunteered the information that he had never written a novel—explaining that *Un Grosse Légume* (Gallimard, 1953) was actually a translation and adaptation of a film treatment, and *Mr. Arkadin* (Gallimard, 1954; W. H. Allen, 1955) a ghosted novel. Apparently following the lead of Peter Cowie's *The Cinema of Orson Welles,* both Leaming and Higham assume that both books are by Welles, and that the film *Confidential Report/Mr. Arkadin* was adapted from the novel. Other sources have reported that Welles disowned only the novel's English translation —implying, still more improbably, that either he wrote the novel in French or that it was retranslated back into English.

Nor is this the only confusion regarding *Arkadin.* Leaming quotes Welles's assertion that not only was the film taken away from him, but "more completely than any other picture of mine has been hurt by anybody, *Arkadin* was destroyed because they completely changed the entire form of it: the whole order of it, the whole point of it . . . *Ambersons* is *nothing* compared to *Arkadin!*" But about his original form for the film, Leaming reveals precisely nothing, and Higham is equally no help. Yet if we refer back to the (otherwise equally unhelpful) *Arkadin* chapter in Higham's earlier book, we discover that the version described there differs in its chronology from the version in circulation today. (The present version opens after the credits with Van Stratten visiting Jacob Zouk, leading to flashbacks which began with Branco's death; the earlier version opens after the credits with Branco's death, and doesn't get to Zouk until much later.) Having seen both versions of the film at separate times, I am still at a loss about whether either bears any relation to Welles's original conception; and to complicate matters still further, Herman G. Weinberg's 1956 review of the film in *Film Culture* describes a different credits sequence as well.

It is in areas such as these that Welles scholarship remains in a primitive state. At this point we are fairly knowledgeable about *Kane, Ambersons* and *Touch of Evil* but are on relatively shaky ground regarding most of the rest; and a major limitation of both biographies is their relative lack of curiosity about *Arkadin, The Immortal Story* (which gets less than a paragraph from Leaming) and *F for Fake* (for Higham, "an exercise in film journalism" and evidence of "a certain moral corruption"). Terry Camito's *Touch of Evil* reader admirably summarizes most of what we know about that film (although Leaming offers much fresh material). Disappointingly,

Camito's book includes the film's cutting continuity rather than Welles's original script; as partial compensation, however, he reprints John Stubbs's helpful recent study of the Wade and Miller novel, Monash screenplay *and* Welles screenplay in relation to the film. Other contributions include a lengthy essay and biographical sketch of Welles by Camito and reprints and/or translations of interviews with Welles and Charlton Heston, three contemporary reviews, and articles by William Johnson and Jean Collet, as well as a fragment of Stephen Heath's massive study of the film in *Screen*.

Returning to the dynamic and nearly dialectical duo, Leaming and Higham are sometimes at odds about facts as well as interpretations. According to Leaming, Welles studied a print of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (along with *Stagecoach*) before shooting *Kane;* Higham, somewhat more plausibly, reports that he saw it before shooting *The Lady from Shanghai* (whose funhouse set comes closer to suggesting a *Caligari* influence). Elsewhere, Leaming mislabels *Follow the Boys* as *Three Cheers for the Boys,* and devotes over a couple of pages to expounding what initially seems like a crackpot interpretation of *The Lady from Shanghai* as a Brechtian film, primarily based on a reading of the Chinese theater sequence in conjunction with Welles's previous anticipation of working with Brecht on *Galileo*. This is one of many instances in Leaming's book in which Welles is not quoted yet one suspects that his influence is still the guiding force. Recently reseeing the film, I found that her (and/or his) interpretation becomes much more plausible if seen in relation to the foregrounding of audience reactions in the trial sequence—suggesting that Welles's own statements about his work are usually well worth attending to, even if they sometimes have to be recast before they can be clearly understood.

Leaming also offers a rather persuasive autobiographical reading of *Chimes at Midnight* in relation to Welles's own rejection of his alcoholic father for his teacher Roger Hill, while Higham strives to relate the stammers of Silence in that film and the night man in *Touch of Evil* to those of Welles's much maltreated older brother Richard. In general, the critical and analytical talents of both biographers are variable—sensitive to certain issues, but without the kind of precision or thoroughness found in the excellent Welles studies of Joseph McBride and James Naremore, or the theoretical dimensions broached in André Bazin's two books on Welles.* Higham misdescribes a memorable shot in *Touch of Evil* proceeding "through a hotel lobby, into an elevator filled with people, up two floors, and along a hallway without a single break" (in fact, there's a cut and angle change when the elevator is at ground level), while Leaming, perhaps motivated by a desire to improve Welles's Hollywood profile, omits any mention of some of his film projects—*Lord Jim, Victory* and *The Honorary Consul,* among others—which never found any backers (although these are not mentioned by Higham either). Oddly, neither biographer mentions the film of *The Merchant of Venice* shot by Welles circa 1969–70, described in his 1982 interview with Bill Krohn for *Cahiers du cinéma,* and unreleased because the second of its three reels was stolen. Yet if research into Welles's career still hasn't advanced far enough beyond the tactics of the "News on the March" team in *Kane,* Leaming's and Higham's biographies, whatever their faults, are still much more substantial than anything we have had up until now, and future biographies will have to build upon them.

—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

*To correct belatedly a widespread misunderstanding, the latter of these books by Bazin, written in 1958, which I translated for Harper & Row, was not a "revised and expanded" version of his 1950 monograph, as François Truffaut stated in his Foreword, but essentially a separate work—further demonstrating that in matters Wellesian, casual obfuscation is almost a commonplace occurrence.

BEHIND THE SPANISH LENS
Spanish Cinema Under Fascism and Democracy

By Peter Besas. Denver: Arden Press, 1985. $26.00 in US, $31 elsewhere.

Everyone in film studies both here and in Spain should welcome Peter Besas's *Behind the Spanish Lens,* since it's the first book-length study of the Spanish cinema to be published in this country and was desperately needed. It was followed this year by the publication of Ronald Schwartz's *Spanish Film*

Camito's book includes the film's cutting continuity rather than Welles's original script; as partial compensation, however, he reprints John Stubbs's helpful recent study of the Wade and Miller novel, Monash screenplay *and* Welles screenplay in relation to the film. Other contributions include a lengthy essay and biographical sketch of Welles by Camito and reprints and/or translations of interviews with Welles and Charlton Heston, three contemporary reviews, and articles by William Johnson and Jean Collet, as well as a fragment of Stephen Heath's massive study of the film in *Screen*.

Returning to the dynamic and nearly dialectical duo, Leaming and Higham are sometimes at odds about facts as well as interpretations. According to Leaming, Welles studied a print of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (along with *Stagecoach*) before shooting *Kane;* Higham, somewhat more plausibly, reports that he saw it before shooting *The Lady from Shanghai* (whose funhouse set comes closer to suggesting a *Caligari* influence). Elsewhere, Leaming mislabels *Follow the Boys* as *Three Cheers for the Boys,* and devotes over a couple of pages to expounding what initially seems like a crackpot interpretation of *The Lady from Shanghai* as a Brechtian film, primarily based on a reading of the Chinese theater sequence in conjunction with Welles's previous anticipation of working with Brecht on *Galileo*. This is one of many instances in Leaming's book in which Welles is not quoted yet one suspects that his influence is still the guiding force. Recently reseeing the film, I found that her (and/or his) interpretation becomes much more plausible if seen in relation to the foregrounding of audience reactions in the trial sequence—suggesting that Welles's own statements about his work are usually well worth attending to, even if they sometimes have to be recast before they can be clearly understood.

Leaming also offers a rather persuasive autobiographical reading of *Chimes at Midnight* in relation to Welles's own rejection of his alcoholic father for his teacher Roger Hill, while Higham strives to relate the stammers of Silence in that film and the night man in *Touch of Evil* to those of Welles's much maltreated older brother Richard. In general, the critical and analytical talents of both biographers are variable—sensitive to certain issues, but without the kind of precision or thoroughness found in the excellent Welles studies of Joseph McBride and James Naremore, or the theoretical dimensions broached in André Bazin's two books on Welles.* Higham misdescribes a memorable shot in *Touch of Evil* proceeding "through a hotel lobby, into an elevator filled with people, up two floors, and along a hallway without a single break" (in fact, there's a cut and angle change when the elevator is at ground level), while Leaming, perhaps motivated by a desire to improve Welles's Hollywood profile, omits any mention of some of his film projects—*Lord Jim, Victory* and *The Honorary Consul,* among others—which never found any backers (although these are not mentioned by Higham either). Oddly, neither biographer mentions the film of *The Merchant of Venice* shot by Welles circa 1969–70, described in his 1982 interview with Bill Krohn for *Cahiers du cinéma,* and unreleased because the second of its three reels was stolen. Yet if research into Welles's career still hasn't advanced far enough beyond the tactics of the "News on the March" team in *Kane,* Leaming's and Higham's biographies, whatever their faults, are still much more substantial than anything we have had up until now, and future biographies will have to build upon them.

—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

*To correct belatedly a widespread misunderstanding, the latter of these books by Bazin, written in 1958, which I translated for Harper & Row, was not a "revised and expanded" version of his 1950 monograph, as François Truffaut stated in his Foreword, but essentially a separate work—further demonstrating that in matters Wellesian, casual obfuscation is almost a commonplace occurrence.

BEHIND THE SPANISH LENS
Spanish Cinema Under Fascism and Democracy

By Peter Besas. Denver: Arden Press, 1985. $26.00 in US, $31 elsewhere.

Everyone in film studies both here and in Spain should welcome Peter Besas's *Behind the Spanish Lens,* since it's the first book-length study of the Spanish cinema to be published in this country and was desperately needed. It was followed this year by the publication of Ronald Schwartz's *Spanish Film*

Directors (1950–1985): 21 *Profiles* (Scarecrow, 1986). Considerably narrower in scope, this A-to-Z directory provides brief journalistic summaries of the careers and major works of 21 Spanish auteurs; significantly, almost a quarter of its bibliographical citations are to reviews by Besas. Before the appearance of these two new books, the only extended work available in this country was the special issue of *Quarterly Review of Film Studies* on "New Spanish Cinema" (Spring 1983), edited by Katherine S. Kovacs, which contained essays by both American and Spanish authors, including the noted filmmaker José-Luis Borau (to whom Schwartz's book is dedicated) and the distinguished Spanish scholar Román Gubern. Although this *QRFS* issue is cited in the bibliographies of both Besas and Schwartz, neither shows any signs of having read it. In addition to these three American works, the only other book on the Spanish cinema available in English is a British monograph called *New Cinema in Spain* by Vicente Molina-Foix, published by the British Film Institute in 1977—a cursory treatment in only 55 pages. Like Schwartz, Kovacs and Molina-Foix, Besas also focuses on the New Spanish Cinema, specifically "the key years following the advent of Juan Antonio Bardem and Luis García Berlanga on the scene in 1952," yet he includes two chapters outlining the pre-Franco cinema. Currently, then *Behind the Spanish Lens* is the only volume in English that spans the whole history of Spanish cinema and that attempts to position it within the larger cultural and political context.*

Within American film studies not only had there been no previous books on the New Spanish Cinema, but there had even been relatively few critical articles (for a complete listing, see the bibliography in the *QRFS* special issue). Moreover, this neglect has led the current popular one-volume history texts (which necessarily depend on the primary research of others) to virtually omit Spanish cinema except for Buñuel. Yet, as Besas explains, most Spaniards consider Buñuel "a foreign director. . . . For *Un Chien Andalou* to his last films, all with the exception of *Las Hurdes, Viridiana* and *Tristana* were made outside of Spain. . . . Moreover, since most of his films were not shown in Spain, their influence was minimal on film-makers in that country." (pp. 50–51)

Among world film history texts in English, only David Shipman's *The Story of Cinema* (1982) comes close to providing adequate space to the Spanish cinema. But even here two thirds of the 18-page discussion is devoted to Buñuel (the chapter is significantly titled "Luis Buñuel and His Followers") and it is as critically obtuse on Buñuel as on his so-called "followers." In his newly "revised and updated" *History of World Cinema* (1981), David Robinson includes only one paragraph on Spanish cinema, hardly more than a listing of names and titles. David Cook's widely used *History of Narrative Film* (1981) relegates Spanish cinema to a single footnote, full of condescending judgments: "With the exception of the work of Buñuel, that cinema has been almost uniformly undistinguished due to the repressive nature of the Franco regime. . . . During the sixties, Carlos Saura . . . established himself with a series of black comedies clearly influenced by Buñuel . . . , although he lacks the artistic vision of his master." (p. 528) Despite its political focus and its glowing conclusion on Buñuel as the ultimate modernist, Robert Kolker's *Altering Eye: Contemporary International Cinema* (1983) grants only one sentence to the "Spanish national cinema"—a passing reference to Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's *Black Brood* (with his name misspelled). In the 4th edition of his *Short History of the Movies* published this year, Gerald Mast devotes *his* one sentence to Saura. The most recent text, *Flashback: A Brief History of Film* (1986) by Louis Giannetti and Scott Eyman, omits Spain entirely. After the publication of Besas's book, there should no longer be any excuse for such misunderstandings and omissions.

In many ways *Behind the Spanish Lens* reminds me of Mira Liehm's *Passion and Defiance: Film in Italy from 1942 to the Present* (University of California Press, 1984),

*In conjunction with a comprehensive film series of Spanish cinema extending from June to November in London, the British Film Institute is publishing a book called *Out of the Past: Spanish Cinema after Franco*, by John Hopewell, which will be available in September (and which I have therefore not yet seen). Also, this year the Spanish Ministry of Culture issued an English translation of their 1984 publication, *Spanish Cinema 1896–1983* —a collection of historical essays by Spanish scholars and critics.

the best of the recent histories of Italian cinema. Both authors work outside the American academic establishment. (Liehm is an independent international scholar and Besas an American journalist who has lived in Madrid since 1965 and has been *Variety's* correspondent since 1970.) Both books open with dramatic journalistic accounts of an event that immediately grabs the reader's attention, suggesting that this is not to be another dull history but one that positions films within an adventurous political narrative featuring passion and defiance. Liehm opens with a novelistic account of the historic meeting between Visconti and DeSantis ("on Easter 1940, a few months before Mussolini's declaration of war upon Britain and France") that resulted in *Ossessione,* the "milestone" that launched the neorealist movement. Besas begins ("on a cold, wintry day in Madrid, the 20th of December 1973, almost two years before the death of Francisco Franco") with the assassination of Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, Franco's "staunch right-hand man" who was supposed to replace the dictator, but whose death helped pave the way for the socialists to gain power. Besas argues that the two-year period between the deaths of Carrero Blanco and Franco saw the production of some of the most venturous films of the New Spanish Cinema—including Borau's *Furtivos,* Saura's *Cría Cuervos,* Armiñán's *El Amor del Captain Brando,* and Ricardo Franco's *Pascual Duarte.* This was the time when liberalization was pushed to the maximum of permissiveness while the presence of Franco still exerted a pressure on the film-makers to strain against the remaining limits and future uncertainties.

These parallel openings point both to a primary strength and weakness of these two one-volume national film histories—a genre of film book that is admittedly extremely difficult to write. They demonstrate the successful attempt of each author to position film history in the larger political and cultural context. As Besas quite rightly asserts, "Any history of a national cinema is a portrait of an entire social and political reality," and both his and Liehm's works quite admirably fulfill that charge in a comprehensive, yet highly readable form. Yet, on the other hand, these books tend to narrativize film history—an approach which, as Robert Allen and Douglas Gomery point out in *Film History: Theory and Practice* (Knopf, 1985), leads to the construction of heroes and villains, to the over-simplification of problems of historical causality, and to the reliance on metaphors to fill in for gaps in the narrative. We can readily see all three tendencies in Besas's explanation of how the New Spanish Cinema got started.

> Spanish cinema, however, was on the verge of a drastic transformation. New winds were blowing in Spain. A comparatively liberal and film-loving official, José María García Escudero, was appointed director general of cinematography in 1951. Even though he was to exit from the job six months later, in February 1952, the appointment marked a turning point in the history of Spanish cinema. A new era was on the horizon, an era revolving around two new directors: Juan Antonio Bardem and Luis García Berlanga. (p. 30)

Besas's reliance on "the great man" approach to history is even more vividly apparent in his chapter on Samuel Bronston, the independent American producer who from 1959 to 1964 tried to construct another Hollywood outside of Madrid. Titled "The Rise and Fall of the Bronston Empire," this chapter helps to glamorize and mystify both Bronston and the forces that brought him down.

> Jewish backers in the States were pushing finally to put a lid on Bronston's operation in Franco Spain, and there may have been trouble with the oil interests as well. But above all, Hollywood did not look kindly upon Bronston's 'runaway' productions, which were a potential threat to its own hegemony back home. In 1964, Bronston had gone so far as to boast publicly that he would set up an empire in Spain, and that 'Hollywood' would move to Madrid. When the news hit the press, that arrogant statement probably catalyzed the reaction against him. All Bronston's enemies rallied to stop the 'madman.' And it happened overnight. Dupont spearheaded the operation, but evidently there were many other pressure groups backing it up. (p. 64)

Instead of presenting historical analysis backed by evidence, Besas spins a web of narrative intrigue around a dramatic persona, making him appear larger than life.

What is particularly regretful is that Besas misses the opportunity of conceptualizing the interaction between the Spanish film industry and Hollywood—a topic that would have given his work greater resonance within con-

temporary film studies. Yet, he does provide a wealth of wonderful material on this subject from the earliest days of the silent cinema to the present—especially during the early sound period when Hollywood established a center for Spanish-language production in Joinville and when Spain began to compete with Hollywood for the Latin American market. Another fascinating period for Spanish-American interaction was during the forties, when American films dominated the market but were considered "naive and decadent." Besas selects a wonderful quote (previously cited by Gubern) from the Falangist magazine *Primer Plano* (December 1940):

> A people less infantile than the Yanks would have succeeded in imposing their convictions by means of their gigantic film market on other nations and won the sympathies of the world. But American movies, albeit magnificent in sight and sound, lack any deep proselytizing purpose. . . . If American films with their at times almost pornographic excesses had not aroused the embarrassed repulse of our Catholic moral values, they surely would have Americanized the social mores of Spain and the entire world. (p. 18)

Besas fails to acknowledge the irony that it is precisely the "infantile" nature of the American movies and the transparency of their "proselytizing purpose" that enable them to colonize the world so effectively. Nor does he really explore to what extent this process of Americanization was able to occur in Spain during the cultural isolation of the Franco period. Besas does explain that Spanish censorship of American film imports was rather moderate during the early forties because, as an opportunist, Franco was hedging on who would win the war; and he describes how Hollywood took its revenge against Cifesa (the Spanish studio that had a virtual monopoly during the thirties and forties) because of Cifesa's collaboration with the Third Reich. According to Besas, after the war when Cifesa was tottering on the brink of bankruptcy, Admiral Carrero Blanco and Franco came to the rescue by personally supporting a lavish ten-million-pesetas production of *Alba de America*—a Columbus project that was supposedly a "reply" to Hollywood's *Christopher Columbus* (1948), "which was offensive to Spanish officialdom and was considered to be anti-Spanish." (pp. 27-30) Besas also notes that, fearing he may have been perceived as a supporter of Fascism, because of his many dealings with Franco's family and regime, Bronston avoided inviting Franco to visit the set of any of his productions, even though the dictator was an aficionado of cinematic spectacle, having personally ghost-written the epic film *Raza* (1941) that had been such a stunning commercial and critical success in Spain. Besas also reports that when Spain chose, for its official entry at Cannes, Bardem and Berlanga's anti-American comedy *Bienvenido, Mr. Marshall* (*Welcome, Mr. Marshall,* 1952)—a film that questioned why Spain never received any aid from the Marshall Plan—Hollywood star Edward G. Robinson (who was a juror at the festival) tried to prevent it from being shown.

Despite, or perhaps precisely because of such fascinating data, we are left wanting to know more about Spain's interaction with Hollywood. When Besas tells us admiringly that Bronston's empire "helped to train and influence a whole generation of Spanish technicians," and thereby "helped to give some of these [Spanish] films the look of high professionalism and technical expertise which distinguishes Spanish cinema from the films made in many other countries," we are left wondering what ideological baggage came with this absorption of film language. Borau questioned whether this is true, claiming that Bronston used Spaniards only as art directors and assistants, not as cinematographers or technicians, and that his empire was always an island in Madrid. Nevertheless, we want to know more about the influence of Hollywood as it appears both in works made within the New Spanish Cinema—works that use intertextuality with American cinema while resisting its conventions, like Erice's *Spirit of the Beehive* (which opens with an excerpt from the James Whale *Frankenstein*), Armiñán's *The Love of Captain Brando,* and Pilar Miró's *Gary Cooper Who Art in Heaven* —and also in works by the post-Franco generation who have renounced political cinema and who seem to look to Hollywood as an appealing alternative model. When describing the disappointment with the creative output of the post-Franco era, Besas seems to dismiss the Hollywood influence as merely a feeble excuse: "The film-makers countered that

after 40 years of self-censorship and mental castration they could not be expected to work miracles overnight. They began to harp on 'economic censorship' and on 'cultural colonization of the multinational companies' (meaning, basically, the U.S. majors)." (p. 185) Yet later he writes of the post-Franco generation:

> A previous generation had sought its inspiration in Neo-Realism, or in Aestheticism, or in symbolism, all deeply rooted in the traditions of European cinema. The newcomers cast their eyes toward America. By the 1980s Spanish intellectualism, so often modeled on French and Italian cinema, failed to have much, if any, significance for teenagers or for those in their twenties, to whom the Franco era was fast receding into the boring dogma of history books. In the 1980s the catchwords for the new generation were drink, drugs, fast food, free sex, rejection not only of all forms of authority but also of any specific direction in life. (p. 209)

In the post-Franco era when Spain was to emerge from its cultural and political isolation and enter the NATO alliance and the Common Market where it would have to carefully protect its political independence from the US and its imperialist policies in Central America, we are left wondering why Spaniards would not become more sensitive to the "proselytizing" threat that was always posed by the hegemony of the "infantile" American cinema.

The primary weakness in Besas's book is that, like Liehm's, it seems completely oblivious to the recent developments in film studies which have led to the integration of history and theory. Despite their interest in the political context, Besas and Liehm never acknowledge their own theoretical assumptions; they show no awareness that film history is a construction that is shaped by the ideology and culture in which the author has been formed as a subject. Feigning objectivity, their eclectic, empirical approach avoids generalizations, even when the data demand analysis. Their striving for comprehensiveness makes a certain unevenness in their coverage almost inevitable—and also a certain superficiality in the endless listings of film titles, authors, and plot summaries. These tendencies are far more problematic in Besas than in Liehm because, as a journalist, he frequently relies so heavily on interviews without much analysis or commentary on what is being quoted, even when they contain glaring contradictions. Moreover, unlike Liehm, who frequently presents perceptive analyses of films, Besas sticks mainly to plot summaries and is very weak on critical analysis. Nevertheless, his critical biases and unacknowledged assumptions are still readily apparent.

Besas favors an overtly political cinema that lucidly criticizes the Franco regime and that relies on Hollywood modes of representation—a linear style that strives for clarity, transparency and emotional identification. He devalorizes visual aspects of cinema, privileging the script because there one is able to see the political content more clearly. He strongly opposes symbolism, non-linear narratives, and any other conventions that cultivate ambiguity. He seems totally unaware that these critical preferences have been shaped by his own ideological immersion in Hollywood cinema and perhaps by his experience as a correspondent for *Variety*.

These critical prejudices have devastating consequences when applied to the New Spanish Cinema. They lead Besas to defend José Luis Garci and his *Volver a Empezar,* which won an Oscar in 1983 for Best Foreign Picture—the first Spanish film in history to win this coveted award, though many other less conventional nominees, more representative of the New Spanish Cinema, had been bypassed over the years: Bardem's *La Venganza* (1957), Berlanga's *Placido* (1961), Armiñán and Borau's *Mi Querida Señorita* (1971), Armiñán's *El Nido* (1980), and Saura's *Mama Cumple 100 Años* (1979) and *Carmen* (1983). Besas acknowledges that it's "a sentimental story, almost tailored to American sensibilities" (p. 241), but argues that "Garci deftly prevents *Volver a Empezar* from becoming maudlin or overly sentimental" and describes the scene where the hero tells his friend that he is terminally ill as "one of the most touching scenes in Spanish cinema" (pp. 239–241). Clearly, Besas admires Garci for following Hollywood conventions—the very tendency that made so many Spaniards attack both the film and the award.

> But, curiously enough, in Spain, *Volver a Empezar* was felt to be something of a letdown, especially among highbrow Spanish audiences . . . . Here he was spinning a somewhat lacrymose tale about old people, throwing in a nos-

> talgic Cole Porter soundtrack and turning his back on the issues of his day. It was all too slick. The film smacked excessively of the 'American' touch. Indeed, Garci had always gone on record as being a great admirer of American cinema, and this, somehow, was now thrown into his face. (p. 241)

Though Besas seems surprised by these negative reactions, the data he himself has presented throughout his book make them very easy to understand.

His negative treatment of Saura is even more indicative of these tendencies. While he can't dismiss Saura entirely since "he is the one director known to cinemaphiles outside of Spain" and since "throughout the Franco years, Saura and [his Basque producer] Querejeta were synonymous with artistic quality and cultural opposition to the regime" (p. 119), Besas is nevertheless put off by Saura's disclaimers of political commitment. His work is redeemed for Besas only by the government reactions they aroused, which his book documents in great detail. On the films themselves, Besas is terribly inadequate, for he repeatedly dismisses Saura's experiments with non-linear narratives as "play[ing] the memory game . . . fiddling with past and present" (p. 127).

Besas seems totally unaware that political points can be made through the structural challenge of conventional modes of narrative representation—a common assumption in film studies since May '68. He is willing to accept ambiguity only as a means of getting around censorship.

> When Saura made his statement against dictatorship or in favor of freedom of speech, it was inevitably veiled, a method adopted partially as a way of getting around official censorship, but also because Saura obviously took great pleasure (as does Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón) in meandering down cryptic, sometimes labyrinthine filmic paths. It is, of course, the sort of cinema film critics and film students delight in, since it provides them with material for a thousand interpretations. They are free to compound Saura's abstractions with a myriad of their own. (pp. 121–22)

It is hardly surprising, then, that Besas wished that this ambiguous, non-linear style would disappear after Franco's death. But since it did not, he argues that it was the unfortunate legacy of censorship—a burden that Spanish cinema had to endure, rather than one of its primary values that helped to define its uniqueness and therefore helped to make it appeal to audiences outside of Spain.

> In fact, those who for a decade had made an introspective type of cinema laden with symbols carrying deep political, social, and sexual meanings, directors such as Carlos Saura, Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón, and Jaime de Armiñán, seemed unable suddenly to turn about, to make American-type films. Nor did they wish to. Gutiérrez Aragón, for example, directed three of his most bewildering, symbol-laden films in that period . . . all of them far more abstract and 'non-linear' than either *Camada Negra* or *Furtivos*. The abolition of censorship seemed to have influenced Gutiérrez Aragón hardly at all in respect to his manner of handling subject matter. If anything, it made his cinema more prolix and dense. (p. 186)

Even in Besas's treatment of *Furtivos* (*Poachers,* 1975), a work that he greatly admires and which he considers "the most controversial as well as the most popular" film made during the two years between the deaths of Carrero Blanco and Franco—we can see the dire consequences of his critical prejudices. Because he privileges the script and is almost totally oblivious to a film's visual qualities, he tends to credit the film more to Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón (the co-writer) rather than to José Luis Borau (the co-writer, director, and producer). He accepts without question Gutiérrez Aragon's claim that "*Furtivos* was a script that I had in my drawer" and that few changes were made in it, even though he also quotes Borau at length on how they had collaborated on the script. What he sees as Borau's primary contribution, apart from his superb performance as the hated Civil Governor within the film, is his heroic role as producer in getting it shown without the approval of the official censors at the San Sebastian Festival and also throughout Spain, where it proved to be one of the top-grossing Spanish films in history: "*Furtivos* thus became the only film that was ever released in Spain, from 1939 to 1975, without an exhibition license . . . But the fact of the film's being released represented a rousing victory against everything oppressive the regime stood for." Despite Besas's enthusiasm over this achievement, there is the clear misguided implication that without this political context the film would have had little to recommend it. And there is no recognition

whatever of Borau's impressive artistic contribution as director, nor of what makes the film so uniquely Spanish: the dark cinematography of Luis Cuadrado, which evokes the traditions of Spanish painting; or the verbal and visual restraint that helps create a detached tone of observation that encourages us to become fascinated with these grotesque characters (who are very specific and yet simultaneously symbolic) without being sutured in to strong emotional identification; or the suppression of wild extremes of violence and passion beneath the calm surface of the forest and beneath the spare, conventional linear narrative—extremes that create a powerful emotional compression and that occasionally erupt in scenes that border on the surreal.

Although Besas ends with a statement about "Spain's idiosyncrasies" and "their reflection" in movies, his study fails to define adequately Spanish cinema's unique national identity, partly because of his inadequate conceptualization of the national-international interface. He fails to understand that in the history of world cinema it has been precisely their national specificity that has made films of any nation appeal to an international audience—a dynamic that Renoir articulated early in his career, that helped lay the groundwork for French poetic realism, that Bazin echoed in his championing of Italian neorealism, and that contributed to the international impact of the French New Wave and all the other subsequent new waves in the postwar era. In order to define the uniqueness of any national cinema, one has to deal not only with the content of the films, but also their visual and narrative language and how they are distinguished from the conventions of other national cinemas—particularly from the language of the Hollywood films that have so thoroughly dominated world markets since the coming of sound. Because Besas's understanding of world cinema is so limited, he fails to develop the full implications of what he has documented about the history of film.

Though I have been stressing the shortcomings of Besas's book, I don't want to underestimate its value. Since Besas is so deeply immersed in Spanish culture, the book has a richness of detail and cultural resonance that would be almost impossible to achieve by a foreign scholar working solely from the films and archival sources. Anyone interested in Spanish cinema or, for that matter, in international film, can learn a great deal from this comprehensive work. It has already transformed the way I cover Spanish cinema in the international film courses I teach. I hope it helps to generate other works on this important subject and to develop a more prominent position for Spain within international film studies—a prominence that is well deserved and long overdue. —MARSHA KINDER

CHAPLIN
His Life and Art

By David Robinson. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985. $24.95.

David Robinson's biography of Chaplin is by far the best that has appeared and will no doubt remain the standard biography for some time to come. A great merit of Robinson's book is to synthesize what was previously known about Chaplin with important new data from a number of sources. Robinson has done extensive research in the public archives of London and in old theatrical records to provide a definitive account of Chaplin's parents and his own early life, their music hall career and his. He has also interviewed surviving Chaplin co-workers and staff members in assembling an equally authoritative account of later events in Chaplin's life, including much that is new about his last years. He uses recently released FBI documents to reveal the US government's unspeakable hounding of Chaplin from 1947 until he left the country in 1952. (Although the full story has not yet been told, as a recent *New York Times* article reports.)

Most important of all, Lady Chaplin has given Robinson access to Chaplin's worknotes and the studio records for many of his films. The notes—copious for some films, sparse or nonexistent for others—show in detail the working out of his narratives and comic business. Equally important are the extensive Chaplin out-takes that Lady Chaplin made available to Kevin Brownlow and David Gill (the sources of their *Unknown Chaplin* television series), on which Robinson has drawn heavily.

whatever of Borau's impressive artistic contribution as director, nor of what makes the film so uniquely Spanish: the dark cinematography of Luis Cuadrado, which evokes the traditions of Spanish painting; or the verbal and visual restraint that helps create a detached tone of observation that encourages us to become fascinated with these grotesque characters (who are very specific and yet simultaneously symbolic) without being sutured in to strong emotional identification; or the suppression of wild extremes of violence and passion beneath the calm surface of the forest and beneath the spare, conventional linear narrative—extremes that create a powerful emotional compression and that occasionally erupt in scenes that border on the surreal.

Although Besas ends with a statement about "Spain's idiosyncrasies" and "their reflection" in movies, his study fails to define adequately Spanish cinema's unique national identity, partly because of his inadequate conceptualization of the national-international interface. He fails to understand that in the history of world cinema it has been precisely their national specificity that has made films of any nation appeal to an international audience—a dynamic that Renoir articulated early in his career, that helped lay the groundwork for French poetic realism, that Bazin echoed in his championing of Italian neorealism, and that contributed to the international impact of the French New Wave and all the other subsequent new waves in the postwar era. In order to define the uniqueness of any national cinema, one has to deal not only with the content of the films, but also their visual and narrative language and how they are distinguished from the conventions of other national cinemas—particularly from the language of the Hollywood films that have so thoroughly dominated world markets since the coming of sound. Because Besas's understanding of world cinema is so limited, he fails to develop the full implications of what he has documented about the history of film.

Though I have been stressing the shortcomings of Besas's book, I don't want to underestimate its value. Since Besas is so deeply immersed in Spanish culture, the book has a richness of detail and cultural resonance that would be almost impossible to achieve by a foreign scholar working solely from the films and archival sources. Anyone interested in Spanish cinema or, for that matter, in international film, can learn a great deal from this comprehensive work. It has already transformed the way I cover Spanish cinema in the international film courses I teach. I hope it helps to generate other works on this important subject and to develop a more prominent position for Spain within international film studies—a prominence that is well deserved and long overdue. —MARSHA KINDER

CHAPLIN
His Life and Art

By David Robinson. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1985. $24.95.

David Robinson's biography of Chaplin is by far the best that has appeared and will no doubt remain the standard biography for some time to come. A great merit of Robinson's book is to synthesize what was previously known about Chaplin with important new data from a number of sources. Robinson has done extensive research in the public archives of London and in old theatrical records to provide a definitive account of Chaplin's parents and his own early life, their music hall career and his. He has also interviewed surviving Chaplin co-workers and staff members in assembling an equally authoritative account of later events in Chaplin's life, including much that is new about his last years. He uses recently released FBI documents to reveal the US government's unspeakable hounding of Chaplin from 1947 until he left the country in 1952. (Although the full story has not yet been told, as a recent *New York Times* article reports.)

Most important of all, Lady Chaplin has given Robinson access to Chaplin's worknotes and the studio records for many of his films. The notes—copious for some films, sparse or nonexistent for others—show in detail the working out of his narratives and comic business. Equally important are the extensive Chaplin out-takes that Lady Chaplin made available to Kevin Brownlow and David Gill (the sources of their *Unknown Chaplin* television series), on which Robinson has drawn heavily.

The value of Robinson's account of each film depends upon the new information he is able to come up with. His chapter on the 35 Keystone films (1914–1915) is a pretty quick run-through and does not seem to add a great deal to what is already known. The Essanay films (1915–1916) are dealt with in a mere 12 pages: the notes and records here were evidently not extensive. Robinson nevertheless corrects a number of errors that scholars have passed on for decades. The first appearance of Edna Purviance was in *A Night Out* (February 1915), Chaplin's second Essanay film, not in *The Champion* (March 1915). Only the first Essanay film, *His New Job* (February 1915), was shot in Chicago, the rest in California. Rollie Totheroh has been listed as cinematographer for all of the Essanay films; in fact he shot none of them. Totheroth was an Essanay employee but he worked on the films of G.M. "Bronco Billy" Anderson, the "A" of "S and A." When Chaplin moved to Mutual, Totheroh turned up also and shot all of Chaplin's films from then on until *The Great Dictator* (which he co-shot with Karl Struss).

Robinson's chapter on the twelve Mutual films, the "golden dozen," is long (64 pages) and first-rate. Many out-takes are available here and Robinson uses them well. His chapter on the First National films, 1918–1922, relies upon studio records rather than outtakes, which seem not to have survived in large quantities; the result is informative if not greatly illuminating. Robinson is excellent on *A Woman of Paris* (1923), *The Gold Rush* (1925), *The Circus* (1928), and *City Lights* (1931). Chapters on the later films contain more on Chaplin's personal life and career as a public figure than on the making of the films. Almost no early drafts or working notes survive for *Monsieur Verdoux* (1946), so Robinson's account is somewhat thin. His passage on Chaplin's battles with the Breen Office over that film is, however, illuminating. *A King in New York* (1957) and *A Countess from Hong Kong* (1968) get rather perfunctory attention.

In July 1915, when Chaplin had been in films a mere 18 months, a man named Charles J. McGuirk wrote, "Any form of expressing Chaplin is what the public wants . . . The world has Chaplinitis." From then until now the greatest obstacle to understanding Chaplin has been Chaplin idolatry, which colors to a varying degree most of the vast body of commentary on the subject. Robinson may or may not idolize Chaplin, but he is *very* reluctant to criticize him. The closest he comes is a comment on Chaplin's *My Autobiography:* "It was hard to understand how he could devote pages to Randolph Hearst or H.G. Wells, yet not make even a passing reference to loyal collaborators who had given so much to the films; people like Totheroh, Bergman, Mack Swain, Eric Campbell or Georgia Hale."

In one case, Robinson seems to misconstrue the evidence he has gathered in order to avoid an implication damaging to his subject. Admiring *The Salvation Hunters* (1925), Chaplin hired Joseph von Sternberg to make *The Sea Gull* with Edna Purviance, Chaplin's (by that time) former leading lady. The film was made and shown once, after which Chaplin withdrew it without explanation to anyone; he burned the negative in 1933 in order to get a tax break. From Sternberg's glancing treatment of the incident in his autobiography, *Fun in a Chinese Laundry,* Robinson concludes, "the mild tone of his protests might well be taken to imply his own sense of the film's shortcomings." The inference is unwarranted—Sternberg's book, diffident and loftly, disdains to accuse his betrayers directly. John Grierson, who happened to see the film, called it "a strangely beautiful and empty affair—possibly the most beautiful I have ever seen—of net patterns, sea patterns and hair in the wind." This is extraordinary testimony, but Robinson feels compelled to impeach the witness. Grierson "claimed" to see the film; as a good journalist, he "made a good story" out of it; and "his rather misleading references to the narrative casts some doubt on the rest of his evidence."

The aforementioned McGuirk not only diagnosed Chaplinitis, he also posed a question that writers on Chaplin have turned over ever since, "Is it the man, or is it his work, or is his personality the embodiment of a world-thought?" This was, I submit, the wrong question in 1915 and is the wrong question now. My quarrel here is not with Robinson but with conventional biography itself. Because, indeed, one can hardly ask for a better

book of its type than Robinson's, the questions it does not ask or answer suggest themselves. These include the history of "Chaplin" as a production company, backed indeed by its own financial empire. Chaplin's most striking uniqueness is not his walk, costume, or performance; it is the fact that, for at least 35 years after his First National contract, he financed his own films. Detailed information on the financing, distribution, and returns of Chaplin's films would be most illuminating. Robinson sometimes provides the overall figures of production cost and receipts but we never learn the dimensions of the Chaplin empire or exactly how it worked.

Another issue is the Chaplin audience. Who saw Chaplin's films at each period and what place did they have in his audience's lives? The popular audience "made" Chaplin initially but very soon, within less than two years of his first film, certain members of the artistic establishment discovered him also, with social and governmental circles soon to follow. Words like "poetry" and "great artist" began to be used. A battle centering on "Chaplin" was thus waged during the years of his greatest fame and what Foucault called "a struggle for popular memory" has gone on, in various media, ever since. Indeed commentators have been telling us what Chaplin means for so long that the perennial critical wish—"seeing his films afresh"—may be an impossibility. Some of the preliminary facts posing these issues are gathered in Robinson's book *Chaplin: The Mirror of Opinion,* which in the long run may prove more useful than *Chaplin: His Life and Art.*

—BRIAN HENDERSON

Reference Works

Allan, Elkan, ed. *A Guide to World Cinema.* Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1985. $125.00. Some 7200 75-word notes on films shown at the London National Film Theatre, 1950–1984, with postage-stamp-size stills for most of them. Includes some foreign films not found in Maltin, Sadoul, or similar volumes, but of doubtful value even for libraries.

—E.C.

Allyn, John. *Kon Ichikawa: A Guide to References and Resources.* Boston: Hall, 1985. $45.00. Allyn's critical essay traces the variety of Ichikawa's almost Hollywoodian eclecticism: *Harpa of Burma* and *Fires on the Plain,* but then *Conflagration* (interesting again now after *Mishima*), not to mention *The Key/Odd Obsession*—a farce about murderous eroticism.

—E.C.

Benson, Michael. *Vintage Science Fiction Films, 1896–1949.* Jefferson, NC & London: McFarland, 1985. $18.95. This volume, which features filmography, bibliography, and index, but, oddly, no foreword or introduction, was apparently conceived as a complement to Bill Warren's *Keep Watching the Skies! American Science Fiction Movies of the Fifties (Vol. I, 1950–1957),* a highly enjoyable, intelligent 1982 McFarland genre study of movies that we all know and love, one way or another. The new book—a grab bag of plot summaries, behind-the-scenes stories, technical data, and opinion—explores relatively familiar territory, too, but in no real depth and with few new angles. A potentially viable introductory work for those unfamiliar with sf-movie history, it is, moreover, exactly for same that its use is most problematic: it's a mine of misinformation. For example, looking at just one 25-page stretch: there is no "death ray" in *Non-Stop New York* (63); there are no "zombies" in *The Devil Commands* (67); the doctor in *King of the Zombies* is played by Henry Victor, not George Zucco (74), who is not even in the film (the filmography diligently picks up this cast error, as well as many of the text's other errors); Phil Brown, not Robert Shayne, plays the hero in *Jungle Captive* (79); Gale Sondergaard is not "best known as the acid hurler" in the 1943 *Phantom of the Opera* (she is not in the film); Richard Denning's and Philip Reed's roles in *Unknown Island* are reversed (85); and (a) there is no "flying snake" in *The Feathered Serpent* (87), and (b), even if there were, the movie would not be "Charlie Chan's sole science fiction entry": Chan mysteries with sf elements include (for the record) *The Red Dragon, The Scarlet Clue, The Jade Mask, Charlie Chan in the Secret Service, Charlie Chan at the Olympics,* and *Docks of New Orleans,* none of which Benson cites—the one Chan he does cite isn't sf at all. Further, his book does not reflect the last half-decade's research in the field by Warren, the Morrow "Science Fiction" team, myself, and others: there is, for instance, according to the 1984 Morrow volume, no 1916 Danish version of *The Golem,* while recently rediscovered "vintage science fiction films" not to be found in Benson include *If War Comes Tomorrow* (Russian, 1938), *Fly-by-Night, Powder Town,* and *The Dawn Express* (all 1942), *The Dancing Masters* (a 1943 Laurel and Hardy comedy featuring an "invisible ray"), *Military Secret* (Russian, 1945), *Rendezvous 24* (1946), and *Women in the Night* (1948).

—DON WILLIS

Clark, Al, ed. *The Film Yearbook: 1986.* New York: St. Martin's, 1986. Paper, $13.95. A pleasant and generally intelligent mishmash of brief credits

book of its type than Robinson's, the questions it does not ask or answer suggest themselves. These include the history of "Chaplin" as a production company, backed indeed by its own financial empire. Chaplin's most striking uniqueness is not his walk, costume, or performance; it is the fact that, for at least 35 years after his First National contract, he financed his own films. Detailed information on the financing, distribution, and returns of Chaplin's films would be most illuminating. Robinson sometimes provides the overall figures of production cost and receipts but we never learn the dimensions of the Chaplin empire or exactly how it worked.

Another issue is the Chaplin audience. Who saw Chaplin's films at each period and what place did they have in his audience's lives? The popular audience "made" Chaplin initially but very soon, within less than two years of his first film, certain members of the artistic establishment discovered him also, with social and governmental circles soon to follow. Words like "poetry" and "great artist" began to be used. A battle centering on "Chaplin" was thus waged during the years of his greatest fame and what Foucault called "a struggle for popular memory" has gone on, in various media, ever since. Indeed commentators have been telling us what Chaplin means for so long that the perennial critical wish—"seeing his films afresh"—may be an impossibility. Some of the preliminary facts posing these issues are gathered in Robinson's book *Chaplin: The Mirror of Opinion,* which in the long run may prove more useful than *Chaplin: His Life and Art.*

—BRIAN HENDERSON

Reference Works

Allan, Elkan, ed. *A Guide to World Cinema.* Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1985. $125.00. Some 7200 75-word notes on films shown at the London National Film Theatre, 1950–1984, with postage-stamp-size stills for most of them. Includes some foreign films not found in Maltin, Sadoul, or similar volumes, but of doubtful value even for libraries.

—E.C.

Allyn, John. *Kon Ichikawa: A Guide to References and Resources.* Boston: Hall, 1985. $45.00. Allyn's critical essay traces the variety of Ichikawa's almost Hollywoodian eclecticism: *Harpa of Burma* and *Fires on the Plain,* but then *Conflagration* (interesting again now after *Mishima*), not to mention *The Key/Odd Obsession*—a farce about murderous eroticism.

—E.C.

Benson, Michael. *Vintage Science Fiction Films, 1896–1949.* Jefferson, NC & London: McFarland, 1985. $18.95. This volume, which features filmography, bibliography, and index, but, oddly, no foreword or introduction, was apparently conceived as a complement to Bill Warren's *Keep Watching the Skies! American Science Fiction Movies of the Fifties (Vol. I, 1950–1957),* a highly enjoyable, intelligent 1982 McFarland genre study of movies that we all know and love, one way or another. The new book—a grab bag of plot summaries, behind-the-scenes stories, technical data, and opinion—explores relatively familiar territory, too, but in no real depth and with few new angles. A potentially viable introductory work for those unfamiliar with sf-movie history, it is, moreover, exactly for same that its use is most problematic: it's a mine of misinformation. For example, looking at just one 25-page stretch: there is no "death ray" in *Non-Stop New York* (63); there are no "zombies" in *The Devil Commands* (67); the doctor in *King of the Zombies* is played by Henry Victor, not George Zucco (74), who is not even in the film (the filmography diligently picks up this cast error, as well as many of the text's other errors); Phil Brown, not Robert Shayne, plays the hero in *Jungle Captive* (79); Gale Sondergaard is not "best known as the acid hurler" in the 1943 *Phantom of the Opera* (she is not in the film); Richard Denning's and Philip Reed's roles in *Unknown Island* are reversed (85); and (a) there is no "flying snake" in *The Feathered Serpent* (87), and (b), even if there were, the movie would not be "Charlie Chan's sole science fiction entry": Chan mysteries with sf elements include (for the record) *The Red Dragon, The Scarlet Clue, The Jade Mask, Charlie Chan in the Secret Service, Charlie Chan at the Olympics,* and *Docks of New Orleans,* none of which Benson cites—the one Chan he does cite isn't sf at all. Further, his book does not reflect the last half-decade's research in the field by Warren, the Morrow "Science Fiction" team, myself, and others: there is, for instance, according to the 1984 Morrow volume, no 1916 Danish version of *The Golem,* while recently rediscovered "vintage science fiction films" not to be found in Benson include *If War Comes Tomorrow* (Russian, 1938), *Fly-by-Night, Powder Town,* and *The Dawn Express* (all 1942), *The Dancing Masters* (a 1943 Laurel and Hardy comedy featuring an "invisible ray"), *Military Secret* (Russian, 1945), *Rendezvous 24* (1946), and *Women in the Night* (1948).

—DON WILLIS

Clark, Al, ed. *The Film Yearbook: 1986.* New York: St. Martin's, 1986. Paper, $13.95. A pleasant and generally intelligent mishmash of brief credits

+ synopses, short critical essays, pieces on performers, etc. —E.C.

Clark, Randall, ed. *American Screenwriters: Second Series* (Dictionary of Literary Biography, Volume 44). Detroit, MI: Gale Research Co., 1986. $88.00. Career studies and biographies of 64 screenwriters—a sequel to *DLB* Vol. 26. From Woody Allen to Michael Wilson. Bibliographic information is also included. A valuable reference resource. —E.C.

Cyr, Helen W. *A Filmography of The Third World, 1976-1983.* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow, 1985. A continuation of an earlier volume; offers intriguing descriptions of hundreds of useful films (fiction and documentary), with source information. An essential tool for programmers attempting to diminish Americans' profound ignorance about Third World peoples—abroad or within our borders. —E.C.

Ensign, Lynne Naylor and Robyn Eileen Knapton. *The Complete Dictionary of Television and Film.* Briar Cliff, NY: Stein and Day. $35.00. Definitions of about 3,000 technical, trade, and slang terms. Gets "zoom" wrong, as such volumes usually do; says that "reverse shot" means a 180° switch and that "the camera usually would set up where the first person was sitting for the reverse angle shot." (Try it sometime!) In short, useful for getting used to film-making talk; but if you want precision and technical comprehension, go to the *Focal Press Encyclopedia of Film and Television Techniques,* prepared under the editorship of Raymond Spottiswoode. —E.C.

Greene, Naomi. *René Clair: A Guide to References and Resources.* Boston, Hall & Co., 1985. $48.00. Greene's introductory materials offer a sturdy defense of this neglected master of artifice, and bibliographic sections will lead readers to everything except, regrettably, the monumental and still unpublished study of Clair's films, mind, and life by R. C. Dale. —E.C.

Kaplan, Mike. *Variety: Who's Who in Show Business.* Revised Edition. New York & London: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1985. $29.95 cloth, $17.50 paper. Telegraphic credits for thousands of personalities.

Keller, Gary D., ed. *Chicano Cinema: Research, Reviews, and Resources.* Binghamton, NY: Bilingual Review/Press, 1985. $15.00 paper. Outgrowth of a symposium held at Eastern Michigan University, this is a solid contribution to the understanding of an almost unknown cinema which has already produced two world-class fiction films (*Zoot Suit* and *The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez*) and will surely loom much larger in our cultural life as the Hispanic sector of our population expands. Includes a list of films and sources—essential for programmers. —E.C.

Kieskalt, Charles. *The Official John Wayne Reference Book.* Secaucus, NJ: Lyle Stuart, 1985. $19.95 cloth, $12.95 paper. Picture book with quizzes ("What is the name of Wayne's cat in *True Grit*?").

Leonard, Harold, ed. Compiled by the Workers of the Writers' Program of the Work Projects Administration in the City of New York, 1935-40. *The Film Index: A Bibliography,* Vol. 3. White Plains, NY: Kraus International Publications, 1985. $85.00. Copious and intelligent annotations of articles and books on film—400 pages of them, some from extremely obscure sources, offering many unusual routes into the film thinking of the decades up to the late thirties. —E.C.

Michaels, Lloyd. *Elia Kazan: A Guide to References and Resources.* Boston, Hall, 1985. $35.00. Michaels likens Kazan to Dreiser in both his excesses and his virtues, singling out in his mature films "sequences of lyrical understatement and ambivalence." Kazan's side of his remorse after naming names for HUAC will not be revealed until he finishes his autobiography and his personal papers are open to scrutiny. —E.C.

Monaco, James. *The Connoisseur's Guide to the Movies.* New York: Facts on File, 1985. $16.95 case, $8.95 paper. The giant guides by Halliwell and Maltin can easily seem both overwhelmingly comprehensive and too tepidly sensible. Monaco sticks to less than 1500 titles, includes some silents, documentaries, and avant-garde films, and allots idiosyncratic marks rather than stars: he gives 36 "masterpiece" listing, then ranges down to "overrated—see only if you must" and also indicates whether available on videocassette. He whacks off many familiar chips from the cinematic tree, letting them fall where they may (to stick to the C's, *Children of Paradise* and *Chinatown* get downgrade marks, only *Cutter's Way* gets upgraded). Godard gets to the top with *Breathless* and *Two or Three Things;* Kubrick scores with *2001,* Wexler with *Medium Cool,* Lester with *Petulia.* But the main usefulness of the volume is not in these necessarily quixotic labels, but in Monaco's consistently independent, original views, which give more weight to human and political content than formal structure, and to comedy (though no comedies make the masterpiece category, rather puzzlingly). Monaco thinks the VCR shifts the balance of "psychological power" over to us, the viewers, and will "forever alter our perception of film." He is probably right, but we can't yet tell whether the consequences will be benign. —E.C.

Ragan, David. *Movie Stars of the 30's: A Complete Reference Guide for the Film Historian or Trivia Buff.* Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1985. Cloth, $15.95; paper, $6.95. Vol. II in series covers 40's; same price. If you like semicolons, you'll love these light-weight trivia collections. Each entry is a page-length sentence punctuated strangely. Ragan has gall pretending these volumes are anything

more than trivial pursuits. Placing performers in volumes by decade in which they have ". . . enjoyed many of their most memorable screen moments . . ." is foolish. Alphabetical indexes do help but only the trivial browser will be served. Copy reads like studio releases and should be titled, "Hollywood Sketches." Entries contain too much opinion/characterization for reference consideration. Threat of further volumes is unsettling.

—DAN GREENBERG

Robertson, Patrick. *Guiness Film Facts and Feats.* New York: Sterling, 1985. $9.95, softcover. The last "B" western: *Two Guns and a Badge* (Monogram, 1954). The most kisses delivered in one film: 127 (by John Barrymore, in *Don Juan,* 1926). The earliest known use of time-lapse photography: 1897. The most prolific Hollywood director: William Beaudine (182 features). The earliest known use of "false" flashbacks: 1943 (in RKO's *The Falcon in Danger*). These are the sorts of fun facts you'll find in Robertson's book, which strikes a nice balance between hardcore reference and trivia-pursuing. Robertson, in point of fact, mentions only Bertolucci's *La Commare Secca* (1962), in the section on "false," or "lying," flashbacks, but *Film Facts and Feats* is very much concerned with firsts, and *The Falcon in Danger* may qualify here. (Hitchcock's *Stage Fright,* 1950, is probably the film most renowned for such cheating.) A word of warning: this edition is, supposedly, "completely revised," but it is far from error-free. A close examination of the Dracula filmography (on page 57), for instance, reveals that at least 19 of the 96 films do not belong: six are listed twice, under variant titles; five are the *Carmilla* or the Lady Bathory/Nadasdy story (with *Dracula,* misleadingly, in the title), etc. Further, Robertson includes —injudiciously, I think—15 amateur, or home-movie, *Draculas,* and he omits at least a dozen commercial features which do belong—e.g., *Doctor Dracula* (1977), *Jovencito Dracula* (1976), *Kung Fu from beyond the Grave* (198-?). But—getting back in the spirit of the thing—add, to the section (pp. 132-134) on movie "blunders," the Gail Pictures release, or re-release, of a Buck Jones/John Wayne "B" western which botches its own title right there on the screen: *Range Fued.*

—DON WILLIS

Rose, Brian G., ed. *TV Genres: A Handbook and Reference Guide.* Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 1985. Chatty essays on 19 TV genres, followed by "bibliographical surveys" and videographies. The essays marshal a great deal of information, but they are not strong on raising critical issues or assessing the role of television in American society.

—E.C.

Shirley, Graham & Brian Adams. *Australian Cinema: The First Eighty Years.* New York: St. Martin's, 1985. $27.50. Traces the "cycles of progress, disappointment and renewal" that characterized the first 80 years of Australian film-making—up to the watershed year of 1975, when *Picnic at Hanging Rock* first showed the world that something interesting was going on down there. —E.C.

Slide, Anthony, ed. *International Guide to the World's Periodicals and Newspapers.* Westport, CT: Greenwood, 1985. $49.95. In editor Slide's own phrase, this was a "mammoth project," nothing less than a reasoned survey of all English-language and foreign-language publications, extant and defunct, even including briefer coverage of fan magazines. The commentaries are, by the sample of those publications I know well, scrupulously accurate and rather fuller than might have been expected—giving a sense of the phases of evolution of each publication. A first-rate compendium of information that will intrigue anybody now in the field or researching its origins and nature, and useful also to aspiring writers and editors. —E.C.

Sullivan, Kaye. *Films For, By and About Women (Series II).* Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1985. $49.50. A continuation of the 1980 volume, this one lists 3,200 titles (almost all documentaries) and gives strong, intelligently evaluative annotations. A basic resource for teachers and programmers.

—E.C.

Thomas, Tony, and Aubrey Solomon. *The Films of 20th Century-Fox.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel, 1985. $29.95. A rather handsome, revised edition of a 1979 volume, this lists all 20th Century-Fox product, 1935 to 1984. Fans of early-thirties and silent cinema will be disappointed to find the (pre-20th Century) Fox films (1914 to 1935) consigned to an appendix. —DON WILLIS

Wasserman, Steven R. and Jacqueline W. O'Brien. *The Lively Arts Information Directory (Second Edition).* Detroit, MI: Gale Research, 1985. $165.00. A guide to arts agencies, national and international organizations, government grant programs, foundations, colleges and universities, publications, consultants, libraries, etc. In many cases only address information is provided, but of course even that can be extremely useful. —E.C.

White-Hensen, Wendy. *Archival Moving Image Materials: A Cataloging Manual.* Motion Picture, Broadcasting and Recorded Sound Division, Library of Congress, 1984. $15 from the Library of Congress, Subscriber Accounts Unit, Cataloging Distribution Service, Washington, D.C. 20541. Occasionally a book emerges that is not only well done but absolutely necessary to researchers and librarians. This thorough manual provides guidelines and examples for cataloging films, television —even home movies!—in libraries or collections. Since an increased number of institutions throughout the world find themselves with significant holdings of "moving image" materials, standardization is absolutely necessary to aid the researchers in every field looking into moving images for original

research in a variety of areas of scholarship. Any collection worth a catalog needs this manual. Hair-tearing film preservationists will also be pleased to note the way they have been taken into consideration in the breakdown that indicates differing copies such as positive and negative, master and viewing copies. Another milestone for scholarship!

—KAREN JAEHNE

Willis, Donald, ed. *Variety's Complete Science Fiction Reviews.* New York and London: Garland Publishing, Inc. 1985 $27.95 cloth, $17.95 paper. Although the file here commences in 1907 with a short called *Liquid Electricity,* the genre can only be defined retroactively before the fifties; so the great bulk of entries fall into relatively recent decades. The reviews are canny and by no means uselessly commercial-minded, so the volume will be a valuable research resource. Unfortunately, the individuals behind the signature abbreviations ("Murf.," "Cart.," etc.) are nowhere identified.

—E.C.

Willis, John. *Screen World, 1985.* New York: Crown, 1985. $22.50. Listed: scads of 1984 US releases (both foreign and homegrown films); 1984's top 25 boxoffice stars; principal Oscar-winners, 1927 to 1984; basic biographical data on current actors; obits. Not listed: synopses of 1984's releases. One way to keep up with near-current film production. —DON WILLIS

Scripts

Affron, Mirrella Jona and E. Rubinstein, eds. *The Last Metro.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1985. $10.00 paper, $25.00 cloth. The script, with a chronology of wartime events and other introductory materials. —E.C.

Bennett, Alan. *A Private Function.* Winchester, MA: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script for the British would-be comedy. —E.C.

Hare, David. *Wetherby.* Boston: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script and stills.

Rheuban, Joyce, ed. *The Marriage of Maria Braun.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1986. $10 paper; $25 cloth. The script of Fassbinder's first big commercial (and critical) success, plus an introductory essay. —E.C.

Riley, Philip J. *London after Midnight.* New York: Cornwall Books, 1985. $24.50. On any horror-buff's list of long-lost films to see, Tod Browning's *London after Midnight* (1927) is the title most likely to place at or near the top, along with the Murnau-Veidt-Lugosi Jekyll/Hyde film, *Der Januskopf* (1920). Collectors like William K. Everson remain ever hopeful of turning up a print of this silent "mystery thriller" (as horror movies were called in 1927), the first American attempt, on film, to deal with "Dracula"-like material. Until a print does turn up, we must be content with the two main fixes we have on the film: the 1935 Browning-Lugosi remake, *Mark of the Vampire,* and, now Riley's workmanlike photographic reconstruction. The shooting script and tantalizing stills in his book suggest, at first glance, that the two movies were quite similar. *Mark,* though, is a sound film; the setting has been changed from London to Prague; and the remake's first vampire scene does not occur until some ways into the story. The critical difference between the two films, however, would appear to be one of dramatic tone. As the vampire-menace in the remake, Bela Lugosi is aristocratic, sinister, aloof. His Count Mora seems, imperturbably, to float on the chilly Czech mists. Apparently Lon Chaney, in the original, achieved, at times, a similar "slow-motion effect." But his unnamed, beaver-hatted vampire also, occasionally, hops. (Lugosi vampires do not hop.) He has a fixed, wide-eyed, toothy grin, and is stooped. At one point, he is seen chatting with a nervous broker. (Count Mora does does not mix with mortals, let alone brokers.) Chaney's make-up and manner inject a far-from-subtle note of mockery into the role—his Man in the Beaver Hat is, clearly, having a great time scaring the holy hell out of humans. If vampirism is, for Mora, a form of fate stylishly submitted to, it appears to be—for Chaney's rambunctious low-lifer—a lark. —DON WILLIS

Rohmer, Eric and Heinrich von Kleist. *The Marquise of O—.* Stanley Hochman and Martin Greenberg, trans. New York: Ungar, 1986. $9.95. The script, plus the original novella, and a terse set of remarks by Rohmer ("The guiding principle of our adaptation was to follow Kleist's text word for word") on this curiously powerful collaboration from one century to another. —E.C.

Yellin, David G. and Marie Connors. *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow.* Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississipp, $17.50 cloth, $8.95 paper. Faulkner's story "Tomorrow" was made into a television drama in 1960, and then filmed in 1972 with Robert Duvall; this volume contains an introductory essay, the story and the scripts.

—E.C.

Technical Works

Carlson, Verne and Sylvia. *Professional Lighting Handbook.* Boston, London: Focal, 1985. The detailed working knowledge needed by the rounded professional, from the peanut fixture to the cukaloris. —E.C.

Case, Dominic. *Motion Picture Film Processing.* Stoneham, MA: Focal Press, 1985, $14.95. A technical guide not only to processing but also optical printing; useful information for any film-maker.

—E.C.

research in a variety of areas of scholarship. Any collection worth a catalog needs this manual. Hair-tearing film preservationists will also be pleased to note the way they have been taken into consideration in the breakdown that indicates differing copies such as positive and negative, master and viewing copies. Another milestone for scholarship!

—KAREN JAEHNE

Willis, Donald, ed. *Variety's Complete Science Fiction Reviews.* New York and London: Garland Publishing, Inc. 1985 $27.95 cloth, $17.95 paper. Although the file here commences in 1907 with a short called *Liquid Electricity,* the genre can only be defined retroactively before the fifties; so the great bulk of entries fall into relatively recent decades. The reviews are canny and by no means uselessly commercial-minded, so the volume will be a valuable research resource. Unfortunately, the individuals behind the signature abbreviations ("Murf.," "Cart.," etc.) are nowhere identified.

—E.C.

Willis, John. *Screen World, 1985.* New York: Crown, 1985. $22.50. Listed: scads of 1984 US releases (both foreign and homegrown films); 1984's top 25 boxoffice stars; principal Oscar-winners, 1927 to 1984; basic biographical data on current actors; obits. Not listed: synopses of 1984's releases. One way to keep up with near-current film production. —DON WILLIS

Scripts

Affron, Mirrella Jona and E. Rubinstein, eds. *The Last Metro.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1985. $10.00 paper, $25.00 cloth. The script, with a chronology of wartime events and other introductory materials. —E.C.

Bennett, Alan. *A Private Function.* Winchester, MA: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script for the British would-be comedy. —E.C.

Hare, David. *Wetherby.* Boston: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script and stills.

Rheuban, Joyce, ed. *The Marriage of Maria Braun.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1986. $10 paper; $25 cloth. The script of Fassbinder's first big commercial (and critical) success, plus an introductory essay. —E.C.

Riley, Philip J. *London after Midnight.* New York: Cornwall Books, 1985. $24.50. On any horror-buff's list of long-lost films to see, Tod Browning's *London after Midnight* (1927) is the title most likely to place at or near the top, along with the Murnau-Veidt-Lugosi Jekyll/Hyde film, *Der Januskopf* (1920). Collectors like William K. Everson remain ever hopeful of turning up a print of this silent "mystery thriller" (as horror movies were called in 1927), the first American attempt, on film, to deal with "Dracula"-like material. Until a print does turn up, we must be content with the two main fixes we have on the film: the 1935 Browning-Lugosi remake, *Mark of the Vampire,* and, now Riley's workmanlike photographic reconstruction. The shooting script and tantalizing stills in his book suggest, at first glance, that the two movies were quite similar. *Mark,* though, is a sound film; the setting has been changed from London to Prague; and the remake's first vampire scene does not occur until some ways into the story. The critical difference between the two films, however, would appear to be one of dramatic tone. As the vampire-menace in the remake, Bela Lugosi is aristocratic, sinister, aloof. His Count Mora seems, imperturbably, to float on the chilly Czech mists. Apparently Lon Chaney, in the original, achieved, at times, a similar "slow-motion effect." But his unnamed, beaver-hatted vampire also, occasionally, hops. (Lugosi vampires do not hop.) He has a fixed, wide-eyed, toothy grin, and is stooped. At one point, he is seen chatting with a nervous broker. (Count Mora does does not mix with mortals, let alone brokers.) Chaney's make-up and manner inject a far-from-subtle note of mockery into the role—his Man in the Beaver Hat is, clearly, having a great time scaring the holy hell out of humans. If vampirism is, for Mora, a form of fate stylishly submitted to, it appears to be—for Chaney's rambunctious low-lifer—a lark. —DON WILLIS

Rohmer, Eric and Heinrich von Kleist. *The Marquise of O—.* Stanley Hochman and Martin Greenberg, trans. New York: Ungar, 1986. $9.95. The script, plus the original novella, and a terse set of remarks by Rohmer ("The guiding principle of our adaptation was to follow Kleist's text word for word") on this curiously powerful collaboration from one century to another. —E.C.

Yellin, David G. and Marie Connors. *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow.* Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississipp, $17.50 cloth, $8.95 paper. Faulkner's story "Tomorrow" was made into a television drama in 1960, and then filmed in 1972 with Robert Duvall; this volume contains an introductory essay, the story and the scripts.

—E.C.

Technical Works

Carlson, Verne and Sylvia. *Professional Lighting Handbook.* Boston, London: Focal, 1985. The detailed working knowledge needed by the rounded professional, from the peanut fixture to the cukaloris. —E.C.

Case, Dominic. *Motion Picture Film Processing.* Stoneham, MA: Focal Press, 1985, $14.95. A technical guide not only to processing but also optical printing; useful information for any film-maker.

—E.C.

research in a variety of areas of scholarship. Any collection worth a catalog needs this manual. Hair-tearing film preservationists will also be pleased to note the way they have been taken into consideration in the breakdown that indicates differing copies such as positive and negative, master and viewing copies. Another milestone for scholarship!

—KAREN JAEHNE

Willis, Donald, ed. *Variety's Complete Science Fiction Reviews.* New York and London: Garland Publishing, Inc. 1985 $27.95 cloth, $17.95 paper. Although the file here commences in 1907 with a short called *Liquid Electricity,* the genre can only be defined retroactively before the fifties; so the great bulk of entries fall into relatively recent decades. The reviews are canny and by no means uselessly commercial-minded, so the volume will be a valuable research resource. Unfortunately, the individuals behind the signature abbreviations ("Murf.," "Cart.," etc.) are nowhere identified.

—E.C.

Willis, John. *Screen World, 1985.* New York: Crown, 1985. $22.50. Listed: scads of 1984 US releases (both foreign and homegrown films); 1984's top 25 boxoffice stars; principal Oscar-winners, 1927 to 1984; basic biographical data on current actors; obits. Not listed: synopses of 1984's releases. One way to keep up with near-current film production. —DON WILLIS

Scripts

Affron, Mirrella Jona and E. Rubinstein, eds. *The Last Metro.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1985. $10.00 paper, $25.00 cloth. The script, with a chronology of wartime events and other introductory materials. —E.C.

Bennett, Alan. *A Private Function.* Winchester, MA: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script for the British would-be comedy. —E.C.

Hare, David. *Wetherby.* Boston: Faber and Faber, 1985. $8.95 paper. Script and stills.

Rheuban, Joyce, ed. *The Marriage of Maria Braun.* New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press, 1986. $10 paper; $25 cloth. The script of Fassbinder's first big commercial (and critical) success, plus an introductory essay. —E.C.

Riley, Philip J. *London after Midnight.* New York: Cornwall Books, 1985. $24.50. On any horror-buff's list of long-lost films to see, Tod Browning's *London after Midnight* (1927) is the title most likely to place at or near the top, along with the Murnau-Veidt-Lugosi Jekyll/Hyde film, *Der Januskopf* (1920). Collectors like William K. Everson remain ever hopeful of turning up a print of this silent "mystery thriller" (as horror movies were called in 1927), the first American attempt, on film, to deal with "Dracula"-like material. Until a print does turn up, we must be content with the two main fixes we have on the film: the 1935 Browning-Lugosi remake, *Mark of the Vampire,* and, now Riley's workmanlike photographic reconstruction. The shooting script and tantalizing stills in his book suggest, at first glance, that the two movies were quite similar. *Mark,* though, is a sound film; the setting has been changed from London to Prague; and the remake's first vampire scene does not occur until some ways into the story. The critical difference between the two films, however, would appear to be one of dramatic tone. As the vampire-menace in the remake, Bela Lugosi is aristocratic, sinister, aloof. His Count Mora seems, imperturbably, to float on the chilly Czech mists. Apparently Lon Chaney, in the original, achieved, at times, a similar "slow-motion effect." But his unnamed, beaver-hatted vampire also, occasionally, hops. (Lugosi vampires do not hop.) He has a fixed, wide-eyed, toothy grin, and is stooped. At one point, he is seen chatting with a nervous broker. (Count Mora does does not mix with mortals, let alone brokers.) Chaney's make-up and manner inject a far-from-subtle note of mockery into the role—his Man in the Beaver Hat is, clearly, having a great time scaring the holy hell out of humans. If vampirism is, for Mora, a form of fate stylishly submitted to, it appears to be—for Chaney's rambunctious low-lifer—a lark. —DON WILLIS

Rohmer, Eric and Heinrich von Kleist. *The Marquise of O—.* Stanley Hochman and Martin Greenberg, trans. New York: Ungar, 1986. $9.95. The script, plus the original novella, and a terse set of remarks by Rohmer ("The guiding principle of our adaptation was to follow Kleist's text word for word") on this curiously powerful collaboration from one century to another. —E.C.

Yellin, David G. and Marie Connors. *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow.* Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississipp, $17.50 cloth, $8.95 paper. Faulkner's story "Tomorrow" was made into a television drama in 1960, and then filmed in 1972 with Robert Duvall; this volume contains an introductory essay, the story and the scripts.

—E.C.

Technical Works

Carlson, Verne and Sylvia. *Professional Lighting Handbook.* Boston, London: Focal, 1985. The detailed working knowledge needed by the rounded professional, from the peanut fixture to the cukaloris. —E.C.

Case, Dominic. *Motion Picture Film Processing.* Stoneham, MA: Focal Press, 1985, $14.95. A technical guide not only to processing but also optical printing; useful information for any film-maker.

—E.C.

De Sarlo, Carmine R. *TV Commercial Film Editing*. Jefferson, N.C. & London: McFarland & Co., Inc., 1985. $29.95 paper. Nuts and bolts advice set up like an Eisenstein essay:

Short and punchy directions.
Gets tiresome.
Especially with exclamations! —E.C.

Fielding, Raymond. *The Technique of Special Effects Cinematography*. Boston: Focal Press. 1985. $24.95. The fourth edition of this standard work includes many updated photographs and covers the electronic processing equipment which, as it develops, will probably supercede many traditional special-effects techniques. —E.C.

Lukas, Christopher. *Directing for Film and Television*. Garden City, NY: Anchor/Doubleday, 1985. $11.95. Yet another? But Lukas has a lot of useful, minute advice: how to overcome the inherent limitations of video sound editing, how to make a deal with the assistant director on the day's schedule pressure, how to handle progressive timing adjustments. . . . —E.C.

Mathias, Harry and Richard Patterson. *Electronic Cinematography: Achieving Photographic Control over the Video Image*. Belmont, CA: Wadsworth, 1985. $24.00. An introduction to the technology of professional video production. Offers a few thoughts on the coming of high-definition video, and rather refreshingly offers an extremely modest assessment of the advantages of video production and editing, the latter mainly offering post-shoot manipulation achieved at very high cost. —E.C.

Television

D'Agostino, Peter, ed. *Transmission*. New York: Tanam, 1985. $15.95. This anthology collects essays that bear on the question of whether television can begin to serve a broader constituency. Some challenge accepted beliefs, some identify positive models for the future. —E.C.

Feuer, Jane, Paul Kerr and Tise Vahimagi, eds. *MTM 'Quality Television.'* London: British Film Institute, distributed by University of Illinois Press, 1985. This is an extremely well informed and intelligent analysis, not only of the original Mary Tyler Moore show but of its spin-offs: astute accounts of the behind-the-cameras action, coupled with sophisticated interpretation of the shows. —E.C.

Woolley, Malsbary. *Warner Bros. Television*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 1985. $25.95. How Warners plunged into TV production, in 1955. Includes program plot synopses.

Yates, Richard. *William Styron's Lie Down in Darkness*. Cambridge, MA: Ploughshares, 1985. $15.95 cloth, $8.95 paper. This powerful adaptation of Styron's incest-theme novel scared off all studio executives, but it's a good read, and maybe someday it will seem filmable; after all, as George Bluestone points out in a brief intelligent introduction, it is also about religion (and alcohol). —E.C.

Textbooks

Genovese, Michael A. *Politics and the Cinema: An Introduction to Political Films*. Ginn Press, 191 Spring St., Lexington, MA 02173, 1986. Apparently intended as a textbook, this brief volume attempts to "make more explicit the implicit political messages contained in films." Its success is modest, as is its deployment of background information. —E.C.

Giannetti, Louis and Scott Eyman. *Flashback: A Brief History of Film*. Englewood Clifs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1986. $19.95 paper. A "bare-bones history of fiction movies," this text follows the traditional pattern: origins, Griffith *et al.*, then a decade-by-decade European/American organization. Well illustrated; sensible if uninspired writing. Glossary gets "zoom" right. —E.C.

Mast, Gerald and Marshall Cohen, eds. *Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings* (3rd ed.). New York: Oxford University Press, 1985. Retaining its predominant focus on "classical film theory," this new edition adds a few pieces (*Cahiers* on *Young Mr. Lincoln,* Comolli, Metz, Mulvey, Gledhill) so students can get a taste of newer theory. Can be used complementarily with Volume II of Nichols's *Movies and Methods,* whose focus is resolutely contemporary. —E.C.

Meyer, Nicholas E. *Magic In the Dark. A Young Viewer's History of the Movies*. New York: Facts on File, 1985. $17.95. Printed in 12-point type, this "young adults" survey covers main-line movie history up until about 1980 in a routine, summary style. —E.C.

Steven, Peter, ed. *Jump Cut*. New York: Praeger, 1985. $12.95. Since its inception in 1974, *Jump Cut* has printed a vast amount of socialist and feminist film analysis, using Marxist, psychoanalytic, and semiotic/structuralist methodologies. Its readership, broadly, was envisioned as the film-conscious portion of the New Left, and it attempted to bridge the traditional abyss between people who were sophisticated about politics but superficial about films and people who were the reverse. Moreover, it had a strong orientation toward practice, whether in the use of documentary films for political organizing, or in opening up academic teaching to greater political consciousness. And, as with *Screen* in Britain, a great deal of its contributors' energy went toward demystifying Hollywood and its dominant "classic" style. Steven has assembled 400 pages of the best

De Sarlo, Carmine R. *TV Commercial Film Editing*. Jefferson, N.C. & London: McFarland & Co., Inc., 1985. $29.95 paper. Nuts and bolts advice set up like an Eisenstein essay:

Short and punchy directions.
Gets tiresome.
Especially with exclamations! —E.C.

Fielding, Raymond. *The Technique of Special Effects Cinematography*. Boston: Focal Press. 1985. $24.95. The fourth edition of this standard work includes many updated photographs and covers the electronic processing equipment which, as it develops, will probably supercede many traditional special-effects techniques. —E.C.

Lukas, Christopher. *Directing for Film and Television*. Garden City, NY: Anchor/Doubleday, 1985. $11.95. Yet another? But Lukas has a lot of useful, minute advice: how to overcome the inherent limitations of video sound editing, how to make a deal with the assistant director on the day's schedule pressure, how to handle progressive timing adjustments. . . . —E.C.

Mathias, Harry and Richard Patterson. *Electronic Cinematography: Achieving Photographic Control over the Video Image*. Belmont, CA: Wadsworth, 1985. $24.00. An introduction to the technology of professional video production. Offers a few thoughts on the coming of high-definition video, and rather refreshingly offers an extremely modest assessment of the advantages of video production and editing, the latter mainly offering post-shoot manipulation achieved at very high cost. —E.C.

Television

D'Agostino, Peter, ed. *Transmission*. New York: Tanam, 1985. $15.95. This anthology collects essays that bear on the question of whether television can begin to serve a broader constituency. Some challenge accepted beliefs, some identify positive models for the future. —E.C.

Feuer, Jane, Paul Kerr and Tise Vahimagi, eds. *MTM 'Quality Television.'* London: British Film Institute, distributed by University of Illinois Press, 1985. This is an extremely well informed and intelligent analysis, not only of the original Mary Tyler Moore show but of its spin-offs: astute accounts of the behind-the-cameras action, coupled with sophisticated interpretation of the shows. —E.C.

Woolley, Malsbary. *Warner Bros. Television*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 1985. $25.95. How Warners plunged into TV production, in 1955. Includes program plot synopses.

Yates, Richard. *William Styron's Lie Down in Darkness*. Cambridge, MA: Ploughshares, 1985. $15.95 cloth, $8.95 paper. This powerful adaptation of Styron's incest-theme novel scared off all studio executives, but it's a good read, and maybe someday it will seem filmable; after all, as George Bluestone points out in a brief intelligent introduction, it is also about religion (and alcohol). —E.C.

Textbooks

Genovese, Michael A. *Politics and the Cinema: An Introduction to Political Films*. Ginn Press, 191 Spring St., Lexington, MA 02173, 1986. Apparently intended as a textbook, this brief volume attempts to "make more explicit the implicit political messages contained in films." Its success is modest, as is its deployment of background information. —E.C.

Giannetti, Louis and Scott Eyman. *Flashback: A Brief History of Film*. Englewood Clifs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1986. $19.95 paper. A "bare-bones history of fiction movies," this text follows the traditional pattern: origins, Griffith *et al.*, then a decade-by-decade European/American organization. Well illustrated; sensible if uninspired writing. Glossary gets "zoom" right. —E.C.

Mast, Gerald and Marshall Cohen, eds. *Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings* (3rd ed.). New York: Oxford University Press, 1985. Retaining its predominant focus on "classical film theory," this new edition adds a few pieces (*Cahiers* on *Young Mr. Lincoln,* Comolli, Metz, Mulvey, Gledhill) so students can get a taste of newer theory. Can be used complementarily with Volume II of Nichols's *Movies and Methods,* whose focus is resolutely contemporary. —E.C.

Meyer, Nicholas E. *Magic In the Dark. A Young Viewer's History of the Movies*. New York: Facts on File, 1985. $17.95. Printed in 12-point type, this "young adults" survey covers main-line movie history up until about 1980 in a routine, summary style. —E.C.

Steven, Peter, ed. *Jump Cut*. New York: Praeger, 1985. $12.95. Since its inception in 1974, *Jump Cut* has printed a vast amount of socialist and feminist film analysis, using Marxist, psychoanalytic, and semiotic/structuralist methodologies. Its readership, broadly, was envisioned as the film-conscious portion of the New Left, and it attempted to bridge the traditional abyss between people who were sophisticated about politics but superficial about films and people who were the reverse. Moreover, it had a strong orientation toward practice, whether in the use of documentary films for political organizing, or in opening up academic teaching to greater political consciousness. And, as with *Screen* in Britain, a great deal of its contributors' energy went toward demystifying Hollywood and its dominant "classic" style. Steven has assembled 400 pages of the best

De Sarlo, Carmine R. *TV Commercial Film Editing*. Jefferson, N.C. & London: McFarland & Co., Inc., 1985. $29.95 paper. Nuts and bolts advice set up like an Eisenstein essay:

Short and punchy directions.
Gets tiresome.
Especially with exclamations! —E.C.

Fielding, Raymond. *The Technique of Special Effects Cinematography*. Boston: Focal Press. 1985. $24.95. The fourth edition of this standard work includes many updated photographs and covers the electronic processing equipment which, as it develops, will probably supercede many traditional special-effects techniques. —E.C.

Lukas, Christopher. *Directing for Film and Television*. Garden City, NY: Anchor/Doubleday, 1985. $11.95. Yet another? But Lukas has a lot of useful, minute advice: how to overcome the inherent limitations of video sound editing, how to make a deal with the assistant director on the day's schedule pressure, how to handle progressive timing adjustments. . . . —E.C.

Mathias, Harry and Richard Patterson. *Electronic Cinematography: Achieving Photographic Control over the Video Image*. Belmont, CA: Wadsworth, 1985. $24.00. An introduction to the technology of professional video production. Offers a few thoughts on the coming of high-definition video, and rather refreshingly offers an extremely modest assessment of the advantages of video production and editing, the latter mainly offering post-shoot manipulation achieved at very high cost. —E.C.

Television

D'Agostino, Peter, ed. *Transmission*. New York: Tanam, 1985. $15.95. This anthology collects essays that bear on the question of whether television can begin to serve a broader constituency. Some challenge accepted beliefs, some identify positive models for the future. —E.C.

Feuer, Jane, Paul Kerr and Tise Vahimagi, eds. *MTM 'Quality Television.'* London: British Film Institute, distributed by University of Illinois Press, 1985. This is an extremely well informed and intelligent analysis, not only of the original Mary Tyler Moore show but of its spin-offs: astute accounts of the behind-the-cameras action, coupled with sophisticated interpretation of the shows. —E.C.

Woolley, Malsbary. *Warner Bros. Television*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 1985. $25.95. How Warners plunged into TV production, in 1955. Includes program plot synopses.

Yates, Richard. *William Styron's Lie Down in Darkness*. Cambridge, MA: Ploughshares, 1985. $15.95 cloth, $8.95 paper. This powerful adaptation of Styron's incest-theme novel scared off all studio executives, but it's a good read, and maybe someday it will seem filmable; after all, as George Bluestone points out in a brief intelligent introduction, it is also about religion (and alcohol). —E.C.

Textbooks

Genovese, Michael A. *Politics and the Cinema: An Introduction to Political Films*. Ginn Press, 191 Spring St., Lexington, MA 02173, 1986. Apparently intended as a textbook, this brief volume attempts to "make more explicit the implicit political messages contained in films." Its success is modest, as is its deployment of background information. —E.C.

Giannetti, Louis and Scott Eyman. *Flashback: A Brief History of Film*. Englewood Clifs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1986. $19.95 paper. A "bare-bones history of fiction movies," this text follows the traditional pattern: origins, Griffith *et al.*, then a decade-by-decade European/American organization. Well illustrated; sensible if uninspired writing. Glossary gets "zoom" right. —E.C.

Mast, Gerald and Marshall Cohen, eds. *Film Theory and Criticism: Introductory Readings* (3rd ed.). New York: Oxford University Press, 1985. Retaining its predominant focus on "classical film theory," this new edition adds a few pieces (*Cahiers* on *Young Mr. Lincoln,* Comolli, Metz, Mulvey, Gledhill) so students can get a taste of newer theory. Can be used complementarily with Volume II of Nichols's *Movies and Methods,* whose focus is resolutely contemporary. —E.C.

Meyer, Nicholas E. *Magic In the Dark. A Young Viewer's History of the Movies*. New York: Facts on File, 1985. $17.95. Printed in 12-point type, this "young adults" survey covers main-line movie history up until about 1980 in a routine, summary style. —E.C.

Steven, Peter, ed. *Jump Cut*. New York: Praeger, 1985. $12.95. Since its inception in 1974, *Jump Cut* has printed a vast amount of socialist and feminist film analysis, using Marxist, psychoanalytic, and semiotic/structuralist methodologies. Its readership, broadly, was envisioned as the film-conscious portion of the New Left, and it attempted to bridge the traditional abyss between people who were sophisticated about politics but superficial about films and people who were the reverse. Moreover, it had a strong orientation toward practice, whether in the use of documentary films for political organizing, or in opening up academic teaching to greater political consciousness. And, as with *Screen* in Britain, a great deal of its contributors' energy went toward demystifying Hollywood and its dominant "classic" style. Steven has assembled 400 pages of the best

from the magazine, and it's printed here in a format that's sometimes more readable than the original tabloid publication. Many of the articles will be useful for classroom discussion. —E.C.

Theory

NARRATION IN THE FICTION FILM

By David Bordwell. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985.

One might have expected that after co-authoring (with Janet Staiger and Kristin Thompson) a text as weighty—in every sense—as *The Classical Hollywood Cinema,*[1] David Bordwell would have rested for a decade. Instead, he appears to have immediately recast, repeated, refined and expanded upon the ideas concerning filmic narration in his last book and in earlier works such as *Film Art: An Introduction*[2] and *The Films of Carl-Theodor Dreyer*[3] to produce a rigorous and erudite study. *Narration in the Fiction Film* concentrates on a particular swatch of the many possible approaches to film as a narrative, that is, the analysis of "narrative as a *process,* the activity of selecting, arranging, and rendering story material in order to achieve specific time-bound effects on a perceiver" (p. xi).

After a rather selective survey of previous critical studies relevant to his subject, Bordwell sets forth his own theory, which draws heavily on the writings of the Russian formalists and of contemporary narrative theorists such as Tvestan Todorov, Gérard Genette, Meir Sternburg, and Seymour Chatman, and on the tenets of Constructivist theories of perception and cognition. Bordwell argues that viewers approach films equipped with various schemata from past experiences with films and other forms of narrative. While watching the movie, the viewer makes assumptions, draws inferences, tests hypotheses, sees these verified or refuted, and embraces alternate hypotheses. At the same time the film proceeds by a complicated dance of providing and withholding information, of making and filling "gaps," and advancing and retarding the unfolding of the story. Bordwell goes on to discuss how strategies of narration are influenced by genre conventions (he uses the detective film and the melodrama as his examples), and manifested through various methods of handling time (questions of temporal order, duration and frequency à la Genette), and space (questions of perspective, *mise-en-scène* and continuity).

In the final section he posits a theory of "historical modes of narration," arguing that throughout film history distinct modes of narration have developed, each with its own norms for guiding the viewer's comprehension of the story. He allows that there may be other modes, but he identifies four: "classical narration," represented by Hollywood films and typically identifiable by tight causality, psychologically motivated, goal-oriented characters, and careful spatial continuity; "art-cinema narration," exemplified by the films of European directors such as Bergman, Resnais, Fellini, etc., and marked by a more "realistic," open-ended approach to causality, episodic plots, characters in psychological crisis, and authorial commentary; "historical-materialist narration," found in the work of Soviet film-makers in the twenties and thirties, typified by rhetorical appeals to the audience, characters as types rather than individuals, and an abstract use of space; and finally, "parametric narration," which he locates in the films of directors such as Ozu, Mizoguchi, Dreyer, and Bresson, and which he defines as marked by excessive patterning of cinematic techniques which are irrelevant to the construction of the story. Bordwell concludes with a discussion of the baffling narration found in the films Godard made from 1959–1967.

Narration in the Fiction Film moves rather squarely, even formidably, into a hole in film scholarship and will undoubtedly ground the discussion for years to come. Bordwell's argument about how the viewer interacts with the film is a salutory refutation of the myth of viewer passivity. His account of how viewers make sense of a narrative is intuitively reasonable (though one wishes that he had contrasted his approach with the current theories of reader-response critics such as Wolfgang Iser). His demonstration of how films arouse interest and involvement through the creation, suppression or flouting of gaps and through a range of knowledge, self-consciousness, and communicativeness provides a concise and

from the magazine, and it's printed here in a format that's sometimes more readable than the original tabloid publication. Many of the articles will be useful for classroom discussion. —E.C.

Theory

NARRATION IN THE FICTION FILM

By David Bordwell. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1985.

One might have expected that after co-authoring (with Janet Staiger and Kristin Thompson) a text as weighty—in every sense—as *The Classical Hollywood Cinema,*[1] David Bordwell would have rested for a decade. Instead, he appears to have immediately recast, repeated, refined and expanded upon the ideas concerning filmic narration in his last book and in earlier works such as *Film Art: An Introduction*[2] and *The Films of Carl-Theodor Dreyer*[3] to produce a rigorous and erudite study. *Narration in the Fiction Film* concentrates on a particular swatch of the many possible approaches to film as a narrative, that is, the analysis of "narrative as a *process,* the activity of selecting, arranging, and rendering story material in order to achieve specific time-bound effects on a perceiver" (p. xi).

After a rather selective survey of previous critical studies relevant to his subject, Bordwell sets forth his own theory, which draws heavily on the writings of the Russian formalists and of contemporary narrative theorists such as Tvestan Todorov, Gérard Genette, Meir Sternburg, and Seymour Chatman, and on the tenets of Constructivist theories of perception and cognition. Bordwell argues that viewers approach films equipped with various schemata from past experiences with films and other forms of narrative. While watching the movie, the viewer makes assumptions, draws inferences, tests hypotheses, sees these verified or refuted, and embraces alternate hypotheses. At the same time the film proceeds by a complicated dance of providing and withholding information, of making and filling "gaps," and advancing and retarding the unfolding of the story. Bordwell goes on to discuss how strategies of narration are influenced by genre conventions (he uses the detective film and the melodrama as his examples), and manifested through various methods of handling time (questions of temporal order, duration and frequency à la Genette), and space (questions of perspective, *mise-en-scène* and continuity).

In the final section he posits a theory of "historical modes of narration," arguing that throughout film history distinct modes of narration have developed, each with its own norms for guiding the viewer's comprehension of the story. He allows that there may be other modes, but he identifies four: "classical narration," represented by Hollywood films and typically identifiable by tight causality, psychologically motivated, goal-oriented characters, and careful spatial continuity; "art-cinema narration," exemplified by the films of European directors such as Bergman, Resnais, Fellini, etc., and marked by a more "realistic," open-ended approach to causality, episodic plots, characters in psychological crisis, and authorial commentary; "historical-materialist narration," found in the work of Soviet film-makers in the twenties and thirties, typified by rhetorical appeals to the audience, characters as types rather than individuals, and an abstract use of space; and finally, "parametric narration," which he locates in the films of directors such as Ozu, Mizoguchi, Dreyer, and Bresson, and which he defines as marked by excessive patterning of cinematic techniques which are irrelevant to the construction of the story. Bordwell concludes with a discussion of the baffling narration found in the films Godard made from 1959–1967.

Narration in the Fiction Film moves rather squarely, even formidably, into a hole in film scholarship and will undoubtedly ground the discussion for years to come. Bordwell's argument about how the viewer interacts with the film is a salutory refutation of the myth of viewer passivity. His account of how viewers make sense of a narrative is intuitively reasonable (though one wishes that he had contrasted his approach with the current theories of reader-response critics such as Wolfgang Iser). His demonstration of how films arouse interest and involvement through the creation, suppression or flouting of gaps and through a range of knowledge, self-consciousness, and communicativeness provides a concise and

rather masterful application of literary concepts concerning "point of view" or "focalization." His definitions of the first three historical modes are intriguing and fecund. (The last fails to convince, particularly because, as he himself admits, the film-makers he wishes to include are not linked by time period or nationality; thus Bordwell puts himself in the odd position of arguing for an "ahistorical" historical mode.)

Praiseworthy as it may be, one also finds ample reason to take issue with this study. The book jacket claims that it will be welcomed by "every serious film scholar, student or fan"; I cannot imagine anyone but the most serious scholar finishing it. Although it treats but one corner of the possible issues relating film and narrative, its text covers 336 double-column pages. (Thus, it is roughly as long as Rimmon-Kenan's *Narrative Fiction,* Chatman's *Story and Discourse* and Genette's *Narrative Discourse* put together.) Bordwell habitually builds his arguments from the ground up; the reader must work through lengthy discussions of perspective in painting, theories of the psychology of perception, arguments for and against serial music, and definitions of abstract terms such as "mode" or "norm." In addition, Bordwell includes a proliferation of close analyses of examples. Segments from more than twenty films, *Rear Window, Potemkin, Sunrise, Murder My Sweet, The Big Sleep, In This Our Life, The Spider's Stratagem, The Confrontation, La Guerre est finie, The New Babylon, Pickpocket, Wild and Woolly, Miss Lulu Bett, Lady Windemere's Fan, Say it with Songs, His Girl Friday, The Killers, Heaven Knows Mr. Allison,* and *Pierrot le fou,* come in for exhaustive and exhausting analysis.

Furthermore, I find myself in fundamental disagreement with aspects of Bordwell's approach to his subject. Bordwell is not willing to subscribe to the "communication theory" of narrative, the theory that sees all narratives as proceding from a sender of some sort (teller, narrator, author) to a receiver of some sort (reader, listener, viewer, narratee, etc.). Thus, he rejects the concept, initially proposed by Albert Laffey and subsequently embraced by Christian Metz, Bruce Kawin, André Gaudreault and others, that all films can be seen as narrated by an offscreen, rather nebulous master of ceremonies figure, which Laffey called *le grand imagier* (grand image-maker). Bordwell argues that "narration is better understood as the organization of a set of cues for the construction of a story. This presupposes a perceiver, but not any sender of a message. This scheme allows for the possibility that the *narrational process may sometimes mimic the communication situation more or less fully* [italics his]. . . . There is no point in positing communication as the fundamental process of all narration, only to grant that most films 'efface' or 'conceal' this process." He grants that some films rather forcefully elicit a sense of a narrator but he claims that this sense stems from certain "specific organizational principles, historical factors, and viewer's mental sets. Contrary to what the communication model implies, this sort of narrator does not create the narration; the narration, appealing to historical norms of viewing, creates the narrator." (p. 62)

If narrative is not a form of communication, what is it? How can a message be deliberately organized for a perceiver but not have a sender? How can stories, in any moment of history, tell themselves? Bordwell condemns the positing of a grand image-maker as an "anthropomorphic fiction" and goes on to transfer what I would label as human activities and qualities to an abstract process; according to him, narra*tion,* rather than a narra*tor,* "suppresses" information, "restricts" our knowledge, "generates" curiosity, "creates" a tone, is more or less "knowledgeable," more or less "communicative," more or less "*self*-conscious." Bordwell only grants that the viewer might sense the presence of a narrating entity while watching Godard's films or films belonging to his "art cinema" or "parametric" modes. But do Godard's films really have more of a personifiable presence behind them than Hitchcock's? Like Roland Barthes in his "The Death of the Author"[4] essay, Bordwell wishes to divorce narrative texts not only from concrete, flesh-and-blood creators, but even from loose models of human behavior. I find this approach rather misanthropic.

Moreover, I am not (heresy of heresies) totally convinced by Bordwell's efforts to historicize modes of narration. What this book and *Classical Hollywood Cinema* seek

to prove is that the mode of storytelling in Hollywood films is not "natural" or "inevitable" but the product of a specific mode of production and cultural discourse. Certainly the argument holds for questions of style. But Bordwell gives rather short shrift to what he calls "canonic narration" and to the fact, underlying the whole concept of narrative theory to begin with, that narratives of different cultures, time periods and even media display marked similarities. In *The Classical Hollywood Cinema* Kristin Thompson details the influence on Hollywood of the well-made play and nineteenth-century novels and short stories. But what Bordwell doesn't discuss in either book is that "classical" films seem "excessively obvious" not only because they adhere to those proximate influences but also because they correspond (in a way that some other types of films do not) to an ancient tradition of popular storytelling. What, to me, is most intriguing about cinematic narratives is the extent to which, as Peter Wollen has demonstrated, a structural description of Russian fairy tales is applicable to *North by Northwest.*[5] —SARAH KOZLOFF

NOTES

1. David Bordwell, Janet Staiger, and Kristin Thompson, *The Classical Hollywood Cinema: Film Style and Mode of Production to 1960* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985).
2. David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson, *Film Art: An Introduction* (Reading, MA: Addison-Wesley, 1979).
3. David Bordwell, *The Films of Carl-Theodor Dreyer* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1981).
4. Roland Barthes, "The Death of the Author," in *Image/Music/Text,* trans. Stephen Heath (New York: Hill and Wang, 1977), p. 142–148.
5. Peter Wollen, "*North by Northwest:* A Morphological Analysis," *Film Form,* no. 1 (1976) pp. 19–34.

POINT OF VIEW IN THE CINEMA

A Theory of Narration and Subjectivity in the Classical Film

By Edward R. Branigan, with a foreword by David Bordwell. Berlin, New York, Amsterdam: Mouton Publishers, 1984. DM 138, app. $62.70.

The theoretician's stock in trade is distinctions, and she/he bears a special responsibility to define new terms and refine old ones —and to stay faithful to those definitions and refinements throughout the argument. When it comes to problematic concepts like "point of view," this responsibility can become rather daunting. For all its erudition and authority, its background in current narratology and its command of an astonishing number of films, Branigan's book does not negotiate the choppy waters of theory with much grace, and indeed almost flounders at moments when safe harbor is in clear sight. The book is unnecessarily difficult to read, mostly for stylistic reasons; more than anything the stylistic problem keeps it from being the valuable contribution to the theory of cinematic narration that it should be.

One example of how the stylistic difficulty hampers the argument must suffice. Consider a pronouncement like the following: "Each successive level of narration implicates a new subject—a fictional or hypothetical perceiver —in an activity of seeing (e.g., listening, telling, displaying) an object (i.e., what is seen, heard, displayed)." The notion of nested Chinese boxes of subjects and objects is perfectly acceptable; what is harder to swallow is the equation, by a kind of appositional slippage, of perceiving and seeing with listening, telling, and displaying. Perceiving, of course, includes both seeing and hearing, but it does not include telling and displaying (the first, the typical mode of the bard or, by an easy metaphor, the literary narrator; the second, the typical mode of the cinematic narrator). The narrator (a function of narrative discourse) does not *perceive*—only characters (a function of narrative story) perceive. Narrators show, tell, display, represent, communicate a world, that of story; the act of representation is performed from "outside" the story, not "inside." Even if the narrator is first person and played a role as a character "back then" in the story, his/her/its present account is retrospective, after the fact. As Branigan himself says, in such cases "There is not a single 'I' but two distinct 'I's," the narrator-I and the character-I.

This confusion of representation with perception and the other ways by which the characters experience the story-world probably derives from Branigan's overemphasis on the viewer's or reader's share, to the denial of the narrator's existence except as an artifact of

to prove is that the mode of storytelling in Hollywood films is not "natural" or "inevitable" but the product of a specific mode of production and cultural discourse. Certainly the argument holds for questions of style. But Bordwell gives rather short shrift to what he calls "canonic narration" and to the fact, underlying the whole concept of narrative theory to begin with, that narratives of different cultures, time periods and even media display marked similarities. In *The Classical Hollywood Cinema* Kristin Thompson details the influence on Hollywood of the well-made play and nineteenth-century novels and short stories. But what Bordwell doesn't discuss in either book is that "classical" films seem "excessively obvious" not only because they adhere to those proximate influences but also because they correspond (in a way that some other types of films do not) to an ancient tradition of popular storytelling. What, to me, is most intriguing about cinematic narratives is the extent to which, as Peter Wollen has demonstrated, a structural description of Russian fairy tales is applicable to *North by Northwest.*[5] —SARAH KOZLOFF

NOTES

1. David Bordwell, Janet Staiger, and Kristin Thompson, *The Classical Hollywood Cinema: Film Style and Mode of Production to 1960* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985).
2. David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson, *Film Art: An Introduction* (Reading, MA: Addison-Wesley, 1979).
3. David Bordwell, *The Films of Carl-Theodor Dreyer* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1981).
4. Roland Barthes, "The Death of the Author," in *Image/Music/Text,* trans. Stephen Heath (New York: Hill and Wang, 1977), p. 142–148.
5. Peter Wollen, "*North by Northwest:* A Morphological Analysis," *Film Form,* no. 1 (1976) pp. 19–34.

POINT OF VIEW IN THE CINEMA

A Theory of Narration and Subjectivity in the Classical Film

By Edward R. Branigan, with a foreword by David Bordwell. Berlin, New York, Amsterdam: Mouton Publishers, 1984. DM 138, app. $62.70.

The theoretician's stock in trade is distinctions, and she/he bears a special responsibility to define new terms and refine old ones —and to stay faithful to those definitions and refinements throughout the argument. When it comes to problematic concepts like "point of view," this responsibility can become rather daunting. For all its erudition and authority, its background in current narratology and its command of an astonishing number of films, Branigan's book does not negotiate the choppy waters of theory with much grace, and indeed almost flounders at moments when safe harbor is in clear sight. The book is unnecessarily difficult to read, mostly for stylistic reasons; more than anything the stylistic problem keeps it from being the valuable contribution to the theory of cinematic narration that it should be.

One example of how the stylistic difficulty hampers the argument must suffice. Consider a pronouncement like the following: "Each successive level of narration implicates a new subject—a fictional or hypothetical perceiver —in an activity of seeing (e.g., listening, telling, displaying) an object (i.e., what is seen, heard, displayed)." The notion of nested Chinese boxes of subjects and objects is perfectly acceptable; what is harder to swallow is the equation, by a kind of appositional slippage, of perceiving and seeing with listening, telling, and displaying. Perceiving, of course, includes both seeing and hearing, but it does not include telling and displaying (the first, the typical mode of the bard or, by an easy metaphor, the literary narrator; the second, the typical mode of the cinematic narrator). The narrator (a function of narrative discourse) does not *perceive*—only characters (a function of narrative story) perceive. Narrators show, tell, display, represent, communicate a world, that of story; the act of representation is performed from "outside" the story, not "inside." Even if the narrator is first person and played a role as a character "back then" in the story, his/her/its present account is retrospective, after the fact. As Branigan himself says, in such cases "There is not a single 'I' but two distinct 'I's," the narrator-I and the character-I.

This confusion of representation with perception and the other ways by which the characters experience the story-world probably derives from Branigan's overemphasis on the viewer's or reader's share, to the denial of the narrator's existence except as an artifact of

readerly or viewerly construction: ". . . in my view there is no consciousness of a narrator to produce (originate) sentences which then control meaning for a reader but exactly the reverse: the systematic restrictions perceived by the reader within a text are simply labeled as 'narration' in order to be located when needed in the logical process of reading . . . Just as meaning does not depend on intention so there is no need to construct a consciousness behind the fiction to explain the production of that meaning (narration)." But meaning *does* depend on intention, as speech-act philosophers like Austin, Grice and Searle have so convincingly shown. "Can you pass the salt?" can be a command, a request, a question ("Are you physically able to?"), even an evasion (as, say a husband's response to his wife's angry question, "Did you sleep with that woman last night?"). So narrative meaning too depends on intention: the reader must both read out and infer the intentions of the text, the intentions *inherent* in the text (which are not inevitably congruent with the intentions of the real author at the moment of composition). Intention (of both the narrator and the implied author, and these may differ, as in unreliable narration)—intention is by definition inscribed in the text. It exists, at least as a potentiality, even when no one is reading the text. Even when a film is projected on the screen in an empty theater the narrator, and behind her/him/it the implied author, are activated. Dostoevsky and Hitchcock created the narrators of *Crime and Punishment* and *Psycho,* not Branigan or any other real reader: what real readers do is to activate the process of narrative communication by assuming the roles of the missing personae in the narrative transaction, the narratee and the implied reader. The real reader or viewer creates nothing: he/she only *re-creates* the narrative, both structure and content, in the act of reading or viewing.

When Branigan gets to his main task, however, namely the analysis of the various means by which the points of view of filmic characters are communicated, the book becomes both easier to read and more useful. It profits greatly from a rich array of examples, whether drawn from actual "classical" films or ingeniously constructed by the author. Six dimensions of point-of-view representation are distinguished—origin, vision, time, frame, object, and mind. These (particularly "mind") are not named very successfully, but the distinctions themselves are obviously valid and enable Branigan to construct an interesting and useful array of 20 boxes which account for such narrative categories as flashback (the narrator's or the character's), "reflections" (mirror shots, eyeline matches), point-of-view shots, "perceptions" (out-of-focus shots) and the like. The system is so neat and well-documented that it makes the struggle with Branigan's prose more worthwhile.

Branigan's is a book which needed a scrupulous and talented editor: clearly his publisher failed him on this account, as they did in marketing it at so outrageous a price (261 pages at $62.70 works out to almost twenty-five cents a page!).

—SEYMOUR CHATMAN

FILM CRITICISM: A COUNTER THEORY

By William Cadbury and Leland Poague. Ames, IA: Iowa State University Press, 1982.

Cadbury and Poague propose a theory of film criticism alternative to structuralist and post-structuralist theories (and their various psychoanalytic and other ideological variants). The theory is based on one of the most pragmatic of aesthetic philosophies, that of Monroe Beardsley (see Monroe Beardsley, *Aesthetics: Problems in the Philosophy of Criticism,* New York: Harcourt Brace, 1958). Beardsley's theory is usefully explained by Cadbury in the first chapter: indeed, this explication is the best thing in the book. Beardsley's theory argues that aesthetic qualities actually inhere in works of art and are not merely projections of the onlooker's perceptual and cognitive mental equipment (as Derrida, the later Barthes, and the various Lacanians would maintain). According to Beardsley, though it is composed of inanimate molecules, a painting by Matisse could be called cheerful, that is, possessed of cheerful qualities, in a meaningful if metaphorical sense. In other words, "the attributes of the painting are similar to our attributes when we're cheerful." Thus "its areas are bold and self-assured, bright without tension but with vigor, related strongly

readerly or viewerly construction: ". . . in my view there is no consciousness of a narrator to produce (originate) sentences which then control meaning for a reader but exactly the reverse: the systematic restrictions perceived by the reader within a text are simply labeled as 'narration' in order to be located when needed in the logical process of reading . . . Just as meaning does not depend on intention so there is no need to construct a consciousness behind the fiction to explain the production of that meaning (narration)." But meaning *does* depend on intention, as speech-act philosophers like Austin, Grice and Searle have so convincingly shown. "Can you pass the salt?" can be a command, a request, a question ("Are you physically able to?"), even an evasion (as, say a husband's response to his wife's angry question, "Did you sleep with that woman last night?"). So narrative meaning too depends on intention: the reader must both read out and infer the intentions of the text, the intentions *inherent* in the text (which are not inevitably congruent with the intentions of the real author at the moment of composition). Intention (of both the narrator and the implied author, and these may differ, as in unreliable narration)—intention is by definition inscribed in the text. It exists, at least as a potentiality, even when no one is reading the text. Even when a film is projected on the screen in an empty theater the narrator, and behind her/him/it the implied author, are activated. Dostoevsky and Hitchcock created the narrators of *Crime and Punishment* and *Psycho,* not Branigan or any other real reader: what real readers do is to activate the process of narrative communication by assuming the roles of the missing personae in the narrative transaction, the narratee and the implied reader. The real reader or viewer creates nothing: he/she only *re-creates* the narrative, both structure and content, in the act of reading or viewing.

When Branigan gets to his main task, however, namely the analysis of the various means by which the points of view of filmic characters are communicated, the book becomes both easier to read and more useful. It profits greatly from a rich array of examples, whether drawn from actual "classical" films or ingeniously constructed by the author. Six dimensions of point-of-view representation are distinguished—origin, vision, time, frame, object, and mind. These (particularly "mind") are not named very successfully, but the distinctions themselves are obviously valid and enable Branigan to construct an interesting and useful array of 20 boxes which account for such narrative categories as flashback (the narrator's or the character's), "reflections" (mirror shots, eyeline matches), point-of-view shots, "perceptions" (out-of-focus shots) and the like. The system is so neat and well-documented that it makes the struggle with Branigan's prose more worthwhile.

Branigan's is a book which needed a scrupulous and talented editor: clearly his publisher failed him on this account, as they did in marketing it at so outrageous a price (261 pages at $62.70 works out to almost twenty-five cents a page!).

—SEYMOUR CHATMAN

FILM CRITICISM: A COUNTER THEORY

By William Cadbury and Leland Poague. Ames, IA: Iowa State University Press, 1982.

Cadbury and Poague propose a theory of film criticism alternative to structuralist and post-structuralist theories (and their various psychoanalytic and other ideological variants). The theory is based on one of the most pragmatic of aesthetic philosophies, that of Monroe Beardsley (see Monroe Beardsley, *Aesthetics: Problems in the Philosophy of Criticism,* New York: Harcourt Brace, 1958). Beardsley's theory is usefully explained by Cadbury in the first chapter: indeed, this explication is the best thing in the book. Beardsley's theory argues that aesthetic qualities actually inhere in works of art and are not merely projections of the onlooker's perceptual and cognitive mental equipment (as Derrida, the later Barthes, and the various Lacanians would maintain). According to Beardsley, though it is composed of inanimate molecules, a painting by Matisse could be called cheerful, that is, possessed of cheerful qualities, in a meaningful if metaphorical sense. In other words, "the attributes of the painting are similar to our attributes when we're cheerful." Thus "its areas are bold and self-assured, bright without tension but with vigor, related strongly

yet not overassertively," and so on. Further, by way of proof that the qualities really inhere in the art object and are not projections of our owm minds onto it, Beardsley would argue that it is perfectly possible to say that we appreciate the painting's cheerfulness, even when, say, our own state of mind is depressed, and experiencing the work makes us feel more depressed by contrast. So commonsensical an approach to the study of art objects is refreshing, and provides a welcome change from the gloomy nihilism and handwringing solipsism implicit in the Derridean and Lacanian positions. In theory, Cadbury and Poague's project is a stimulating one.

But the book does not do real justice to the power of Breadsley's approach. Ostensibly divided into theoretical and practical sections, precious little practice gets demonstrated. In the first part, three critiques are offered—of the realist theory of Bazin, of the genre school, and of semiotics, structuralist and poststructuralist. These are a mixed bag: the attack on genre theory is particularly weak after the good introduction, and the discussion of Bazin seems rather old hat.

But perhaps the most disappointing thing in the book is the application to actual films. A chapter on "Hitchcock and the Ethics of Vision" seems to have little to do with Beardsley's aesthetics. A chapter on "Auteurism: Theory as Against Policy" is included for unclear reasons in the second rather than the first section. Similarly, chapters entitled "Intentionality, Authorship, and Film Criticism" and "History/Cinema/Criticism" appear under practice rather than theory but contain little in the way of sustained analysis of films. The only extended discussion of actual texts occurs in the chapter entitled "Film Interpretation: Theory and Practice." The object of inquiry is Antonioni's trilogy, *L'avventura, La notte,* and *L'eclisse.* The application of Beardsley's aesthetics to these films is rather disappointing. Though Beardsley's book really is an aesthetics, not a practical text in critical analysis, it does demonstrate with actual analyses of poems and paintings. Beardsley's general procedure is to describe the elements of the work of art and to show how they work at the local or stylistic level, and then combine at the global or structural level. But when Cadbury actually sets out to apply Beardsley's ideas to film, few new insights seem to arise, and practically none of them concern film form; the discussion is almost entirely interpretative and thematic. Of course, Beardsley's book is very much concerned with questions of explication, interpretation, and elucidation, and at the level of close reading, Cadbury's analysis is not badly done. But it omits whole realms of formal analysis strongly implicit in Beardsley's method. Beardsley's great strength is his clear vantage on and preoccupation with the nuts and bolts of artistic form. But reading Cadbury's discussion of Antonioni, one is hard put to remember that *films* are the subject of inquiry: most of what is said would equally apply to novels and plays. On the few occasions when the visual dimension is adverted to, the discussion hardly does justice to a visual artist of Antonioni's stature (for example, there is some simplistic comparison of the shape of trees and the figures of Lidia and Giovanni in the final scene of *La notte*). Exactly the "qualities" of the visual surface, about which so much is made in the introduction, get neglected in the overriding preoccupation with thematics. Where Beardsley talks interestingly about line, mass, and color, about scale, harmony, and rhythm, about meter, persona, and style, Cadbury talks almost exclusively about Antonioni's desire to show us that people today "adjust to life by not asking too much of it, by convincing themselves that emotional and other situations are in good order, even if, in fact, they are not, and by deadening themselves to emotional appeals even though they thereby deaden themselves to joy as well." All true, all well-known. But very little is offered to explain *how* this showing is done. Too often we are treated to turgid generalizations like this instead: "The [Antonioni] quality is precise, situational, very much a matter of clear images of the world's attraction as deadening surface and of the slightly naive individual's expectation that is doomed to be dashed in a surface like that." But how is that attractively deadening surface (if he must call it that) communicated? By what camera angles, distances and movements, editing, lighting? Not much is forthcoming about such matters, but what is theory for if not to facilitate formal and technical as well as contentual discussion?

—SEYMOUR CHATMAN

ALICE DOESN'T
Feminism, Semiotics, Cinema

By Teresa de Lauretis. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984. $22.50 cloth, $10.95 paper.

Teresa de Lauretis's *Alice Doesn't: Feminism, Semiotics, Cinema* appears in the context of what one hopes will be the "first wave" of book-length studies of the "unholy alliance" joined in her subtitle; whereas feminist film theory has previously seemed most comfortable in the forms of essays, anthologies, interviews, and collective texts, the recent publication of Annette Kuhn's *Women's Pictures,* E. Ann Kaplan's *Women and Film: Both Sides of the Camera,* and, with a broader scope, Kaja Silverman's *The Subject of Semiotics* signals, at best, the current richness and growing interest in feminist film theory and practice, and, at worst, the possible institutionalization and demarginalization of a critique whose force may no longer be perceived as radical or oppositional (all of these books come from respectable academic presses). But whereas Kuhn's, Kaplan's, and Silverman's books all assume an introductory function for themselves, by way of precise definitions, glossaries, and extensive bibliographies, de Lauretis writes with the assumption and confidence that feminist film theory has, at least for much of its audience, completed this introductory task, and is now ready to move on to more complex levels of inquiry. *Alice Doesn't* thus never introduces terms or concepts as merely necessary background, but always as problems to be worked through or used in the construction of more elaborate or politically effective propositions. But for all of its theoretical sophistication, *Alice Doesn't* is an accessible and concrete enterprise, an attempt to simultaneously address the "theoretical discourses and expressive practices which construct and effect a certain representation of 'woman'" and to acknowledge women as "real historical beings who cannot as yet be defined outside of those discursive formations" in which the fictional construct is defined. And so de Lauretis keeps these terms, these two "women," distinct, retaining feminism's concern with the material conditions of women's existence, while emphasizing the symbolic, cultural representations of women that block access to women as historical subjects. Through insightful discussions of the construction (and exclusion) of female subjectivity in both theoretical discourses (semiotics, psychoanalysis) and material practices (cinema, films by Michael Snow and Nicolas Roeg), de Lauretis demonstrates the ways in which "woman" is "imaged," constructed and represented, by patriarchy; it is only then that one can begin "to articulate the relations of the female subject to representation, meaning, and vision, and in so doing to construct the terms of another frame of reference, another measure of desire."

What de Lauretis's "advance" allows is crucial: her study consistently avoids presenting feminism's projects or agenda as set or "given." Through such an avoidance, *Alice Doesn't* encourages debates within feminism (around, for example the questions of feminine essence, or experience) and feminist film theory (as evidenced by de Lauretis's many returns to Laura Mulvey's now famous arguments). Feminism, in other words, is not allowed the hard outlines and strict definitions of a "discipline," and so can move forward without denying or masking the contradictions that it would be more comforting, more "disciplined," to have resolved. "There are," de Lauretis warns us, "no final answers," and it is, in fact, one of the strengths of *Alice Doesn't* that its analyses are not entirely encouraging for feminism, that many of its claims are "harsh," if "not hopeless." This opposition to the given (insisted upon in the book's title) allows even the most abstract arguments here to maintain their political and historical force, their ground in the practical existence of women. Furthermore, the book demonstrates this refusal of already drawn boundaries through its necessarily post-disciplinary range and approach; for de Lauretis, feminism "now interrogates semiotic and film theory," as well as anthropology, psychoanalysis, Marxism, and narratology.

Alice Doesn't is not reducible to a single "field," position, or thesis; but de Lauretis does return to a number of concerns which are reexamined and elaborated (but never closed) throughout the book. These center, again, around the "placing" of women through discursive formations in the service of masculine desire and knowledge, and include questions

of identification, desire, sexual difference, and pleasure. These interwoven concerns emphasize *Alice Doesn't*'s reliance on psychoanalysis as a theory of subjectivity, a reliance that is so prevalent that "psychoanalysis" might be included in the book's subtitle. De Lauretis skillfully articulates the uses to which feminism might put psychoanalysis. In fact, she makes a good case for a psychoanalytically informed feminism precisely because her appropriations of Freud are always made in order to strengthen feminist inquiry; so while she can eloquently defend Freud, "who, unlike Jung or Horney, to say nothing of Masters and Johnson, does account for the continual existence and the functioning of patriarchy as a structure of subjectivity," she also recognizes the inadequacy of the psychoanalytic view of the female subject, or Freud's exclusion of women from the question of desire: Freud's famous question, "What does a woman want?" is "prompted by men's desire for woman, and by men's desire to know . . . [Freud] first formulates—defines—the question and then answers it." De Lauretis's most illuminating arguments in relation to psychoanalysis arise in her uses of the concept of identification to discuss the unusual position of the female spectator, and of desire in the construction of narrative, the latter defined precisely as "discourse conveying the temporal movement and positionalities of desire."

De Lauretis emphasizes that "the two terms, femininity and masculinity, do not refer so much to qualities or states of being inherent in a person, as to positions which she occupies in relation to desire. They are terms of identification." In traditional narratives the female subject's identification is split into the two positions of the hero (the active subject) and the boundary or obstacle (fixed object) which he must cross, and which is most commonly personified as female; in contemporary film theory a similar split has been discussed in terms of identification with the (active) look of the camera or the (fixed) image, the latter, again, the place of the woman: "The woman is framed by the look of the camera as icon, or object of the gaze; an image made to be looked at by the spectator, whose look is relayed by the look of the male character(s)." For de Lauretis the question then becomes one of "women's consent," the means by which narrative cinema "seduces women into femininity," entertaining the female spectator "as subject of the very movement that places her as its object, that makes her the figure of its own closure." She notes that "identification is itself a movement, a subject-process, a relation," but argues that the common association of the gaze with masculinity and the image with feminity relies upon incommensurable terms ("no image can be identified, or identified with, apart from the look that inscribes it as image, and vice versa") and, furthermore, relies upon a Lacanian neglect of the sexual differentiation of actual (adult) spectators that allows the gaze, masculinity, and cinematic identification to be solidly linked, when their relations should be merely *possible* in the *process* of identification. The female spectator's identification is then neither with just the (masculine) gaze nor the (feminine) image, but with both, at once; the female spectator is seduced by a "double identification" with

> the figure of narrative movement, the mythical subject, and with the figure of narrative closure, the narrative image. Were it not for the possibility of this second, figural identification, the woman spectator would be stranded between two incommensurable entities, the gaze and the image. Identification, that is, would be either impossible, split beyond any act of suture, or entirely masculine. The figural narrative identification, on the contrary, is double; both figures can and in fact must be identified with at once, for they are inherent in narrativity itself. It is this narrative identification that assures "the hold of the image," the anchoring of the subject in the flow of the film's movement. (p. 144)

This "narrative pressure" not only directs the spectator's identification, but also recalls the fact that real spectators are "subjects in history" and therefore, at least, already "engendered," engaged not in their (impossible) "primitive, primary, or purely imagistic identification," but in a "historically and socially constituted subjectivity."

In many ways the most striking work in *Alice Doesn't* deals with this "narrative pressure" or, more precisely, *narrativity,* the work of narrative in engaging and positioning the spectator. De Lauretis claims that the best work in recent feminist film theory and practice has not rejected narrative and its Oedipal structuration, as might be expected; rather, this work is "Oedipal and narrative with a vengeance," and the same might be said of

Alice Doesn't. The most obvious example of this concentration is surely de Lauretis's analysis of Michael Snow's ostensibly non-narrative *Presents* in terms of its narrative tendencies and address to a male spectator. But more subtly, in the most challenging and fascinating chapter of the book, ambitiously but justifiably titled "Desire in Narrative," de Lauretis argues that narrative and Oedipal pleasure, or masculine desire, are so closely linked in the "mythical-textual mechanics" of our "modern mythologies, the fictions of our social imagination" as to appear inseparable and identical. Even in the basic semantic structure of all narrative (according to Greimas), "the movement of an actant-subject toward an actant-object," these positions are sexually differentiated as male and female by the desire that propels the subject towards the object, and which lies at the heart of the privileged myth that names its subject Oedipus and object the Sphinx. De Lauretis pushes the notion of a fundamental Oedipal determination of narrative as far as she can (further, for example, than Barthes, who suggested the idea), and thereby returns to Oedipus as, indeed, the central narrative of Western culture, but not the necessary, essential *human* structure of desire that the myth's appropriation by psychoanalysis might suggest. Employing the lesser known work of Propp, de Lauretis demonstrates the link between the internal, or structural production of narrative and the external, or historical modes of material production that, in the case of Oedipus, reveals the coexistence of two different social orders: in the shift from matriarchial to patriarchial forms of succession, the killing of the king, once an act of regicide performed by a son-in-law (who gains power and wealth via his marriage to the princess), becomes the crime of patricide, the murder of a father by a son. Oedipus, of course, acts as both son and son-in-law in his narrative, and so his story represents the real historical contradictions which any change in social systems will reveal. Significantly, the princess is then played down in subsequent versions of the story, and when she appears as the hybrid Sphinx in the story of Oedipus, she is once more neglected in the retellings of the story by Sophocles and Freud. What is more important, however, is what is accomplished in the historicizing of the Oedipal myth—whereas prophecy and fate (late additions to the story) make the murder of the king part of a tragedy, a metaphysical morality tale, the recognition that the story is the product of authentic historical determinations strips its power as a given, unchangeable, natural trajectory away.

It is through this sort of skillful argument that de Lauretis clears the ground for future feminist inquiry. While *Alice Doesn't* is resolutely anti-idealist in its refusal to provide hopeful promises for feminism when rigorous analysis is first required, de Lauretis does indicate where work like hers can lead:

> If the spectator's identification is engaged and directed in each film by specific cinematic-narrative codes, it should be possible to work through those codes in order to shift or redirect identification toward the two positionalities of desire that define the female's Oedipal situation; and if the alternation between them is protracted long enough or in enough films, the viewer may come to suspect that such duplicity, such contradiction cannot and perhaps even need not be resolved. (p. 153)

Again, de Lauretis always questions the simple rejection of the discourses and structures from which women are now excluded, instead advocating, through argument and her own example, the critical evaluation and then appropriation of what can be intellectually and politically useful for feminism: "The real task is to enact the contradiction of female desire, and of women as social subjects, in the terms of narrative." As a book of rereadings, retellings, and rewritings, *Alice Doesn't* begins to realize this task. At the very (active) border of feminist scholarship, this book makes one anxiously anticipate the work to come.

—COREY K. CREEKMUIR

MOVIES AND METHODS, VOL. II

Edited by Bill Nichols. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1985. $32.50 cloth, $14.95 paper.

This sequel to the widely used Volume I offers 682 pages of the imaginative developments that have given history and genre studies new vigor, and produced new insights through feminist, structuralist, and psychoanalytic approaches. It should prove as invaluable to the serious student as Volume I, and remain an essential reference work for years to come.

Alice Doesn't. The most obvious example of this concentration is surely de Lauretis's analysis of Michael Snow's ostensibly non-narrative *Presents* in terms of its narrative tendencies and address to a male spectator. But more subtly, in the most challenging and fascinating chapter of the book, ambitiously but justifiably titled "Desire in Narrative," de Lauretis argues that narrative and Oedipal pleasure, or masculine desire, are so closely linked in the "mythical-textual mechanics" of our "modern mythologies, the fictions of our social imagination" as to appear inseparable and identical. Even in the basic semantic structure of all narrative (according to Greimas), "the movement of an actant-subject toward an actant-object," these positions are sexually differentiated as male and female by the desire that propels the subject towards the object, and which lies at the heart of the privileged myth that names its subject Oedipus and object the Sphinx. De Lauretis pushes the notion of a fundamental Oedipal determination of narrative as far as she can (further, for example, than Barthes, who suggested the idea), and thereby returns to Oedipus as, indeed, the central narrative of Western culture, but not the necessary, essential *human* structure of desire that the myth's appropriation by psychoanalysis might suggest. Employing the lesser known work of Propp, de Lauretis demonstrates the link between the internal, or structural production of narrative and the external, or historical modes of material production that, in the case of Oedipus, reveals the coexistence of two different social orders: in the shift from matriarchial to patriarchial forms of succession, the killing of the king, once an act of regicide performed by a son-in-law (who gains power and wealth via his marriage to the princess), becomes the crime of patricide, the murder of a father by a son. Oedipus, of course, acts as both son and son-in-law in his narrative, and so his story represents the real historical contradictions which any change in social systems will reveal. Significantly, the princess is then played down in subsequent versions of the story, and when she appears as the hybrid Sphinx in the story of Oedipus, she is once more neglected in the retellings of the story by Sophocles and Freud. What is more important, however, is what is accomplished in the historicizing of the Oedipal myth—whereas prophecy and fate (late additions to the story) make the murder of the king part of a tragedy, a metaphysical morality tale, the recognition that the story is the product of authentic historical determinations strips its power as a given, unchangeable, natural trajectory away.

It is through this sort of skillful argument that de Lauretis clears the ground for future feminist inquiry. While *Alice Doesn't* is resolutely anti-idealist in its refusal to provide hopeful promises for feminism when rigorous analysis is first required, de Lauretis does indicate where work like hers can lead:

> If the spectator's identification is engaged and directed in each film by specific cinematic-narrative codes, it should be possible to work through those codes in order to shift or redirect identification toward the two positionalities of desire that define the female's Oedipal situation; and if the alternation between them is protracted long enough or in enough films, the viewer may come to suspect that such duplicity, such contradiction cannot and perhaps even need not be resolved. (p. 153)

Again, de Lauretis always questions the simple rejection of the discourses and structures from which women are now excluded, instead advocating, through argument and her own example, the critical evaluation and then appropriation of what can be intellectually and politically useful for feminism: "The real task is to enact the contradiction of female desire, and of women as social subjects, in the terms of narrative." As a book of rereadings, retellings, and rewritings, *Alice Doesn't* begins to realize this task. At the very (active) border of feminist scholarship, this book makes one anxiously anticipate the work to come.

—COREY K. CREEKMUIR

MOVIES AND METHODS, VOL. II

Edited by Bill Nichols. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1985. $32.50 cloth, $14.95 paper.

This sequel to the widely used Volume I offers 682 pages of the imaginative developments that have given history and genre studies new vigor, and produced new insights through feminist, structuralist, and psychoanalytic approaches. It should prove as invaluable to the serious student as Volume I, and remain an essential reference work for years to come.

A CERTAIN TENDENCY OF THE HOLLYWOOD CINEMA: 1930-1980

By Robert B. Ray. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1985.

A Certain Tendency of the Hollywood Cinema, 1930-1980 is the virgin flight of its author, a Florida English professor. But there could hardly be a more ambitious film-theory film-history book—starting with a title deliberately competitive with the New Wave's most famous polemic essay.

Robert Ray thinks he has both discovered and defined, for good, the stylistic mechanisms of the commerical US film, plus the ideological basis of those mechanisms. As indicated by his title, he regards his discoveries as applicable critical tools for the whole sound-film past of Hollywood. (He throws away the silent era.) Under single covers, *A Certain Tendency* is supposed to hand us both a working theory and a practical history of the US sound film.

Ray's argument, with its obvious aesthetic-political debt to Noël Burch, is that Hollywood has the single basic aesthetic aim of mimetic illusion. Bogart, Gable, Grant, De Niro *et al.*—Ray does next to nothing with the big women stars and hence with the whole (aesthetic) issue of "glamor"—were and are accepted by their mass audience the way we accept what we see in a newsreel, only more close up. We are hence manipulated because the mimetic illusion prevents us noticing the manipulation. (Though Ray never makes this application, it's clear his technical arguments about style and technique would apply to the camera and editing techniques used in the US fact film and on TV.)

Ray identifies what he calls the industry's single camera-editing style early by some very interesting analyses and demonstrations from a very few sample films, all early forties. But his more triumphant demonstrations concern the end-result use of this single style. His conclusion about a genre like the World War II frontline propaganda films is not basically about editing or camera placement. His real thesis is that all these war films recapitulate one single myth, via one single plot borrowed from Hawks's (prewar) *Only Angels Have Wings.*

Ray's book has a narrative plot-line: that the standard Hollywood camera style identified from his few samples (no use of generalizing statistics) was threatened (perhaps by accident?) by the late sixties attempt in Hollywood —first in London-produced films, then over here—to rip off some of the stylistics of the early French New Wave. The historical argument is that the new technical tricks had an ideological impact on the films where they were used. The end result was a renaissance decade in the US film, initiated by the 1967 release of *The Graduate (sic)* and *Bonnie and Clyde.* This Golden Age ran at least until 1975 (*Taxi Driver*) but was stoppered up by the box-office impact of 1977's *Star Wars,* which brought in the Age of Lucas.

Proving all this film history would seem to give Ray's book enough to keep it busy. But simply as bonuses the author chooses to throw in a whole political history of the USA from the depression to the rise of Lucasfilm: obviously, in his view, equal cultural disasters. Besides, Ray makes the further claim, partly carried out in the footnote section alone, that *A Certain Tendency* makes "theoretical progress" in learning how to forecast which US movies will in future make money. Outside of free dishes, it's hard to see what more Ray could promise his reader.

What he actually delivers, back of the book, is an interesting, analytic, well enough composed account of his 1967-75 Golden Age. But to reach this film period, where Ray has his critical authority, his reader must first endure a factually incompetent, thinly researched, antipathetic version of how the old big-studio system worked, which omits describing nearly all the most interesting films of the period. There is, e.g., nothing critically adequate on anything by Lubitsch, Astaire or Sturges, for starters. The old-studio films he *likes*—it's misleading to say he approves of them critically—cannot carry the historian's weight the early part of *A Certain Tendency* requires them to.

If we dismiss his historical argument, what Ray says and then critically demonstrates, early in his text, about Bogart's first two important star features or about the wartime frontline propaganda films, we find perceptive and helpful. Ray gives a useful explanation how big stars were and are photographed, to distinguish them from the character actors. Ray does this by a shot breakdown of the

crosscutting and camera layouts of what would look, to a layman, like a "neutral" exposition-characterization scene in *Casablanca*. (Ray's book, as said, has a plot-line. He expects his reader to remember page 54 and tie it later to the demonstration on page 331 of how the camera takes *Godfather I* as a vehicle away from Brando and hands it over to Pacino, simply by the way one of their mutual scenes is photographed.)

From his rather late (for sound) starting point with early forties Bogart and World War II films, *A Certain Tendency* skips its way forward to the admired 1967ff. decade by more sample-film discussions of camera-work, film ideology or both. Films are not discussed chronologically. The older samples discussed seem a mix of box-office hits (*Shane*), films that made the *Cahiers du Cinéma* lists, films about which fans are affectionate rather than critical (*Casablanca, It's a Wonderful Life*), and films nobody really likes but which get cited for specialist purposes by critics (*Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*). Ray never recommends a sleeper, though he is under the false impression that *Chinatown,* which he likes, is listed as a flop in the *Variety* all-time hit lists.

The actual few pre-1967 analyses are quite intelligent, notably on *It's a Wonderful Life.* Since the thesis of the book is that Hollywood only did variants on their idea of the same film from 1930–1966, I assume Ray's presumption is that he could make the same historian's case from any other set of the era's films he chose.

At any rate, in the last third of his book Ray drops this attitude towards the films discussed; and so we finally get a coherent, intelligible monograph, from then on, on what he considers the only adult or semi-adult US film decade. The aesthetic subject of this "monograph" is Hollywood's attempt to kidnap the French New Wave, or at least some of its stylistics. Ray's critical temperature rises, and we here find the single best passage of his whole book: a film-by-film demonstration of which US movies borrowed which innovations from Resnais, Truffaut and Godard.

However, the structural centerpiece of the book's 1967–75 section is the long account of how *Taxi Driver* borrows from Godard yet Hollywoodizes what it borrows. That is, Godard's original purposes are betrayed as his devices become functional in Schrader's mimetic narrative. (I am going to argue with Ray in a minute, but no question Godard would agree with Ray here.) A New Wave stylistic movement invented, as Ray says, at least partly to deprogram the audience and remind them they are watching a movie, not inside one, got revised to shore up the old ideal and intention of simulation and verisimilitude.

I give Ray's case, though I think in fact as a film historian he has somewhat the same limitations dealing with the original New Wave that he has, earlier in his book, dealing with Old Hollywood. But he's very good on how the industry was influenced by what itself it considered the French New Wave to be. As Ray points out, the American "New Wave-y" films he admires, from *Bonnie and Clyde* on, are really absorbing what was going on technically in the more innovative TV commercials, in what Dick Lester was doing with the 1964–65 Beatles (to heavy box office) as much as anything filmed by Resnais or Godard.

Ray's thesis about US film history obviously requires from the 1967–75 films not merely a few good movies; this could be explained away as the irrepressible eruption of new talent. He needs an American masterpiece or two, with a new style and ideology; and his book finds them in the form of the two *Godfather* films. So *A Certain Tendency* is cornerstoned by its juxtaposition of the extensive early technical analysis of *Casablanca* vs. the pp. 328–44 breakdown of *Godfather I.*

Ray opens big by identifying *Godfather I* as the "ultimate Left film" and proceeds to put his case for Coppola's film as the US art-film event of its generation. And of course Ray carries with him the various original support of Kael, Kurosawa and the contemporary world market. In rebuttal, however isolatedly, one can only say that a sustained cinematic attack on the Italian-American parochial sacramental system does not substitute, either artistically or sociologically, for a long-winded failure by Coppola and Puzo to make clear that all the main characters in the film live by organized pimping. An old-studio program film like Warners' 1937 *Marked Woman* slid this one by the Legion of Decency rules, lucidly and dramatically enough, and within 90 minutes of screentime. On the notion that

Coppola, Arthur Penn and Paul Schrader are morally more adult than Lubitsch, Hawks and Sturges, I pass. But I hope I am not the only person to catch the joke in Ray's treatment of Coppola as an expert analyst of the US economy?

This review could by inclination argue value judgments with any other of Ray's sample films; we would probably disagree on the artistic value of a newsreel. But primarily we need to identify the main point of dispute over Ray's whole illusionist film theory or film history. (His theory is of course out of Noël Burch, but Burch seems to me critically more serious and informed than Ray. Burch is in any case trying to lay down intelligible ground rules for dealing with unfamiliar but unquestionably important movies, mostly prewar Japanese.)

For example, I admire everything Ray says about how *Taxi Driver* transmutes what it borrows from Godard—except Ray's value judgment, it is immoral to make *Driver's* instrumentalist use of some camera techniques. Let me further debate Ray on another example, mentioned in his text, from what both of us would call the fun-movie period in US cinema. I prefer the freeze-shot ending of *Philadelphia Story* (1940) to the later freeze ending in the New Wave *400 Blows* (1959). The *Blows* we-are-all-guilty freeze seems to me only a copout to stop the picture, not end it. Who could forecast from Truffaut's beach finale that the autobiographical hero would soon turn into a film buff, then a director? By contrast the *Story* freeze reaches back into the body of its film. It wraps up theme and plot points efficiently, in split seconds of screentime, while affording us a topper end-joke that stays in key with the rest of the film. But of course, for Ray, part of the value of the *Blows* freeze is what I call its "awkwardness," its breaking the frame of its film universe.

Aside from this kind of reviewer squabbling with the author, there are some purely technical objections to *A Certain Tendency* as an academic film book. It's sometimes inadequate or misleading with its cited sources. And I object to a film history that lets itself wander away as much as *Tendency* does, to deal with the literary criticism of Richard Chase, Leslie Fiedler, *et al.*

Ray stipulates a research consensus behind some of his critical claims. No novice film student would guess that Schrader's *Transcendental Style in Film,* in the bibliography, is at total odds with the Godard-Lester cinematic high-metabolism Ray admires. Similarly, Barry Salt's technical articles on US film camerawork, in the back issues of *FQ,* are cited as supportive. As readers know, if only from the Summer 1985 review of the Salt material in its book form, Salt does not respect anyone else in his specialist field enough to back them up. Thus my own review here is highly favorable to Ray's own shot breakdowns, but not because I have Salt on my side. Salt does not support Ray on the great eyeline-match controversy; and Salt cites such tremendous statistical variants among US directors in crosscutting that there is no way Salt would accept Ray's suggestion that *Casablanca's* particular film style is an industry norm.

Mention of *Casablanca* gives me an endpoint to make about Ray. He goes to great trouble in his book to maintain an ingenious identification of Bogart's Rick with Twain's Huck Finn (this is where the lengthy resort to Chase & Fiedler comes in). Yet a David Shipman, a Kael, a Richard Halliwell, real authorities on *Casablanca's* film period, would have automatically and hence more succinctly source-hunted Bogart's Rick in the way a beginner film-course student requires.

This beginner film student needs to know, not about Twain and Fiedler, but that, loosely, the 1942 *Casablanca* derives from the 1937 *Pepe le Moko;* and thus that Bogart's doomed lover in colonial French North Africa is an Americanized variant on Jean Gabin's Pepe. As said, Ray has enough smarts about 1967–75 American film, his period in the academic sense, to identify the mediating sources by which postwar French film influenced postwar Hollywood. But the comparable mediator between Gabin and Bogart—Boyer in the 1938 US *Algiers*—never makes it into Ray's index.

To sum up, Ray just hasn't seen enough old US sound films to write his book or test his book's thesis properly. A physician-critic would prescribe a long and heavy dose, preferably with live rerun audiences in theaters, of: Astaire, Sturges, Stan & Ollie, Garbo, Chuck Jones. Ray might even, discussing

sound movies, start listening to the sound track. The 1932–1942 audience did, very closely, and so heard both Porter, Kern and Gershwin (the "glamor" issue again) and most of the best scripts that ever got produced in Hollywood, from *Trouble in Paradise* to the *Palm Beach Story*. It would be a very pleasant assignment for most of us; but the problem with the first two-thirds of Ray's book is, one cannot be convinced he would share in our anticipation.

—JAMES MARK PURCELL

Miscellaneous

FINAL CUT

Dreams and Disaster in the Making of *Heaven's Gate*

By Steven Bach. New York: Morrow, 1985. $19.95.

If ever a book made grimly fascinating reading, this is it. *Final Cut* is compulsively readable, like a thriller, even though most readers will know the outcome in advance. To quote the dust-jacket, "Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* did not merely fail (failure is forgivable, sometimes even embraced, in the strange labyrinths of the Hollywood psyche). *Heaven's Gate* did the unthinkable: It sank a studio. Less than a month after the picture's second release, United Artists—the company founded by Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith and Charlie Chaplin—for all practical purposes ceased to exist. What happened? Why? How?" In providing an answer to these questions *Final Cut* also procures for the reader the satisfaction or *frisson* of a story in which nobody—the author included—comes out particularly well. Reading it, I was constantly reminded of Larry Gelbart's quip during the 1986 Academy Awards that a screenwriter might have "water on the brain that the director has no problem walking across"—except that with *Heaven's Gate* it wasn't just (or even primarily) writers who had the mushy brains in the first place.

Final Cut is a view from inside all this confusion and a cautionary tale. Not only was Steven Bach the senior vice-president and head of world-wide production for United Artists throughout the hideously protracted period of *Heaven's Gate's* production; he was also the only person present at the creation (of *Heaven's Gate*) and destruction (of United Artists). That no one else, apart from the film's director and producer, witnessed the evolution of *Heaven's Gate* from beginning to end is just the first of many facts recorded by Steven Bach that never quite stop being startling.

The whole sorry story—for which we as moviegoers are still paying—begins at the point when Michael Cimino's agent, in an atmosphere abuzz with rumor and "advance word" about *The Deer Hunter,* offered Cimino's next project, then known as *The Johnson County Wars,* to United Artists. Cimino had had it in mind for some time, and had reluctantly shelved the project in order to make *The Deer Hunter.* His original idea boggles the mind. He wanted John Wayne for the part played eventually by Kris Kristofferson. Jeff Bridges for that played by Christopher Walken, and Jane Fonda for that played by Isabelle Huppert. That Cimino was already (in David Ansen's words) "aching for greatness" becomes even more apparent when we run down the list of people he proposed, in all seriousness, for walk-on parts: Henry Fonda, Burt Lancaster, James Stewart, Rod Steiger, Burt Reynolds, James Caan, Ingrid Bergman, Gene Hackman, George Kennedy, Richard Widmark, Jon Voigt, Kirk Douglas, Joel McCrea, and Arthur Kennedy. Jack Lemmon was to round it out as Billy Irvine ("the former Harvard classmate of the John Wayne character"—"a startling academic image," as Bach puts it), who was eventually to be played by John Hurt. The second time around Cimino's project looked more realistic, or at least less ridiculous. What was to become *Heaven's Gate* was offered to UA as a much less ambitious package ready to begin preproduction immediately. Cimino asked for what is known in the trade as a "go" commitment with "play or pay" provisions, meaning that a positive response from UA would obligate the company to an outright purchase of all negotiated fees whether the film was made or not. These fees totalled $1.7 million; Cimino at this time projected the cost of *Heaven's Gate* at $2.7 million. Even though this is a far from outrageous figure—it was to turn into a bad joke with unsettling rapidity

sound movies, start listening to the sound track. The 1932–1942 audience did, very closely, and so heard both Porter, Kern and Gershwin (the "glamor" issue again) and most of the best scripts that ever got produced in Hollywood, from *Trouble in Paradise* to the *Palm Beach Story*. It would be a very pleasant assignment for most of us; but the problem with the first two-thirds of Ray's book is, one cannot be convinced he would share in our anticipation.

—JAMES MARK PURCELL

Miscellaneous

FINAL CUT

Dreams and Disaster in the Making of *Heaven's Gate*

By Steven Bach. New York: Morrow, 1985. $19.95.

If ever a book made grimly fascinating reading, this is it. *Final Cut* is compulsively readable, like a thriller, even though most readers will know the outcome in advance. To quote the dust-jacket, "Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* did not merely fail (failure is forgivable, sometimes even embraced, in the strange labyrinths of the Hollywood psyche). *Heaven's Gate* did the unthinkable: It sank a studio. Less than a month after the picture's second release, United Artists—the company founded by Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith and Charlie Chaplin—for all practical purposes ceased to exist. What happened? Why? How?" In providing an answer to these questions *Final Cut* also procures for the reader the satisfaction or *frisson* of a story in which nobody—the author included—comes out particularly well. Reading it, I was constantly reminded of Larry Gelbart's quip during the 1986 Academy Awards that a screenwriter might have "water on the brain that the director has no problem walking across"—except that with *Heaven's Gate* it wasn't just (or even primarily) writers who had the mushy brains in the first place.

Final Cut is a view from inside all this confusion and a cautionary tale. Not only was Steven Bach the senior vice-president and head of world-wide production for United Artists throughout the hideously protracted period of *Heaven's Gate's* production; he was also the only person present at the creation (of *Heaven's Gate*) and destruction (of United Artists). That no one else, apart from the film's director and producer, witnessed the evolution of *Heaven's Gate* from beginning to end is just the first of many facts recorded by Steven Bach that never quite stop being startling.

The whole sorry story—for which we as moviegoers are still paying—begins at the point when Michael Cimino's agent, in an atmosphere abuzz with rumor and "advance word" about *The Deer Hunter,* offered Cimino's next project, then known as *The Johnson County Wars,* to United Artists. Cimino had had it in mind for some time, and had reluctantly shelved the project in order to make *The Deer Hunter.* His original idea boggles the mind. He wanted John Wayne for the part played eventually by Kris Kristofferson. Jeff Bridges for that played by Christopher Walken, and Jane Fonda for that played by Isabelle Huppert. That Cimino was already (in David Ansen's words) "aching for greatness" becomes even more apparent when we run down the list of people he proposed, in all seriousness, for walk-on parts: Henry Fonda, Burt Lancaster, James Stewart, Rod Steiger, Burt Reynolds, James Caan, Ingrid Bergman, Gene Hackman, George Kennedy, Richard Widmark, Jon Voigt, Kirk Douglas, Joel McCrea, and Arthur Kennedy. Jack Lemmon was to round it out as Billy Irvine ("the former Harvard classmate of the John Wayne character"—"a startling academic image," as Bach puts it), who was eventually to be played by John Hurt. The second time around Cimino's project looked more realistic, or at least less ridiculous. What was to become *Heaven's Gate* was offered to UA as a much less ambitious package ready to begin preproduction immediately. Cimino asked for what is known in the trade as a "go" commitment with "play or pay" provisions, meaning that a positive response from UA would obligate the company to an outright purchase of all negotiated fees whether the film was made or not. These fees totalled $1.7 million; Cimino at this time projected the cost of *Heaven's Gate* at $2.7 million. Even though this is a far from outrageous figure—it was to turn into a bad joke with unsettling rapidity

(*Heaven's Gate* was to cost UA a full $40 million as well as its identity) the warning signs were already there if anyone wanted to read them. *The Deer Hunter* had cost $15 million, twice its original budget. Cimino's fights with EMI, the film's production company, over length and cost were already grist to the rumor mill. It was even known that Cimino had threatened to kidnap the negative if *The Deer Hunter's* US distributor, Universal, tried to edit it without his consent. "I felt I could have killed somebody if they mutilated it," Cimino told *Horizon*. (It was not until after the Los Angeles première of *Heaven's Gate* had been cancelled that anyone at UA remembered with a shudder of horror, and a desire to have the locks on the storeroom changed, that another long-standing favorite fantasy of Cimino's was to make a film—it would have been Hollywood's third—of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*—in the course of which Howard Roark, the architect with whom Cimino palpably identified, blows up his housing project rather than let it be defiled by Philistines.)

All this was overlooked by a group of people new in 1978 to their rungs on the corporate ladder, to whom Cimino looked like hot property and the deal he was offering irresistible. These were Steven Bach and David Field, both production executives at UA, Danny Rissner, UA's head of production, and, not least, Andy Albeck, the president of UA who, employed as he was by UA's then parent, the Transamerica Corporation, was mainly concerned with return on investment, and was busily educating himself about movies, or about which ones made money, to this end.

The decision to go with the Cimino deal was taken on the crest of a wave. The year 1978 had been a good one for UA, whose net earnings were $28,830,000, up by $2.2 million from 1977, which meant a contribution of a cool $28 million net to the coffers of Transamerica. UA in other words contributed to Transamerica 13 percent of the latter's net earnings that year, a very high percentage for a film subsidiary. In this atmosphere of euphoria, "our first official act" as a new team of studio executives, as Steven Bach puts it, wryly as usual, "a fairly routine one at that, [was] to make the deal that would destroy the company." They made the mistake of "betting that Cimino would deliver a blockbuster with art written all over it, a return to epic filmmaking with epic returns." They lost.

It was not the star shenanigans of Hollywood legend that sank *Heaven's Gate* and brought down UA with it, if only because the only real "star" was Cimino himself, the heir to and comeuppance of a watered-down "movie-brat" *auteur* theory. *The Deer Hunter* somehow gave him enough clout to get his deal with UA signed and sealed without a leading lady. He later foisted on to UA Isabelle Huppert, an actress nobody had heard of, and whose English was uncertain. This was done after Jane Fonda and Diane Keaton had turned the part of Ella Watson down; it seems not to have occurred to anyone that these actresses—or anyone else on UA's "A" list—would scarcely have consented to second billing after Kris Kristofferson. But Isabelle Huppert was a mere foretaste. One quickly comes to see why Steven Bach claims that Cimino acted "as if he had invented ego . . . in Hollywood yet." Once Cimino learned in March 1979 that UA wanted *Heaven's Gate* released by Christmas, he sent them a memo stipulating that "any and all monies in excess of the approved cash budget expended to complete and deliver the picture in time for a Christmas, 1979, release should not be treated as over-budget expenditures for any purpose unfavorable to [Cimino's own production] company . . . even if it is finally decided that it is not feasible to complete and deliver the picture in time for such a release." The passive voice in this last clause speaks volumes. Production companies do not usually waive all over-budget penalties and cost overruns with no guarantees; they never do so if a director's proposal provides no way of distinguishing overruns designed to meet a specific release date from other excesses. UA, incredibly, did both, at a time when Coppola had had to scrape up collateral for *Apocalypse Now's* well-publicized overruns and Stallone's *Rocky* has had to rely on its producers' mortgages when it went $100,000 over budget. That Cimino was playing with a stacked deck is perhaps less startling than the fact he found people to play with. Without their money there would have been no game, and this effectively enmeshed and trapped them. The project had its own momentum, its own crazy logic; the more it was nursed along, the more

its nurses needed it. Once *The Deer Hunter* had won five Academy Awards (having been nominated for nine) UA was happy to be exploited by Hollywood's "newly anointed star director," even if he proved quick to display the "star temperament" of Hollywood folklore. Here the record speaks for itself, and Steven Bach lays it all out. "In the first six days of shooting . . . Cimino had fallen five days behind. He had shot almost 60,000 feet of film and had approximately a minute and a half of usable material, which had cost roughly $900,000 to expose." By late May, it was evident to aghast executives that "Cimino was shooting a daily average of 10,000 feet of film (slightly under two hours' worth) to cover a daily five-eighths of a script page, resulting in a daily minute and a half of usable screen material, and was spending nearly $200,000 a day to do so . . . these figures had varied hardly at all from the first day of production through May, and now into June, on the twenty-second of which Cimino's original schedule had predicted an end to principal photography." The schedule was of course abandoned, and Cimino in effect substituted his own. Nor was it even simply a matter of creeps-on-this-petty-pace, since by the end of May shooting had actually fallen *behind* "schedule" at a rate of one day lost for each day shot. But this was not carelessness, at least not on Cimino's part. Observers agreed that on the set "there was no chaos; there was its opposite: a calm, determined, relentless pursuit of the perfect." There were no "acts of God" so beloved of insurance companies. Cimino was indulging himself, to be sure, but in a specific way. "What he was adding was takes and retakes and retakes of the retakes. And retakes of those. Michael Cimino was taking—and retaking—*time*. Getting it right."

What persuaded the UA executives to be remarkably unhard-headed about this nightmarish snail's pace was of course their belief that "a lousy picture at $5 million is no bargain; a great one at $50 million might be." But, ironically, this piece of conventional "wisdom" should have been uncharacteristic of United Artists, which "had never had, and never would have, a single blockbusting megahit on the scale of *Star Wars, The Godfather* or *E.T.* . . . Go for broke had never been the company's style, and would not be with Andy Albeck, whose mix of so many low-budget thises and so many medium-budget thats was a deliberate policy to perpetuate stability, to arrive at a more predictably favorable bottom line than the make-or-break blockbuster sweepstakes." Corporations like Transamerica are more interested in predictable cash-flow than in huge windfalls, unless (as we are about to see) the cash flow is all outwards.

The more immediate irony was that given the standard formula by which a film must return at the box office 2½ to 3 times its cost if it is to break even, *Heaven's Gate,* once it began to look like costing United Artists $40 million, would *have* to take in $100 million at the box office not to lose money. This figure of $100 million catapults *Heaven's Gate* right into the middle of the blockbuster category UA had always eschewed. But what were the alternatives? Theoretically, UA could have cut bait, either by abandoning the project or firing Cimino. Neither option was considered for long. "By the *start* [emphasis mine] of production UA had spent $3,026,690.22 [I like the 22 cents], which did not include the pay-or-play commitments of almost $2 million, or all the commitments made to a permanent crew numbering 118, a cast of 70, hundreds of extras, rentals of lands that had been agreed to (not least with the Blackfoot Indians and the National Park Service) and the hundreds of other commitments large and small that had been made in UA's name. We could do no more than estimate what the cost of pulling the plug might be"—just as UA could only estimate what the price of *not* pulling it might be, since costs were mounting on Cimino's say-so. So was length. Even though Cimino's right to final cut was supposed to depend on a running length of less than three hours, *Heaven's Gate* when first shown to UA executives lasted five hours, twenty-five minutes. One might say that there was no accounting at all until it was too late; studios have accountants, but UA was not a studio but a company. It could of course have fired Cimino, but this would have meant shutting down the set, with the meter running at $1 million or so per week just to hold the production together while UA scurried around trying to find a replacement director. Such a

substitute would probably have to have been either a hack or an unknown, who would have undercut the whole *raison d'être* of the film, which was that it was Cimino's latest.

So while UA "had the power to take the film from Cimino," this was in Steven Bach's words "a power I deeply did not want to exercise. Doing so would have thrown the finishing process into chaos at best, would have attracted widespread public attention of a sort that could only damage the picture, and would in all likelihood have further prolonged the post-production period . . . without having the at least theoretical advantage of the creator's presence." The creator, knowing this, pressed home his advantage not only by remaining reclusive and secretive in his Montana retreat, but also by sitting on his footage. There was a lot of it to sit on. By August 1, 3 *million* feet of film had been printed. This amounts to 220 hours, or almost ten days of nonstop viewing, or more than 100 normal-length feature films—"probably a record," as Bach tersely observes. And not one foot had been seen outside Montana. "Seeing how the picture played before an audience was both pointless, because Cimino *knew* how it would play, and ignoble because a question of mere Commerce. Besides, there wasn't any time. The man who could take days to shoot a page of dialogue could not now figure out a means of sparing four hours to see how that dialogue played before viewers unadmitted to the pantheon." Cimino "reminded everyone that all public previews had accomplished in [the case of] *The Deer Hunter* was to prove to Universal he'd been right all along, so what was the point"?

The point became clear soon enough. *Heaven's Gate* opened disastrously. It was immediately treated to an avalanche of criticism and a fusillade of *Schadenfreude.* Jean Vallely reported for *Rolling Stone* that when Vincent Canby's *New York Times* review, which called *Heaven's Gate* "something quite rare in movies these days—an unqualified disaster" came to the notice of the Hollywood cynics, "they didn't laugh in the Polo Lounge . . . the room erupted in cheers." Nor is it clear that the celebrants worked for UA's rivals. Many people inside the company had "taken the two-year Cimino cure for auteur worship." In Steven Bach's words, "by intention or accident Cimino and [his producer Joann] Carelli had made the process, the idea of *Heaven's Gate* so unpleasant, so punishing for virtually every department of the company, from accounting to photocopying, that every employee affected by it wanted nothing more than to see it released and be done with it"—except of course that on its release they were not done with it at all. The nightmare continued. Cimino himself felt impelled to withdraw *Heaven's Gate* from exhibition and cancel its Los Angeles première, a move which had the effect of turning it from being another failed movie into the kind of "I-told-you-so" media event the *New York Times* had prophesied. The press had little to report, since Cimino had frozen it out during shooting, and few people in any case had actually seen the film. But it had a lot to speculate and attitudinize about. (This was the era of David Begelman's peculations and filmic disasters at Columbia as well as Coppola's *"Apocalypse Never."*) It also led into yet another irony. Pauline Kael put it like this: "While watching the three hour and thirty-nine minute *Heaven's Gate* I thought it was easy to see what to cut. But when I tried afterward to think of what to *keep,* my mind went blank." She had a point. The ignominious withdrawal of *Heaven's Gate* made necessary the kind of re-editing the loose and baggy form of the film actually precluded. The trouble all along was that "there were no sub-plots [and] few characters subsidiary to the central trio," and that "the paucity of character and narrative detail was not enriched by the inundation of production detail . . . but . . . buried by it." The obvious re-editing strategy—in fact the only possible one—of paring away expensive "production value" in order to bring out the story line didn't *strengthen* the story line so much as expose it in all its thinness. Since *Heaven's Gate* had no basis for recovery, it never recovered. It bombed. As Bach tersely puts it, it was as though somebody called every household in the country and said "there will be a curse on your family if you go see this picture."

Nor is this even the final irony in Bach's account. The final irony was dealt out at a corporate, not aesthetic level by the Transamerica Corporation which in the wake of the Heaven's Gate *débâcle* contributed its own bolt from the blue: it sold United Artists,

lock, stock and barrel to Kirk Kerkorian, a Las Vegas real estate speculator who had already acquired MGM, and who could afford to buy UA because he'd been forced to sell Columbia stock on antitrust grounds. (These were of course the Carter years.) The drama here is one those who care about film might as well get used to. It involved not directors, producers, actors or exhibitors but Fate in the form of Olympian corporate high-rollers on the look-out. Kerkorian wanted UA for its distribution network. *Heaven's Gate* lost UA $40 million and made it easy prey, but in another sense Cimino's profligate venture may actually have *made* money—for Transamerica, which was able to extract a premium price for UA from Kerkorian. Mel Brooks was making a joke in *Silent Movie* when he invoked "Engulf and Devour." These days, the joke is on all of us. —PAUL THOMAS

IMAGES OF MADNESS
The Portrayal of Insanity in the Feature Film

By Michael Fleming and Roger Manvell. Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1985. $49.50

From the days of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,* film has been the ideal medium to stalk disturbed mental states, zoom in on twisted egos and follow a character through Daliesque hallucinations, convoluted motives, and random acts. How can anyone begin to systemize this coverage?

Images of Madness attacks the problem on several levels. Psychologist Fleming groups key films into nine categories, like "The Family and Madness," "Murder and Madness," "Eros and Madness," etc. Recognizing that historical periods perceive madness differently, he analyzes at least one modern film and one antique for each group, like *Straw Dogs* and *M.* Sometimes the contrasts are brilliant. "Society and Madness" pairs *The Snake Pit* (1948) and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975). *The Snake Pit* appeared when the United States was just beginning to become conscious of its appalling institutionalization of the insane and helped draw public attention to the issue. But the film's impact cut both ways. The rosy, doctor-knows-best ending foreshadowed the authoritarian fifties, an era which prescribed drastic treatment or confinement for the obstreperous malcontent with no questions asked. In contrast, *Cuckoo's Nest* ended with the futile, symbolic rebellion of its patients, Laingian victims whose only sin was their violation of social norms. Between the two films, the bold "antipsychiatry" movement spoke of the self-fulfilling prophecy that came with institutionalization of the "mentally ill." So clearly does Fleming back up his case with quotes from R.D. Laing, Thomas Szasz, and Thomas Scheff that it seems as if Milos Foreman directed *Cuckoo's Nest* with one eye and consulted these texts with the other. Similarly, Fleming documents psychoanalytical theories of the forties, unearthing rare quotes that show a stodgy faith in scientific "miracle cures" for mental illness. Fleming competently researches his "Possession as Madness" section, with histories of Mesmerism and other "cures" for hysteria and some documentation of Freud's dabbling with hypnosis. However Fleming's method soon gets snagged on the obvious. On *Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde* (1931): "Where possession emphasizes takeover by a force outside the self, the concept of multiple personality presents the other force as part of oneself." This time he doesn't compare and contrast eras; he segues directly into *The Exorcist,* the most discussed film of the early seventies. But in confining himself to discussing the film as a proponent of possession/hysteria, Fleming misses the golden chance to talk more about its power to manipulate audiences—those subliminal messages of death's heads and crosses, the carefully timed jolts, its short-circuiting of adolescent sexuality. He could have then dissected its audience appeal, as others did. Conspiracy theorists even pointed out that author William Peter Blatty was once the Policy Branch Chief of the US Air Force Psychological Warfare Division. Who's "possessed" here?

For Fleming, *The Rose* is a textbook depiction of the "borderline personality" (a.k.a. "failed ego identity"), a polydrug user who fears closeness, unable to appreciate anyone beyond a projection of her own needs. Rose (Janis Joplin) cannot maintain a stable identity and needs constant affirmation from her friends and audiences. Fleming surmises that

lock, stock and barrel to Kirk Kerkorian, a Las Vegas real estate speculator who had already acquired MGM, and who could afford to buy UA because he'd been forced to sell Columbia stock on antitrust grounds. (These were of course the Carter years.) The drama here is one those who care about film might as well get used to. It involved not directors, producers, actors or exhibitors but Fate in the form of Olympian corporate high-rollers on the look-out. Kerkorian wanted UA for its distribution network. *Heaven's Gate* lost UA $40 million and made it easy prey, but in another sense Cimino's profligate venture may actually have *made* money—for Transamerica, which was able to extract a premium price for UA from Kerkorian. Mel Brooks was making a joke in *Silent Movie* when he invoked "Engulf and Devour." These days, the joke is on all of us. —PAUL THOMAS

IMAGES OF MADNESS
The Portrayal of Insanity in the Feature Film

By Michael Fleming and Roger Manvell. Cranbury, NJ: Associated University Presses, 1985. $49.50

From the days of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,* film has been the ideal medium to stalk disturbed mental states, zoom in on twisted egos and follow a character through Daliesque hallucinations, convoluted motives, and random acts. How can anyone begin to systemize this coverage?

Images of Madness attacks the problem on several levels. Psychologist Fleming groups key films into nine categories, like "The Family and Madness," "Murder and Madness," "Eros and Madness," etc. Recognizing that historical periods perceive madness differently, he analyzes at least one modern film and one antique for each group, like *Straw Dogs* and *M.* Sometimes the contrasts are brilliant. "Society and Madness" pairs *The Snake Pit* (1948) and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975). *The Snake Pit* appeared when the United States was just beginning to become conscious of its appalling institutionalization of the insane and helped draw public attention to the issue. But the film's impact cut both ways. The rosy, doctor-knows-best ending foreshadowed the authoritarian fifties, an era which prescribed drastic treatment or confinement for the obstreperous malcontent with no questions asked. In contrast, *Cuckoo's Nest* ended with the futile, symbolic rebellion of its patients, Laingian victims whose only sin was their violation of social norms. Between the two films, the bold "antipsychiatry" movement spoke of the self-fulfilling prophecy that came with institutionalization of the "mentally ill." So clearly does Fleming back up his case with quotes from R.D. Laing, Thomas Szasz, and Thomas Scheff that it seems as if Milos Foreman directed *Cuckoo's Nest* with one eye and consulted these texts with the other. Similarly, Fleming documents psychoanalytical theories of the forties, unearthing rare quotes that show a stodgy faith in scientific "miracle cures" for mental illness. Fleming competently researches his "Possession as Madness" section, with histories of Mesmerism and other "cures" for hysteria and some documentation of Freud's dabbling with hypnosis. However Fleming's method soon gets snagged on the obvious. On *Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde* (1931): "Where possession emphasizes takeover by a force outside the self, the concept of multiple personality presents the other force as part of oneself." This time he doesn't compare and contrast eras; he segues directly into *The Exorcist,* the most discussed film of the early seventies. But in confining himself to discussing the film as a proponent of possession/hysteria, Fleming misses the golden chance to talk more about its power to manipulate audiences—those subliminal messages of death's heads and crosses, the carefully timed jolts, its short-circuiting of adolescent sexuality. He could have then dissected its audience appeal, as others did. Conspiracy theorists even pointed out that author William Peter Blatty was once the Policy Branch Chief of the US Air Force Psychological Warfare Division. Who's "possessed" here?

For Fleming, *The Rose* is a textbook depiction of the "borderline personality" (a.k.a. "failed ego identity"), a polydrug user who fears closeness, unable to appreciate anyone beyond a projection of her own needs. Rose (Janis Joplin) cannot maintain a stable identity and needs constant affirmation from her friends and audiences. Fleming surmises that

her mother's the root of this psychic tangle, but she never appears in the film; she is not even disparagingly mentioned. The author's on track when he maintains that the Vietnam War often drove people into a frenetic *carpe diem* lifestyle, but jumps the rails when he succumbs to the same nihilism that pervades the film. "It is clear that in *The Rose* the escape is not just of one person but potentially of a whole generation who identifies with the lost and loveless figure to whom it pays homage."

Roger Manvell had the enviable task of synopsizing all the films Fleming mentions, some of which really aren't about madness, like *The Maltese Falcon* and *Rebel Without a Cause.* To his credit, he often does more than summarize, writing extensively about neglected films like Ken Loach's *Family Life* and Huston's *Freud: The Secret Passion.* Like Fleming, he offers a competent, academic compendium of quotes and data rather than fresh insight into these films.

—PETER BATES

SHOW US LIFE
Towards a History and Aesthetics of the Committed Documentary

Edited by Thomas Waugh. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1984.

Show Us Life is an absolutely vital and long overdue addition to the literature of documentary. The book is a collection of 24 essays on all aspects of left-wing film-making, usefully divided into three subject sections. The first deals with pre-World War II history, while sections two and three deal with the contemporary scene in the West and in the Third World.

Part one, titled "The Pioneers," covers much familiar territory with essays ranging from Vertov and Esther Shub to Joris Ivens and radical documentary in the USA in the thirties. This section is also useful in presenting a companion article by Bert Hogenkamp on workers newsreels in Germany, the Netherlands and Japan during the same period.

The section on contemporaries in the West poses few surprises but again makes available some of the best of the most recent articles. The section commences very appropriately with Bill Nichols's article "Newsreel 1967–72." The Newsreel group became the supreme example for political film-making among North American radicals and Nichols's essay documents its work in a clear and concise way. Two film critiques then follow, showing some of the polarities of the political film: Claire Johnston and Paul Willemen discuss some of the difficulties of *The Nightcleaners* while E. Ann Kaplan presents a provocative discussion of truth and structure in "The Theory and Practice of the Realist Documentary Form in *Harlan County.*" Eleven essays are presented in this section and apart from the above the subjects range from feminism and the guerrilla documentary in Japan to film distribution and the French radical documentary.

The final section deals mostly with Central and South America. John Hess's essay on the Cuban film-maker Santiago Alvarez makes a very good anthology choice and the same can be said for "Democracy as Participation," Victor Wallis and John Barlow's well known discussion of *The Battle for Chile.* Less familiar but equally important are the essays by Steve Neale on *Hour of the Furnaces* and Julianne Burton on modes of address in Latin American cinema.

The collection is diverse and stimulating, and well served by an excellently written intro-

her mother's the root of this psychic tangle, but she never appears in the film; she is not even disparagingly mentioned. The author's on track when he maintains that the Vietnam War often drove people into a frenetic *carpe diem* lifestyle, but jumps the rails when he succumbs to the same nihilism that pervades the film. "It is clear that in *The Rose* the escape is not just of one person but potentially of a whole generation who identifies with the lost and loveless figure to whom it pays homage."

Roger Manvell had the enviable task of synopsizing all the films Fleming mentions, some of which really aren't about madness, like *The Maltese Falcon* and *Rebel Without a Cause.* To his credit, he often does more than summarize, writing extensively about neglected films like Ken Loach's *Family Life* and Huston's *Freud: The Secret Passion.* Like Fleming, he offers a competent, academic compendium of quotes and data rather than fresh insight into these films.

—PETER BATES

SHOW US LIFE
Towards a History and Aesthetics of the Committed Documentary

Edited by Thomas Waugh. Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1984.

Show Us Life is an absolutely vital and long overdue addition to the literature of documentary. The book is a collection of 24 essays on all aspects of left-wing film-making, usefully divided into three subject sections. The first deals with pre-World War II history, while sections two and three deal with the contemporary scene in the West and in the Third World.

Part one, titled "The Pioneers," covers much familiar territory with essays ranging from Vertov and Esther Shub to Joris Ivens and radical documentary in the USA in the thirties. This section is also useful in presenting a companion article by Bert Hogenkamp on workers newsreels in Germany, the Netherlands and Japan during the same period.

The section on contemporaries in the West poses few surprises but again makes available some of the best of the most recent articles. The section commences very appropriately with Bill Nichols's article "Newsreel 1967–72." The Newsreel group became the supreme example for political film-making among North American radicals and Nichols's essay documents its work in a clear and concise way. Two film critiques then follow, showing some of the polarities of the political film: Claire Johnston and Paul Willemen discuss some of the difficulties of *The Nightcleaners* while E. Ann Kaplan presents a provocative discussion of truth and structure in "The Theory and Practice of the Realist Documentary Form in *Harlan County.*" Eleven essays are presented in this section and apart from the above the subjects range from feminism and the guerrilla documentary in Japan to film distribution and the French radical documentary.

The final section deals mostly with Central and South America. John Hess's essay on the Cuban film-maker Santiago Alvarez makes a very good anthology choice and the same can be said for "Democracy as Participation," Victor Wallis and John Barlow's well known discussion of *The Battle for Chile.* Less familiar but equally important are the essays by Steve Neale on *Hour of the Furnaces* and Julianne Burton on modes of address in Latin American cinema.

The collection is diverse and stimulating, and well served by an excellently written intro-

duction by Waugh. Waugh believes that documentary *can* cause change and that if film is to work efficiently in that process it must not only be *about* the people implicated in change, but made *with* and *for* those people as well.

Waugh is not content, however, merely to issue a clarion call. He correctly attempts to set the scene for some of the book's complex discussions of theory. Thus gently and smoothly he introduces readers to the complexities of the new critical issues which range from semiotics and structuralism, to formalism, truth, objectivity, and psychoanalytic analysis.

Most of the essays in the book are useful, though some are too long while others are written in an obscuring pedantic and jargonizing prose which distances the reader. Two or three are very good: Nichols's piece mentioned above, and two pieces by Julia Lesage and Chuck Kleinhans, both of whom are editors of *Jump Cut,* from which so many essays in this anthology are taken.

Lesage's piece is labelled "Feminist Documentary: Aesthetics and Politics." To my mind it is the best approach to understanding the intricacies and divisions of the subject. Kleinhans's article, "Forms, Makers, Politics and Contexts," is a manifesto of practical, ideological and aesthetic considerations for radical film-makers. His conclusions and suggestions are provocative and debatable and provide a very good finale to the "Contemporaries" chapter.

Show Us Life is an excellent anthology, and if I have a few quibbles they must be set against my overall feeling of a job very well done. I would, for example, like to have seen more discussion on the question of form, on the nature of the audience, and whether documentary *can* really bring about change. I would like to have seen more acknowledgement that leftwing film-makers (as well as right) can make some terrible mistakes, as in the case of the Chinese cultural revolution, the Iranian revolution and in the internecine Arab conflicts. Finally I would like to have seen the Third World section include more of a view of Africa. But Waugh himself states that he wanted to do an anthology double the length, but it just wasn't possible. So I understand his problem.

However, there is just a little too much self-congratulation and not enough critical distancing when looking at the output and achievements of radical film-making. Only one essay, "French Radical Documentary after 1968" by Guy Hennebelle, gives one anything approaching that distancing. Hennebelle's 1976 essay discusses the aspirations of French political cinema which aimed to intervene in the social, political and cultural reality of France rather than just describe it. The essay is what one would expect, a blown-up essay describing how film can bring the millenium. But then Hennebelle adds an extraordinary postscript in 1983 and writes:

> Rereading this article in 1983 I really rubbed my eyes, wondering whether I really was indeed the author of these lines and these judgments. Seven years later I find my approach . . . mostly surrealistic . . . It has become clear also, that Marxism, if it remains perhaps a good method for analyzing societies, is revealing itself to be inoperational . . . at least on a therapeutic level. And its aesthetic concepts are generally deplorable.

What I applaud here is not the correctness or incorrectness of Hennebelle's judgments but his capacity for hard self-examination and criticism in a delicate and painful area.

Thomas Waugh himself also opens up a dangerously fascinating door leading to vulnerable subjects when he writes, in the foreword to Pierre Veronneau's "Children of Vertov in the land of Brecht," "Of all film genres documentary has been the least distinguished performer on the film scene in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union since the war." Why? What *is* happening to committed documentarists in those areas? Are they not trying to say things about nuclear war, prisoners of conscience, the war in Afghanistan, the atrocities of Cambodia and so on? Or could it be that committed documentary is a luxury only permitted in the decadent Western democracies? It would be interesting to have someone answer that question. Maybe in Waugh's next book. —ALAN ROSENTHAL

Ang, Ien. *Watching* Dallas: *Soap Opera and the Melodramatic Imagination.* New York: Methuen, 1985. $25.00 cloth, $8.95 paper. *Dallas* is an international phenomenon, and the Dutch author put an ad in a women's magazine seeking reactions, which he analyzes with care and sensitivity. This kind of real-reaction-based research has been unfashionable in our recent age of theory and ideology, but offers an interesting model. —E.C.

duction by Waugh. Waugh believes that documentary *can* cause change and that if film is to work efficiently in that process it must not only be *about* the people implicated in change, but made *with* and *for* those people as well.

Waugh is not content, however, merely to issue a clarion call. He correctly attempts to set the scene for some of the book's complex discussions of theory. Thus gently and smoothly he introduces readers to the complexities of the new critical issues which range from semiotics and structuralism, to formalism, truth, objectivity, and psychoanalytic analysis.

Most of the essays in the book are useful, though some are too long while others are written in an obscuring pedantic and jargonizing prose which distances the reader. Two or three are very good: Nichols's piece mentioned above, and two pieces by Julia Lesage and Chuck Kleinhans, both of whom are editors of *Jump Cut,* from which so many essays in this anthology are taken.

Lesage's piece is labelled "Feminist Documentary: Aesthetics and Politics." To my mind it is the best approach to understanding the intricacies and divisions of the subject. Kleinhans's article, "Forms, Makers, Politics and Contexts," is a manifesto of practical, ideological and aesthetic considerations for radical film-makers. His conclusions and suggestions are provocative and debatable and provide a very good finale to the "Contemporaries" chapter.

Show Us Life is an excellent anthology, and if I have a few quibbles they must be set against my overall feeling of a job very well done. I would, for example, like to have seen more discussion on the question of form, on the nature of the audience, and whether documentary *can* really bring about change. I would like to have seen more acknowledgement that leftwing film-makers (as well as right) can make some terrible mistakes, as in the case of the Chinese cultural revolution, the Iranian revolution and in the internecine Arab conflicts. Finally I would like to have seen the Third World section include more of a view of Africa. But Waugh himself states that he wanted to do an anthology double the length, but it just wasn't possible. So I understand his problem.

However, there is just a little too much self-congratulation and not enough critical distancing when looking at the output and achievements of radical film-making. Only one essay, "French Radical Documentary after 1968" by Guy Hennebelle, gives one anything approaching that distancing. Hennebelle's 1976 essay discusses the aspirations of French political cinema which aimed to intervene in the social, political and cultural reality of France rather than just describe it. The essay is what one would expect, a blown-up essay describing how film can bring the millenium. But then Hennebelle adds an extraordinary postscript in 1983 and writes:

> Rereading this article in 1983 I really rubbed my eyes, wondering whether I really was indeed the author of these lines and these judgments. Seven years later I find my approach . . . mostly surrealistic . . . It has become clear also, that Marxism, if it remains perhaps a good method for analyzing societies, is revealing itself to be inoperational . . . at least on a therapeutic level. And its aesthetic concepts are generally deplorable.

What I applaud here is not the correctness or incorrectness of Hennebelle's judgments but his capacity for hard self-examination and criticism in a delicate and painful area.

Thomas Waugh himself also opens up a dangerously fascinating door leading to vulnerable subjects when he writes, in the foreword to Pierre Veronneau's "Children of Vertov in the land of Brecht," "Of all film genres documentary has been the least distinguished performer on the film scene in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union since the war." Why? What *is* happening to committed documentarists in those areas? Are they not trying to say things about nuclear war, prisoners of conscience, the war in Afghanistan, the atrocities of Cambodia and so on? Or could it be that committed documentary is a luxury only permitted in the decadent Western democracies? It would be interesting to have someone answer that question. Maybe in Waugh's next book. —ALAN ROSENTHAL

Ang, Ien. *Watching* Dallas: *Soap Opera and the Melodramatic Imagination.* New York: Methuen, 1985. $25.00 cloth, $8.95 paper. *Dallas* is an international phenomenon, and the Dutch author put an ad in a women's magazine seeking reactions, which he analyzes with care and sensitivity. This kind of real-reaction-based research has been unfashionable in our recent age of theory and ideology, but offers an interesting model. —E.C.

Annan, David. *Cinema of Mystery and Fantasy.* New York: Ungar, 1985. $8.95. Slight text, charming pictures. —E.C.

Antonioni, Michelangelo. *That Bowling Alley on the Tiber: Tales of a Director.* New York: Oxford University Press, 1986. $18.95. Like Jean Renoir (and distinctly unlike most film directors), Antonioni is the possessor of a highly evocative personal written style. He describes 33 "narrative nuclei," many of which have apparent connections to scenes, characters and above all emotional notes struck in films that he managed to get made, but which are, we are told, notes toward other films that have not yet been made, and probably will never be. The process of painful searching which is Antonioni's creative method is well displayed here, in both tiny vignettes and longer pieces which begin to have the narrative development of a film scenario, and anybody curious about Antonioni's work will find them of intense interest. —E.C.

Auty, Martin and Nick Roddick, eds., *British Cinema Now.* Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 1985. $21.95, cloth; $10.95, paper. Paralleling recent articles in *Sight & Sound,* this study addresses whether the British film industry is viable. Verdict: "The general future is bleak, but not uniformly so." —E.C.

Bessy, Maurice. *Charlie Chaplin.* New York: Harper & Row, 1986. $50.00. This is basically an extravagantly well printed photo album of stills, plus some off-screen photos, to which Bessy adds a few enthusiastic anecdotes, credits, and brief synopses. —E.C.

Bookbinder, Robert. *Classics of the Gangster Film.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, $19.95. Credits, brief background notes, and synopses for 50 films.

Ciment, Michel. *Conversations with Losey.* New York: Methuen, 1985. $39.95, $16.95 paper. Losey was one of the most articulate of all directors and his reminiscences throw much light on his work. In an ironic way, his enforced exile in England may have been good for a person with, as he puts it, "a very acute awareness of class dynamics and contradictions." He recounts many strange anecdotes of his early Depression years, and one about John Barrymore, Jr., who had acted in *The Big Night,* being sent to London to spy on him by the FBI, which provided an ample drinking budget. (He forgave the kid when he confessed.) After he was forced by the blacklist to go to England, Losey scrounged by on anonymous directorial work, and by doing commercials ("somewhere around 250 of them—which is a lot"). The delectable Vitti proved impossible to work with on *Modesty Blaise* because she had to talk everything over with Antonioni before doing it. This is the best kind of film gossip: the kind that reminds you how miraculous it is that any decent films get made at all, and provides cautionary lessons for future directors. —E.C.

Cinematograph: A Journal of the San Francisco Cinematheque. $6.00 for individuals, $8.00 for institutions, $10.00 international, from 480 Potrero, San Francisco, CA 94110. This first issue of a planned occasional volume is a grand grab-bag of mixed materials testifying to the continued vitality of independent film: critical pieces on film-makers like Kurt Kren and Joseph Cornell and Dan Barnett, notes by film-makers like Warren Sonbert and Bruce Baillie, Diane Kitchen's diary of working with Gunvor Nelson on *Red Shift,* nutty conversations with George Kuchar, a Serious Piece by Patricia Mellenkamp on the epistemological anarchy of *Bleu Shut* (among other things), and much else. A promising beginning, set in motion by one of the major organizations devoted to independent film in the US, and to be welcomed, especially in the absence of regular publication by *Film Culture.* —E.C.

Davies, Philip and Brain Neve, eds. *Cinema, Politics and Society in America.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1985. Paper, $12.95. A collection of mostly British essays, now reprinted in paper.

Faulkner, Robert R. *Hollywood Studio Musicians: Their Work and Careers in the Recording Industry.* Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 1985. $11.75. Few professional skills in popular entertainment are as awesome as those of top studio musicians. Where symphony personnel rehearse endlessly, the studio player may enjoy one run-through before a take. The music (films, TV, recordings, commercial jingles) is usually mundane and often banal, but it can turn demandingly complex at any given session. Turn a page and find a solo. Material is often written and scored under great pressure, sometimes by people unfamiliar with the idiom, so that the musicians must sometimes correct false copy or accommodate impossible demands on instruments without alienating a conductor or a composer. The business has been freelance since 1957 when film studio contracts were replaced by open hiring. This is done through contractors toward whom musicians likely harbor contempt while maintaining the smoothest of relationships. Hired or not, they maintain their proficiencies like athletes, the brass players especially, and gossip about who's getting the best jobs. For such effort and anxiety the studio musician earns a lot of money, far more than symphony players, whose salaries are alarmingly low. String players tend to feel bitter that they didn't make the concert stage. Brass and woodwinds are more satisfied at reaching the top of the heap. Almost everyone finds the rewards financial, not musical; for the latter many teach, play chamber music together, or do jazz gigs. Faulkner is a sociologist and incidentally a trumpet player. His jargon-free study explores the complexities of this extraordinary world with skill and understanding. Interviews date from the sixties and the book appeared first in 1971, but little has changed except the salary levels. Among

other conclusions, Faulkner questions the Marx-Veblen-Mills notions of alienated labor, in this case anyway. —JOHN FELL

Forbes, Bryan. *The Rewrite Man.* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1984. $16.95. Middleaged Hollywood scriptwriter falls in love with a Bardot sort of actress from her Vadim period. The plotting may show its joints, but Forbes puts his vast movie experience to effective use. The story's location filming (in the old Nice studios) covers everything from make-up to a producer clawing his way from Hong Kong porn into an ostensibly more reputable side of the business. —J.F.

Hastings, Max and George Stevens. *Victory in Europe: D-Day to VE-Day in Full Color.* Boston, Toronto: Little Brown, 1985. $25.00. The director recorded the Allied landing and advance in stills and 16mm films; the text retells the often chaotic and ill-starred story, reminding us that war is not only hell, it's usually a vast mixture of mismanagement, vainglory, incompetence, disaster, and the endless sacrifice of ordinary men (and in the case of the Russian army, women). —E.C.

Holdstock, Robert. *The Emerald Forest.* New York, NY: Zoetrope. $7.95 paper. Novelized version of the screenplay.

Jones, G. William (ed). *Talking With Ingmar Bergman.* Dallas, TX: SMU Press, 1985. Four seminars that Bergman held with students on the occasion of receiving an award from SMU. He describes his creative process in great detail and with his customary candor, though references to individual films are usually rather brief. —E.C.

Kobal, John, ed. *Gary Cooper.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1985. $14.95 paper. "The movie star's nature is to give substance to the things dreams are made of," declares Kobal, beginning a series of volumes under the title "Legends." He contributes some reflections on photography, Richard Schickel an appreciation of Cooper. While such portrait picture-books seem almost weightless, they may help young people who only see classic Hollywood films in degraded video to understand their strong visual appeal. —E.C.

_____. *Ingrid Bergman.* Boston: Little, Brown, 1985. $14.95 paper. Second in the "Legends" series, this volume has an essay by Sheridan Morley on the actress who, James Agee said, "has a startling resemblance to a human being," dazzling photographs, and the same Kobal notes as the Cooper volume. —E.C.

_____. *People Will Talk:* New York. Knopf, 1985. $25.00. Kobal is an indefatigable gossip, and he gets a wide range of Hollywood people (most of them female stars) talking quite unguardedly, sometimes libellously, and certainly enjoyably. It doesn't have anything much to do with The Art of the Film (except maybe for Howard Hawks); the focus is show-biz and the vagaries thereof, remembered by people mostly past immediate malice but never, thank God, past vanity. They are usually witty, incorrigibly charming, and bear their scars with admirable fortitude. —E.C.

Koszarski, Richard; ed. *Great American Film Directors in Photographs.* New York: Dover, 1984. Paper, $9.95. Shots of 197 directors at work—or pretending to be at work, for publicity purposes.

McDonald, Boyd. *Cruising the Movies: A Sexual Guide to "Oldies" on TV.* New York: Gay Presses of New York, 1985. $10.95. "*Loving You* is a superb introduction to Elvis Presley's groin," and so forth. —E.C.

Mandelbaum, Howard and Eric Myers. *Screen Deco: A Celebration of High Style in Hollywood.* New York: St. Martins, 1985. $24.95. "Art Deco," "Streamline Moderne," whatever you call it, Hollywood had it. Brief text with lots of stills. —E.C.

Schaefer, Stephen. *Marla's Truth.* New York: St. Martin's Press, 1985. $14.95. An unknown starlet named Marla Del Marr may have existed (there are a few photographs, rather ambiguously captioned), or then again the fact that this volume is subtitled *The "Autobiography" of . . .* may indicate that it is really a novel and Stephen Schaefer's idea of a joke: drink, drugs, and sex leading to degradation and rebirth. Not worth wondering about. —E.C.

Slide, Anthony. *A Collector's Guide to TV Memorabilia.* Lombard, IL: Wallace-Homestead, 1985. $13.95. This is a companion volume to Slide's *Collector's Guide to Movie Memorabilia*—what collectors are after, what it's worth, and how to buy and sell. —E.C.

Smith, A. C. H. *Lady Jane.* New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1986. $12.95 cloth, $5.95 paper. Routine novelization of the film about a notably unmerry episode in English history. —E.C.

Strick, Philip. *Great Movie Actresses.* New York, NY: Beech Tree Books, 1985. $27.50. Large-format picture book, with extended captions mentioning career high points. Reproduction is not top-notch, but not bad for the price. —E.C.

Vermilye, Jerry. *The Films of the Thirties.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, 1985. $9.95. Picture book with brief text and credits.

_____. *The Films of the Twenties.* Secaucus, NJ: Citadel Press, 1986. $19.95. They *did* have faces then, and prevalent low-key lighting styles gave them a glamor you simply can't achieve in color stock. Vermilye, who did a similar volume on the thirties, contributes succinct, readable commentaries on 75 films; they're accompanied by credits

and sumptuous photographs—reproduced with nice deep blacks. The volume's enthusiastic approach may prove contagious to some young readers suspicious of silents. —E.C.

Weston, Jack. *The Real American Cowboy.* New York, NY: Schocken. $19.95. A documented (but unindexed) portrait of the economic conflicts, violence (often on the part of cattle companies, including the lynching of settlers, some of them women), and folkways that underlay and in the earliest films influenced the Western. Ronald Reagan and Tom Robbins would both have a lot to learn from this interestingly illustrated and highly readable account, which includes descriptions of the lives of black and Mexican cowboys and women cowhands. —E.C.

FRENCH FILM BOOKS 1985-1986
by Paul R. Michaud

If this year's listing of the best of French film titles is shorter than those of past years, it is in part because many fewer books on film were published in the past year, but also, more significantly, because French book publishers seem to be becoming more selective in the titles they are willing to publish. There are, fortunately, fewer translations, and, importantly, more books on the French cinema itself. And, among these, one finds such historically important volumes as Leo Sauvage's *L'Affaire Lumière* (the first time that a French writer has been willing to swallow his pride and admit that it was not the Lumière brothers who created the cinema), *Cahiers du Cinéma's Godard sur Godard* (a virtually different book from the version published several years ago in the United States), and Louis Delluc's *Ecrits cinématographiques,* at least the first two volumes of what promises to be a rather ambitious undertaking. One man is responsible for most of the past year's best and most interesting books: Pierre Lherminier, the film specialist who practically invented the French film book 25 years ago with his Cinéma d'Aujourd'hui collection, but who is also a noted critic with such authoritative and heavily annotated volumes to his credit as the complete film works of Jean Vigo (see *FQ,* Fall 1985) and the film writings of Louis Delluc. It took Lherminier to issue in the past year the very first book-length study of the French film book, *Cinéma Pleine Page,* which contains a history of its evolution, but also a very detailed bibliography of more than 1500 volumes that are to this day still available. It is certainly the first title one should purchase before contemplating the acquisition of French film books, and can be acquired directly by writing Editions Lherminier, B.P. 219, 75524 Paris Cedex 11. Other books contained in this listing can probably be most easily obtained by writing to an American bookstore specializing in French books, for example French and European Publications, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10020.

Joel Augros, *Economie du Cinéma Américain,* Edilig. A French look at how American films are financed and how the Hollywood system works.

Claude Autant-Lara, *Hollywood Cake-Walk,* Veyrier. The French director's rather violent account of his American film-making experience in the thirties.

Guy Bedouelle, *Du Spirituel dans le cinéma,* Cerf. On Bresson and the spiritual aspects of cinema by a prominent Dominican critic.

Robert Benayoun, *John Huston, la Grande Ombre de l'Aventure,* Lherminier.

Jean-Pierre Berthomé, *Jacques Demy,* L'Atalante. The first full-length study of the director of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and husband of Agnes Varda.

Gérard Blanchard, *Images de la Musique du Cinéma,* Edilig. Music in the film as well as the musical film and films of musical subjects.

Pierre Boiron, *Pierre Kast,* Lherminier. The first study, in any language, of the French director who, like François Truffaut, also died in October 1984.

Jean-Louis Bory, *Questions au Cinéma,* Stock. A posthumous book by the celebrated critic and novelist.

Gisèle Breteau, *L'Abécédaire des Films sur l'Art Moderne et Contemporaine,* Centre Georges Pompidou/CNAP. A very complete filmography of films on art made between 1904 and 1985.

C. Brien *et al., Joinville le Cinéma,* Ramsay. Well-illustrated book on French cinema of those days when French films were shot exclusively in studios.

Luis Buñuel, *Goya de Buñuel,* Jacques Damase. The Spanish director's unpublished 1928 screenplay, accompanied by stills from the Buñuel archives.

Roger Carel, *J'ai Bien Lu,* Ramsay. Memoirs of a man who spent his life dubbing French films, a little-known occupation, but one significant in a country like France, where *version française* is increasingly replacing *version originale.*

Bernard Chardère, *Les Lumières,* Payot. Life of the Lumière brothers by the distinguished critic, director of the Lumière Institute.

and sumptuous photographs—reproduced with nice deep blacks. The volume's enthusiastic approach may prove contagious to some young readers suspicious of silents. —E.C.

Weston, Jack. *The Real American Cowboy.* New York, NY: Schocken. $19.95. A documented (but unindexed) portrait of the economic conflicts, violence (often on the part of cattle companies, including the lynching of settlers, some of them women), and folkways that underlay and in the earliest films influenced the Western. Ronald Reagan and Tom Robbins would both have a lot to learn from this interestingly illustrated and highly readable account, which includes descriptions of the lives of black and Mexican cowboys and women cowhands. —E.C.

FRENCH FILM BOOKS 1985-1986
by Paul R. Michaud

If this year's listing of the best of French film titles is shorter than those of past years, it is in part because many fewer books on film were published in the past year, but also, more significantly, because French book publishers seem to be becoming more selective in the titles they are willing to publish. There are, fortunately, fewer translations, and, importantly, more books on the French cinema itself. And, among these, one finds such historically important volumes as Leo Sauvage's *L'Affaire Lumière* (the first time that a French writer has been willing to swallow his pride and admit that it was not the Lumière brothers who created the cinema), *Cahiers du Cinéma's Godard sur Godard* (a virtually different book from the version published several years ago in the United States), and Louis Delluc's *Ecrits cinématographiques,* at least the first two volumes of what promises to be a rather ambitious undertaking. One man is responsible for most of the past year's best and most interesting books: Pierre Lherminier, the film specialist who practically invented the French film book 25 years ago with his Cinéma d'Aujourd'hui collection, but who is also a noted critic with such authoritative and heavily annotated volumes to his credit as the complete film works of Jean Vigo (see *FQ,* Fall 1985) and the film writings of Louis Delluc. It took Lherminier to issue in the past year the very first book-length study of the French film book, *Cinéma Pleine Page,* which contains a history of its evolution, but also a very detailed bibliography of more than 1500 volumes that are to this day still available. It is certainly the first title one should purchase before contemplating the acquisition of French film books, and can be acquired directly by writing Editions Lherminier, B.P. 219, 75524 Paris Cedex 11. Other books contained in this listing can probably be most easily obtained by writing to an American bookstore specializing in French books, for example French and European Publications, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10020.

Joel Augros, *Economie du Cinéma Américain,* Edilig. A French look at how American films are financed and how the Hollywood system works.

Claude Autant-Lara, *Hollywood Cake-Walk,* Veyrier. The French director's rather violent account of his American film-making experience in the thirties.

Guy Bedouelle, *Du Spirituel dans le cinéma,* Cerf. On Bresson and the spiritual aspects of cinema by a prominent Dominican critic.

Robert Benayoun, *John Huston, la Grande Ombre de l'Aventure,* Lherminier.

Jean-Pierre Berthomé, *Jacques Demy,* L'Atalante. The first full-length study of the director of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and husband of Agnes Varda.

Gérard Blanchard, *Images de la Musique du Cinéma,* Edilig. Music in the film as well as the musical film and films of musical subjects.

Pierre Boiron, *Pierre Kast,* Lherminier. The first study, in any language, of the French director who, like François Truffaut, also died in October 1984.

Jean-Louis Bory, *Questions au Cinéma,* Stock. A posthumous book by the celebrated critic and novelist.

Gisèle Breteau, *L'Abécédaire des Films sur l'Art Moderne et Contemporaine,* Centre Georges Pompidou/CNAP. A very complete filmography of films on art made between 1904 and 1985.

C. Brien *et al., Joinville le Cinéma,* Ramsay. Well-illustrated book on French cinema of those days when French films were shot exclusively in studios.

Luis Buñuel, *Goya de Buñuel,* Jacques Damase. The Spanish director's unpublished 1928 screenplay, accompanied by stills from the Buñuel archives.

Roger Carel, *J'ai Bien Lu,* Ramsay. Memoirs of a man who spent his life dubbing French films, a little-known occupation, but one significant in a country like France, where *version française* is increasingly replacing *version originale.*

Bernard Chardère, *Les Lumières,* Payot. Life of the Lumière brothers by the distinguished critic, director of the Lumière Institute.

Michel Chions, *Ecrire un Scénario,* Cahiers du Cinéma. Believe it or not, the very first book on screenwriting to appear in France.

Raymond Chirat, *La IVeme République et Ses Films,* Hatier. Well-illustrated, on French cinema between 1944 and 1958.

Jean Collet, *François Truffaut,* Lherminier. Published a year after Truffaut's death; much better than Collet's earlier study of Truffaut.

Gilles Deleuze, *Cinéma 2. L'Image-temps,* Editions de Minuit. One of France's more original contemporary writers on film.

Louis Delluc, *Ecrits cinématographiques,* Cinémathèque Française. Volume I is titled "Le Cinéma et les Cinéastes," while Volume II concerns "Cinéma et Compagnie." Annotated by Pierre Lherminier.

Fréderique Drouin, *Fred Astaire,* Mercure de France. The first full-length biography and study of Astaire to appear in French.

Marie-Pierre Fernandes, *Travailler avec Duras.* Gallimard. Very important memoir on Duras's creation of *La Musica* at Théâtre du Rond-Point.

Yannick Flot, *Ainsi Va le Cinéma français,* Lherminier. Also by the same author, a noted producer, *Les Producteurs,* Hatier.

Jean-Luc Godard, *Godard sur Godard,* Cahiers du Cinéma. Completely revised heavily illustrated compilation of just about every article ever written by Godard.

Julien Green, *Stars. Hollywood 1929-1939.* Optiques/Hazan.

Iris, "Archives, documents, fiction." Special number of the little-known but eminent film magazine, on archival and other resources on French film.

Joseph Korkmaz, *Le Cinéma de Claude Sautet,* Lherminier.

Alain Lacombe, *L'Ecran du Rock,* Lherminier. On rock in the cinema by the principal specialist on French film music.

Henri Langlois, *Ecrits,* Cinémathèque Française. To be published in 1986, the never-published writings by the founder of the Cinémathèque Française.

Gerard Lenne, *Jane Birkin,* Veyrier.

Pierre Leprohon, *Charles Chaplin,* Corymbe/André Bonne. Celebrated in its day, one of the first books on Chaplin now reprinted.

Pierre Lherminier, *Cinéma Pleine Page,* Lherminier. Everything you ever wanted to know on French film books. More than 1500 titles, but also a history.

Jacques Lourcélles, *Dictionnaire du Cinéma,* volume III: "Les Films." Laffont's celebrated "Bouqins" collection on Cinema, after important tomes on the men behind the camera, now looks at the films themselves.

René Marchand and Pierre Weinstein, *Le Cinéma dans la Russie nouvelle,* Editions d'Aujourd'hui. Prefaced by Henri Barbusse, reprinting of the celebrated work on the early days of Soviet cinema.

Vincent Minnelli, Hatier. Very complete, heavily illustrated, but not a coffeetable book!

Marcel Oms, *Don Luis Buñuel,* Cerf. The prolific French critic on the most prolific of Spanish film-makers.

René Prédal, *La Photo au Cinéma,* Cerf. Probably the definitive account of the work of the still photographer in the film. Nicely illustrated.

Dominique Rabourdin, *Truffaut par Truffaut,* Chêne. Very expensive scrapbook and official account of the life of François Truffaut, reportedly prepared by the director himself.

Bertrand Raison, Serge Toubiana, *Le Livre de Ran,* Cahiers du Cinéma. Book on the making of Kurosawa's film.

Jean-Marie Rouart, *Ils ont choisi la Mort,* Grasset. An excellent chapter on Jean Seberg.

Georges Sadoul, *Lumière et Méliès,* Lherminier. Completely revised and expanded, two texts by Sadoul which were already landmarks in their day.

Léo Sauvage, *L'Affaire Lumière. Enquête Sur les Origines du Cinéma,* Lherminier. Probably the year's most important book, at last an objective historical account of the "invention" of the cinema. Also intelligent.

Daniel Serceau, *Jean Renoir, la Sagesse du Plaisir,* Cerf.

Olivier-René Veillon, *Le Cinéma américain,* Seuil. By the author of a previous study of the fifties film in America, this one is on the period 1929-World War II.

FILM STYLE & TECHNOLOGY:

HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

Barry Salt

* THE FIRST HISTORY OF FILM STYLE
* PLUS The relation of film style to film technology
* PLUS The first twenty years of film history completely rewritten
* PLUS New methods of film analysis
* PLUS A new practical approach to film theory
* PLUS The reasoned demolition of recent film theorizing
* PLUS 140 illustrations 400 big pages

From film bookshops - or direct at $33 by surface mail (Inc.p&p) or $43 by air from

NOW PAPERBOUND - AT $15 INC. POSTAGE

******* **STARWORD** *******

3 Minford Gardens, London W14 0AN, U.K.

The only film journal organized thematically

WIDE ANGLE

A Film Quarterly of Theory, Criticism, and Practice

Edited by Donald Kirihara, Ohio University, Athens

In-depth critical analyses . . . challenging and controversial theories . . . provocative interviews with filmmakers . . . reviews of the newest film books . . . examination of every genre and historical period . . . coverage of all national cinemas . . . **WIDE ANGLE** brings you film from every point of view. Each issue is devoted to a single topic. Upcoming issues will focus on topics such as Social History, Perception, and Representation.

Enter my subscription to *WIDE ANGLE*

(published quarterly)

☐ $17.00/year Individual

☐ $31.00/year Institution

Subscriptions will begin with the current issue. Prepayment is required. Subscribers in Mexico and Canada add $3.75 postage; other subscribers outside of the U.S. add $5.40 air freight. Payment must be drawn on a U.S. bank or be by international money order. Maryland residents add 5% sales tax.

Payment Options:

☐ Check (or money order)—payable to The Johns Hopkins University Press

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail order to:
The Johns Hopkins University Press, Journals Division
701 W. 40th Street, Suite 275
Baltimore, Maryland 21211

EA 86

JOHN FORD

The Man and His Work

TAG GALLAGHER

"Gallagher has performed a monumental task of scholarship in reconstructing the mind and psyche of movie director John Ford....I found it fascinating and informative, filling many gaps in my own knowledge. Jack Ford was never one to talk much about himself." *--Los Angeles Times*

"Gallagher has deftly interwoven detailed interpretations of Ford's major works with knowledgeable analysis of the man....Many books have been done on Ford...but this is definitive and possibly one of the best of its kind. Highly recommended." *--Library Journal*

$35.00

At bookstores or call toll-free 800-822-6657. Visa and MasterCard only

University of California Press Berkeley 94720